

THE  
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER  
AND  
RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

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MAY, 1847.

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ART. I. — REMINISCENCES PERTAINING TO A NEW  
ENGLAND CLERGYMAN AT THE CLOSE OF THE  
LAST CENTURY.

IMAGINE, nearly fifty years ago, a youthful widow left with four small children in the town of Gloucester, at the head of the harbour at Cape Ann, one of the arms inclosing Massachusetts Bay. Her husband had been a very successful merchant in that place, but had recently died insolvent, his insolvency arising from the capture of several vessels by the French in our war of 1798 with that nation. She had heard of an excellent academy in the township of Atkinson, New Hampshire, not far from the boundary line between that State and Massachusetts. Thither she resolved to carry her son, her "only son," the writer of these memoirs, who was then about seven years of age,—not as Abraham carried Isaac, to the altar of sacrifice, but with the purpose of obtaining for him the blessing of an education. She had learned much of the parental and benevolent character of the minister of the town and his lady, whose house was filled with boarders in attendance at the academy, of which, however, the clergyman was not the preceptor, but only the leading patron and trustee. So, one summer's morning, she leaves the seashore with a horse and chaise, taking her boy as her only companion, over an untried and intricate road of forty miles. She passes through the pleasant town of

Ipswich, so quiet at that time, that the whimpering of their chaise's whippetree, and the occasional hammering of the village blacksmith in the sultry noon, were the only noises which they heard; and then, leaving Newburyport far to the right, arrives late in the day at the beautiful village of Haverhill, on the Merrimac, with its noble bridge over the river, and situated on the northern boundary of Massachusetts. Six miles farther north, through a perpetually ascending region, conduct her to the wished-for mansion of the venerable and hospitable clergyman. Here she tells her story of sorrow, declares that she must return the next day to seek by trade a livelihood for herself and her little ones, confesses that she owns not at present a single dollar for their support, and waits to learn the determination of her reverend new acquaintance. The answer is not long in coming. "Madam," said he, in tones which still ring musically in the ears of the writer, and with a cordial smile which seems to shine on the memory as but of yesterday, — "Madam, leave your little boy with us. He shall be one of our family, and enter the academy. If Providence blesses your efforts to secure for yourself a livelihood, well and good; you may remunerate us in the usual way. But if you are doomed to struggle with adversity, be not anxious about your son; here you may be sure that he shall have a home and an education." The charming though elderly lady of the clergyman, who sat silently knitting in the corner of the room during the conversation, with an elegant cap on her head, which won my boyish admiration, and a more attractive countenance beneath it, smiled all along in perfect approval of her husband's generous proposal, and closed the interview by a few kind and precious words of assent and comfort. Romantic as this incident may seem, since the widow had not the slightest claim of any kind on her new-found friends, nor had even her name been known to them until that very day, yet is the relation literally true.

The next morning, the stranger, with a face beaming with joy, eyes glistening with tears, and a heart filled with gratitude and hope, reascended the chaise to pursue her homeward journey alone. Such instances of female enterprise are not at all uncommon in New England, even at the present day. The subsequent exertions of our adventuress in trade were abundantly favored by that benignant Being who, throughout the volume of revelation, hath so frequently



and tenderly promised his especial protection to the widow and the fatherless. During the space of ten or twelve years, every one of her children enjoyed, for a greater or less period, the advantages of the family and the institution at which she had placed her son, and she ever regarded it as one of the most cherished blessings of her life, that she was amply enabled to remunerate her disinterested benefactor. To him, and to all connected with him, let us now return. I will do what may be in my power, before we part, to make my readers well acquainted at least with good old "Sir Peabody" and his lady.

The township of Atkinson is one of those numerous subdivisions, of about six miles square, into which the whole of New England is parcelled. The inhabitants of each township form a distinct corporation, all its fiscal, police, and general affairs being conducted by a body called the selectmen, usually consisting of three, and elected at an annual town-meeting, which assembles at the church, or rather the meetinghouse. Atkinson, though far below the summit of that granite territory which swells gradually upward from the Merrimac River until it reaches the Monadnoc and White Mountains, still occupies a most commanding position. Looking round on its immense horizon to the south, you might easily fancy yourself on the central apex of the land. With an ordinary telescope you can discern steeples some fifteen or twenty miles distant, counting more than a dozen of them within the whole field, while those of Haverhill, only six miles removed, seem lying comparatively at your feet; and when a warm, gentle south wind prevails, they send up the faint yet clear tones of their distant evening bells, so magically soft, that you know not whether they are floating from earth or heaven. To the north, or back of the settlement, appear ascending forests and cleared lands, with here and there a distant steeple, until the eye rests at last on the shadowy outline, scarcely distinguishable from the sky itself, of the Grand Monadnoc Mountains. What an object for the daily contemplation of an enthusiastic, imaginative youth! How they speak to him of eternal solidity and repose! How they grow into and become a part of the stamp of his being, their dim and far-off grandeur shedding a mystic influence on his soul, which no remoteness of years or situation can efface! When, after dwelling for a long time in some level country, he again sees their forms or similar ones

near the horizon, he thrills with the sensation of a new return to life.

There is in Atkinson nothing, properly speaking, like a village. No stream collects there a factory's little population on its banks. The houses are scattered over the whole domain, generally within sight of each other. Every variety of architecture prevails, from the low red cottage, to the ambitious, white-painted, and very sizable mansion; there being, I presume, even here, as in other parts of New England, aspiring souls, who, when about to erect a dwelling-house, might possibly go by night and measure the exact length of their neighbour's residence, for the pleasure of boasting that their own should be six inches larger. The gable-roofed meetinghouse, without a steeple, and painted in fading white, stood on an elevation which commanded a large part of the town. At the distance of half a mile on one side appeared the academy, of more modern and ambitious pretensions, and surmounted by a well-proportioned cupola. The township was set off from some adjoining settlements, and incorporated a few years before the Revolution, receiving its name from the Hon. Theodore Atkinson, at that day one of the leading men in New Hampshire. The population has been nearly stationary for half a century, and an idea of its fixed character may be conceived from the fact, that in 1830 it amounted to 555, and in 1840, to 557. Thus Atkinson seems to stand like some individual being, and we may well suppose certain original peculiarities to be developed from this unchanging and undisturbed position. There are, I believe, few smaller towns in the State. The gazetteers represent the ground as uneven in its surface, but as being of a superior quality, and well cultivated, and state that the cultivation of the apple has received much attention there; a fact to which I can testify by many savory juvenile reminiscences. The gazetteers also mention a remarkable floating island on a bottomless pond, near the outskirts of the town; but they do not mention the large and delicious cranberries growing upon it, which concur with the very danger of the enterprise in tempting many an adventurous youth to explore its perilous recesses. Hard by the meetinghouse stood, and I trust stands yet, the modest but not inelegant mansion of the pastor, — rather the handsomest, perhaps, in the whole town, — with a neat court-yard before it, surrounded by lilacs and roses, various snow-white articles of apparel surmounting

the fence on every washing-day, and with a small fruit and flower garden extending still in front of that, on the opposite side of the road. This house will be the central point of interest in our sketches. Few private dwellings in our country, I imagine, have sent out more genial and extensive influences, or have gathered to themselves a richer abundance of delightful recollections and elevated sympathies.

Its occupant and proprietor, Rev. Stephen Peabody, possessed a character so remarkable, and in some respects so unique, as to deserve being rescued from gathering oblivion. He was a native of Andover, Massachusetts, ten miles to the south of Atkinson. He graduated at Harvard College in 1769, in the same class with the celebrated Chief Justice Theophilus Parsons, and with Colonel Scammell, a brave soldier and early victim of hostile treachery in our Revolution. Mr. Peabody delighted, like a true son of his own and of every other Alma Mater, to take down his college catalogue from the nail behind the door, on which it hung with the Farmer's Almanac, and entertain all who would listen with the individual biographies and characters of his classmates. He would sooner dispense with his humble salary (to be hereafter mentioned), than fail of his annual visit to Boston and Cambridge during every Commencement week. It was customary, up to the time of the Revolution, to arrange in the printed Harvard College Catalogue the names of the alumni belonging to each class, not in alphabetical order, but according to their rank in society. Every modern edition of this document, even in our own time, preserves the same arrangement in the lists of the older classes ; so that whoever may have had an ancestor that graduated at that college can easily learn his relative social position by consulting the Triennial Catalogue. My venerable clerical friend was certainly not at the summit of his class in this respect, neither was he quite at the bottom of the scale of respectability. I have heard him describe the pecuniary difficulties and struggles he was obliged to undergo, in order to procure his education. His sisters had kindly made him up twelve very important articles of linen, and at the beginning of each term he would take them to Cambridge in his saddlebags, all clean blanced by their own fair hands, and would wear each of the garments one week, bringing the whole number home again at the end of the term, in a condition fit for the purifying cares of his affectionate laundresses. Throughout his

college life, he secured his own diet by waiting on his classmates at table, an office which has been borne by some of the most eminent men in our country, and has not been abolished from our colleges until a recent date. He felt the disadvantage of commencing his literary career late in life, being nearly thirty years old at the time of his graduation, and having borne among his classmates the title of *Pater omnium*.

Those were not the favored days of Theological Seminaries, or of charitable Education Societies. He therefore entered, as was customary for divinity students, into the family of some distinguished minister of the Gospel, on whose farm he labored for his board, and defrayed his other expenses by teaching a winter school. While he was yet a candidate for the ministry, the Revolutionary war commenced, and Mr. Peabody served for a time as chaplain in the regiment of Colonel Poor of New Hampshire. There might be some affinity between the name of this officer and Mr. Peabody's subsequent settlement at Atkinson, since that town abounds in the name of Poor, which, together with those of Page and Noyes, used to comprise about one half of the inhabitants. Towards the close of the war, he was ordained as the first minister of the town. His salary was eighty pounds, or about two hundred and fifty dollars, per annum, with the addition, I believe, of a few cords of wood; and it was never increased one farthing during his ministry of more than forty years. It was his custom, on a particular day in the year, to wait at his own house on his parishioners, for the purpose of receiving their minister's tax. As he had open accounts with almost all of them, for labors rendered him, or provisions supplied, or articles manufactured, during the year, the cash balance which he was enabled to sum up and count over after their departure would rather amuse him by its exceeding littleness, or nothingness, than weigh upon his conscience for services overpaid. His farm contained about fifty acres. To liquidate his debt for it, which I believe he was never quite able to effect, the severest privations and hardest toils were cheerfully borne by himself and his first wife, who was renowned for the number of rolls of wool and flax which she would card in a given time. The early years of his ministry must have been well illustrated (I do not mean paralleled) by a picture I have somewhere seen of a poor English curate, and described underneath by the following lines : —



“ Though lazy the proud prelates fed,  
This curate eats no idle bread :  
His wife at washing, — ’t is *his* lot  
To pare the turnips, watch the pot.  
He reads, and hears his son read out,  
And rocks the cradle with his foot.”

I have heard him mention, that, after having wrought in the field the whole day, he has often sat up all night to compose and finish his sermon, which, by the way, he wrote in a small, distinct, and beautiful hand.

In person Mr. Peabody was large and commanding, having attained full six feet in height, and being otherwise of very portly dimensions. His eye was black, and his face was swarthy but well-proportioned. His hair was bushy and curling, swelling out to an ample rotundity behind, like that of Mirabeau. I believe he never followed the coxcombrity of our reverend forefathers in wearing a bush-wig, or a wig of any other kind. Though in general courteous and bland in his address, yet when he heard profane language, or received a personal insult, an awful shadow would gather on his visage, his eye would roll fiery glances in every direction, and the dauntless volley of rebuke would be poured from his lips. His passions were naturally strong, and he feared no human being alive. Had any of his parishioners dared to attack his person (since he had his quarrels sometimes), I have not the least question that they would have bitterly rued the moment, for his physical powers were mighty, and in his youth he had been the invincible wrestler of many parishes round, and being now fresh from the Revolutionary war, he had not yet learned to identify the higher Christianity with non-resistance.

His conversation was enlivened with innumerable anecdotes, which he related with surpassing glee and humor, reserving the contagious laugh until the closing point, and using all sorts of dramatic accompaniments, frequently rising from table in the midst of a meal and taking the floor, if he could thereby set off the action to better advantage.

His musical powers and habits were extraordinary, and he almost revelled through life in an atmosphere of sweet sounds of his own creating. On rainy days, when unlikely to be disturbed by captious or narrow-minded visitors, he would take out his golden-toned violin from a little closet, and draw from its strings the richest and most bewitching

notes, a sweet and serene half-smile all the time playing over his lip, and cheek, and eye. His voice was of vast compass, and exquisitely flexible. He was at home in every part in music. When there was no choir in the meetinghouse, he led the singing himself; and when there was one, he supplied the deficient parts, rolling out a mellow and deep-toned bass, or warbling with his treble or counter over the whole concert, like an animated mocking-bird. He sang on week-days at his work, and sometimes talked aloud to himself most agreeably. He would sing on his rides about the town, or when travelling in his chaise, alone or accompanied, by night or by day; and all the solitudes and echoes of that region have many a time rung with his loud and melodious voice. He was most fond of sacred music, but did not disdain a scrap now and then of secular. He would sing you, in perfect taste, with graceful gesture and a happy look, either sitting or standing, various extracts from the delightful old anthems of Arne or Purcell, or from the oratorios of Handel. Coming home from public worship, if a favorite tune had just been sung there, he would repeat it over and over as he entered the house, stopping you in a companionable way, looking you smilingly in the face, and asking if it was not beautiful. He would, except on Sunday mornings, awaken the whole household of sleepers at sunrise, or as soon as he had made the fires, by singing up and down stairs, "*The bright, rosy morning peeps over the hills,*" "*The hounds are all out,*" or some other hunting-song equally stirring. He would take into his lap a little round favorite dog, and, commanding it to sing with him, he would begin by roaring some tune aloud, the dog immediately joining in with a louder and responsive roar. The only inconvenience from this practice was that the dog one Sabbath followed his master unperceived to the meetinghouse, and up to the platform of the pulpit-stairs, and too zealously practised there the musical lessons which he had been taught at home. On some warm summer afternoon, when all the windows of the house were open, and one of his young boarders, far up in the garret at his studies, should happen, for variety's sake, to burst out in some cherished tune or strain, such, for instance, as old St. Anne's, his venerable friend, in the lower story below, awaking from his transitory nap, would fall in with his mellifluous bass, and so would they sing for a long time together, until, looking out of their respective windows, they would smile upon each other,

as who should say, — “ Were there ever two better friends than we ? ”

He was, indeed, the soul of good-nature, particularly with the young, and seemed never so happy as when four or five of them were clambering about his person, taking and yielding unrestrained liberties in turn. Like the Apostle Paul's charity, he was “ easily persuaded,” and you had rarely to ask him more than once to tell one of his inimitable anecdotes, or take down the violin from the closet on a rainy day, or perform his duet with Watch, the overgrown little dog. If a poor and promising young man in the parish was desirous of a liberal education, Mr. Peabody's purse was open for his assistance, with a very distant and precarious chance of being repaid. His hospitality was ungrudging, to the utmost extent of the Apostolic and New Testament standard. Not a day passed that some welcome addition failed of being made to our already crowded table. The parishioner coming to return his book to the Social Library, — the old familiar acquaintance, — the professed old acquaintance, too, whom the host was sometimes puzzled to recognize, — the travelling brother-minister, stopping with his horse for a week or two, — the passing belated stranger, too far from the tavern for his dinner, — all were cordially invited to partake of the fare for the day. The very doors of the mansion were left unfastened at night, — as, indeed, they scarcely needed locks in that primitive society, — and many a winter traveller from Vermont and upper New Hampshire, going down in his loaded sleigh to the markets on the sea-board, has come in to warm himself by the midnight bed of embers, held long and pleasant conversations with Mr. Peabody as he lay in an adjoining bed-room, and then retired, the parties being destined never to see or imagine each other's appearance, or to hear each other's voice again.

The titles by which he was designated among his acquaintances were various, according to the degrees of affection, or respect, or indifference, with which he was regarded. By some he was called “ Priest Peabody,” by others “ Parson Peabody,” by others “ the Reverend Mister,” by others again plain “ Mister Peabody ” ; but from all the family, and from all those who were more or less intimately connected with or attached to him, he received the endearing appellation of “ Sir Peabody,” by which he will generally be distinguished in the remainder of these sketches.

As a divine, he was far from being eminent, though he certainly held in his constitution the elements of a popular preacher, and he exercised, by the force and decision of his character, considerable influence in his own little section of the ecclesiastical world. He was occasionally called on to preach a sermon at an ordination, and once before the legislature of the State; and his few published discourses on such occasions are quite respectable in point of style and matter. In his pulpit manner there was frequently a good deal of animation. He had often heard Whitefield in his youth, and he would sometimes in private imitate that celebrated orator with impressive effect, calling upon the angel Gabriel not to fly back to heaven without carrying with him the tidings of at least one converted sinner, — looking at the same time, in the manner of Whitefield, afar off to the sky, as if he saw the lessening wing of the departing seraph. Approximations to such passages, however, were very rare indeed in his own public performances. In doctrine, he had always been an inveterate Arminian, showing no mercy to Calvinism, or Hopkinsianism, or Universalism, wherever they might be found. In later life, he advanced still farther into what is denominated Liberal Christianity, having purchased and perused Noah Worcester's "Bible News" with satisfaction, recommending and lending it to his friends, and reading Buckminster's Sermons with delight at his Sabbath family services.

His library, if it deserve such a name, was marvellously small. Besides Matthew Henry's Commentary on the Scriptures, and Cruden's Concordance, I do not think he owned thirty theological books, nor more than that number of any other kind, except a small closet-full of the pamphlets of forty years, from which one could catch tolerable glimpses of the political and ecclesiastical matters of New England during that period of time. While studying my Greek Testament at home, to be recited to my teacher at the academy, I always applied in vain to Sir Peabody for a solution of my grammatical and other difficulties, since he candidly confessed that he had grown somewhat rusty on that score. He read some compact and valuable annotations on the Bible (Cappe's, I think, — not Newcome Cappe) at daily morning prayers, and a choice sermon from President Davies, Witherspoon, or some other approved divine, at the Sunday evening family service. Great was the pleasure among the youthful portion



of his auditory, when for these divines he would substitute Hannah More's Cheap Repository Tracts. Sweetly, even now, on the memory descends "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," blended with the recollection of those calm Sabbath sunsets. Our friend's acquaintance with English literature was respectable, though rather stationary, being sustained by the attentive reading of a few solid volumes, which might be taken from the Haverhill Library, or from the small, well-selected Atkinson Social Library, of which he was the founder and librarian. To this establishment about twenty or thirty farmers and others were subscribers, who would carefully return its books wrapped in their pocket-handkerchiefs, and an intelligent shoemaker in the parish could boast that he had perused every volume it contained. Sir Peabody had a good habit of reading aloud a paper in the Spectator, every morning, to the female members of his family, while they were engaged in those earnest cares and gentle mysteries which necessarily succeed the refreshments and exercises of the breakfast-table. The newspapers which he took (for I deem that the newspaper one habitually reads is a constituent part and parcel of the very man) were, first and foremost, the Columbian Centinel, printed semi-weekly at Boston, which was the favorite organ of the old Federal party, and therefore of almost the whole clergy of New England, and whose venerable editor, Benjamin Russell, survived at Boston to a green and bright old age of more than eighty years; next, the weekly Haverhill Observer, on the same scale of politics, but about which the partisans of the opposite side would mercilessly pun, in pronouncing it a truly *weakly* paper; and lastly, as the violence of party and a general intellectual activity more and more prevailed, The Boston Repertory, established with the main design of personally and politically opposing Thomas Jefferson. Mr. Peabody occasionally contributed an anonymous political essay to the Haverhill Observer; but in vain was his name concealed from his prying parishioners of the opposite party, who recognized the style and sentiments which he had reiterated among them in private, and who made his lucubrations the subjects of much ill-natured comment in little groups at the shoemaker's or the tavern.

Our friend was not one of those selfish lords of the household, who engross in silence the first reading of the wet sheet, and bury the news of the day or week in their own

uncommunicative spirits. He faithfully read aloud and in order the whole contents to the family, whatever might be our want of interest in some of the columns; and if an article, however long, particularly pleased him, we were doomed to hear the reading of it repeated, more perhaps than once or twice, to some winter-evening visiter. He kept a minute journal of the particulars of every day, which amounted, at the close of each year, to a thick duodecimo volume. Those forty or fifty volumes, which I have often seen as they lay piled up in the top of the closet, if still preserved and explored by some competent inquirer, would unquestionably furnish materials for a curious and valuable memoir of their writer's life and times. At the end of each annual journal, a list was kept of all the deaths which had occurred during the year in the circle of his acquaintance; and the melancholy catalogue, which, as it gradually increased under his hand, called forth from him a sigh of recollection, or a tribute to departed worth or friendship, or a religious reflection, generally amounted to more than one hundred every year.

He would once in a while compose an elaborate letter to some distant acquaintance, containing his opinions and strictures on the prevailing tendencies of the day. They were written with much wisdom and point, and before being copied off for the post, were read with considerable formality to some members of the family for their criticism or concurrence.

He was given sometimes to deep metaphysical discussion; and I have seen him, at a protracted breakfast hour, apparently succeed in convincing ladies who had brought their children to board with him, that the Divine "decrees" were in some way consistent with the perfect freedom of the will. His fair guests had nothing to say in defence of Jonathan Edwards, and listened to his assailant's remarks with as little impatience and distress as can well be imagined.

He found opponents, however, less courteous and submissive in certain members of the Association of Ministers, who met in turn about once in two years at his house. There, though sometimes every thing went off pleasantly, yet often arguments, words, and feelings ran high; Calvinist and Arminian conflicted in the fierce tug of war; countenances darkened and eyes flashed on both sides; constrained and hurried adjournment was made to the meetinghouse, where

a few lay-women and fewer laymen were waiting for the public service ; a dinner, crowned with many a luxury, was partaken with feelings of mingled acrimony and festivity ; the very grace, before and after meat, by different ministers, was criticized in little knots of whispering malecontents ; parties separated for their homes, foreboding disastrous days to the Church ; — and all are now reposing in the arms of that sovereign, universal peacemaker, whose dominion extends just five or six feet below the wars, and passions, and jealous alarms which rage on the verdant overlying surface.

To return to our friend in his pastoral relation, — his sermons were regularly divided, although the divisions never reached the *nineteenthly* or *twentiethly* with which the discourses of olden time are often reproached. After a short introduction, he almost always laid out his matter into four partitions, the last of which was to contain a variety of practical conclusions ; and these, I must confess, were occasionally multiplied and protracted, to the consternation of some among his younger hearers at least. He would often introduce very long extracts from Matthew Henry's Commentaries, and I think from one or two other writers, honestly intimating how far the extract extended, by closing it with " Thus Mr. Henry," or more briefly, " Thus he."

His public prayers were invariably the same, and it might be owing to this circumstance, and a well-disciplined mental piety, that he was enabled to conduct that part of public worship with fluency, and I have no doubt with sincerity also, while his nearly closed eyes would follow some entering stranger, or late straggler at service, till he reached his pew.

His funeral services were deeply impressive and affecting, and, as he loved his parishioners warmly, his own tears would generally lead the way for the tears of others. When, on these occasions, the throng of attendants from the neighbouring towns was large, he would take his stand near the bier out of doors beneath some tree ; and there his sonorous voice, ejaculating ardent intercessions for the mourners, and solemn admonitions for all, was heard at a very great distance.

On wedding occasions, with his extraordinary social qualities, he was of course the life of the evening. Even when the parties came to his house, he entertained them with sportive anecdote and sound advice, and on one particular occa-

sion was not the less amusing and instructive, although the avaricious bridegroom, in lieu of one dollar, the legal fee for the ceremony, tendered him exactly one quarter of that amount.

For the last thirty years of his life, I doubt if he composed on an average four new sermons annually, though he faithfully revised, corrected, and modified his old ones, even if the weather gave him reason to expect no more than half a dozen attendants at service.

There must have been considerable power and unction in his ministrations, since, notwithstanding a great variety of opinions and denominations prevailed in the town, he brought their adherents together in pretty full congregations almost to the last, arresting the fixed attention of infidels, Methodists, Baptists, and Universalists, as well as those of his own immediate persuasion. I have seen men, who I knew were not believers in Christianity, fastened as by a spell to his discourses from the beginning to the end. I have known the hardened sinner come to him in private, subdued and softened into tears, and gently guided by his counsels and prayers into those green pastures and by those still waters where his soul would find enduring rest. Men who had long violently opposed his views, and had been harrowing thorns in his side, yet who constantly attended his services, I have found from time to time, in my subsequent visits to Atkinson, become, much to my surprise, as Sauls among the prophets, most affecting instances of calm, fervent, and habitual piety, and dying at last in the full faith and hope of a blessed immortality. There were two or three hardened individuals, indeed, who would never appear inside the sacred walls, except when they had lost one of their own family by death; and then they would attend and hear the funeral sermon, submitting even so far to public opinion and custom, as to offer up a note for the prayers of the congregation. How many ways have God's grace and providence to subdue to himself the stubborn will of man! I take no notice here of the habitual drunkards of the parish, nor of a few sorry individuals who really had not souls large enough to know how to find themselves within a meetinghouse. They remind me of a sublime saying which Sir Peabody himself used to quote from one of his shrewd parishioners with uproarious approbation, that if a million of such souls were to dance together on the point of a fine cambric needle, they would fancy themselves to be revelling in infinite space!



Mr. Peabody's communion-table was attended by the usual proportion of professors ;— how observable and lamentable, that just about the same undue proportion still continues in nearly all the congregations throughout the land at the present time ! With a fearless hand he held the keys and wielded the rod of discipline, excommunicating from the church the flagrant offender, and then perhaps influencing him in private, until he was brought again into the pale, with the agony of repentance at his heart, and the petition for re-admission on his lips. There were occasions, in the course of his preaching, when the blackening cloud and fiery flash which I have before described would overcast his countenance. In his annual sermons, for instance, on New Year's or Thanksgiving day, while enumerating the blessings of the preceding year, the peace and quiet which the town had enjoyed, and the general satisfaction which the people had expressed in his ministry, his voice would lower and his countenance change, as he remarked, after a momentary pause, — "A few incendiaries alone excepted !" Here he alluded to some sectarian or infidel opponents who had disturbed his ministry and interrupted the harmony of the town. Every one knew the individuals to whom he alluded, even if he himself did not look down, as it is altogether likely he would, with glaring eye over his spectacles, into the very pews of the offenders.

Once I saw his Christianity most severely put to the test in his public services. It was on a very inclement day, and there were but few worshippers in the meetinghouse. When he had about reached the middle of his sermon, a strong perfume of tobacco-smoke became distinctly perceptible to every one in the building. He paused for a little while, gazed round, and, not being able to discover whence it proceeded, resumed his discourse. In the mean time the mysterious scent grew stronger and stronger, and the house was soon filled with a dense vapor. Again and longer did he pause. And as, with spectacles now raised to his forehead, his eye explored every part of the edifice, both on the floor and in the galleries, he at length saw ascending from the bottom of one of the gallery pews three separate streams of smoke, in fast repeated puffs, as if they were issuing for a wager, or were determined to exhaust themselves in spite of the notice which they had now evidently attracted from the minister and the congregation. "Is it possible," ex-

claimed the grieved and exasperated divine, "is it possible that such sacrilegious impiety as that which I see should take place in this house of God? Let it stop instantly, or if conscience and religion can be of no avail, an appeal must be made to the strong arm of the law." A pause of still and solemn wonder mantled over the thin congregation. Not a word was spoken, not an object stirred, save the three continued streams of puffs, which persevered in their daring outrage, in defiance of every awful or constraining sanction. "Squire Vose," at length exclaimed Sir Peabody, addressing himself in a determined, authoritative voice to the preceptor of the academy, who was also a justice of the peace, and whom on other occasions he simply called Mr. Vose, "I desire that you would proceed to the pew in the gallery from which that smoke is issuing, and put down the offence immediately, and that to-morrow you would take measures to have the offenders prosecuted and punished to the utmost extremity of the law." Accordingly Mr. Vose proceeded to the gallery, extinguished the source of the disturbance, and the service then proceeded quietly to the close. The next day, the culprits, who proved to be three apprentices and farmers' boys,—though, to his shame, one of them, at least, was of a manly growth,—becoming alarmed at the threatened consequences of their thoughtless sacrilege, were induced, if I recollect aright, to make penitent acknowledgments and promises of better conduct for the future, and so were forgiven.

This leaning to the authority of the civil power contributed perceptibly, I apprehend, to characterize much of Sir Peabody's ministerial deportment. There still existed at that time in New England a sort of palpable connection between church and state, which subsequent legal enactments and alterations of constitutions have everywhere done away. There also prevailed towards clergymen, as somehow connected with the resistless majesty of the civil law, a traditional reverence, handed down not only from our English ancestors in the times both of the Kings and the Commonwealth, but also from our Puritanical Pilgrim fathers, whose policy, it is well known, went far to combine the rod of the magistrate with the pastoral crook. This feeling of reverence, no doubt, was considerably prevented from decaying by the sympathy and coöperation which the New England clergy exhibited with the popular party throughout our whole

Revolutionary struggle, — as, indeed, it was afterwards very much undermined and diminished by the zeal with which they espoused the principles of the Federal party, in the times that followed the French Revolution. For the payment of Mr. Peabody's salary, the law permitted him to look to the whole corporate town, and not to any voluntary assemblage of friends and partisans. It was thus guaranteed to him by the power and authority of the State, and, no matter how many sects abounded in Atkinson, they were all obliged to contribute to the minister's tax equally with the Congregationalists or Independents, to whose communion he himself belonged, and who were the direct descendants from Oliver Cromwell's own denomination. No combination of enemies could avail to eject him from his pitiful living. We believe that New Hampshire threw off these slight fettering relics of the ancient order of things several years previous to Massachusetts, and that Sir Peabody experienced not a little the moral effects of the change before his death. Perhaps the three burners of false incense in the gallery were among the earliest symptoms of the rising spirit of Young New England to question and to break the spell. Such was not, however, the general tone of the transition period which I am endeavouring to portray. The traditionary, mystic influence which the minister exercised over his parishioners went even, I think, in many cases, beyond the legitimate powers he possessed, and would have been stoutly resisted, could it have been encountered and analyzed by some daring hand. It was something like the sway which Sir Fletcher Norton, a noted Speaker of the House of Commons, wielded over that assembly in the third quarter of the last century. Long after the royal authority had been shorn of its formidable prerogatives, Sir Fletcher had the skill to intimidate many an adventurous orator who dared to treat lightly the proceedings of the House, by exclaiming, "Let the honorable gentleman beware of what he says, or he shall assuredly be reported." That word *reported* fell on the ears of Parliament like some mysterious denunciation from the invisible world. On one of these occasions, however, some intrepid and independent champion of the popular cause is said to have replied, — "And to whom, in the name of wonder, Mr. Speaker, am I going to be reported?" Whereupon this was the last time the threat was ever uttered.

Sir Peabody was, in many analogous respects, the Sir Fletcher Norton of his parish and his day. In his very person he would on some rare occasions stand out as the embodying representative of the grand conceptions and reverences of the past. Methinks I see his form even now, as it impressed itself on my youthful imagination, looming afar off in the road, on the hill-top, against the sky. He may be going to pay some very formal visit. As he descends the hill with an animated and vigorous, but not hurried, pace, I discern more distinctly his elaborate and imposing old-time dress, — his high three-cornered beaver hat, — his large single-breasted coat, sweeping down on each side with an ample curve, — his vest, “full twice the length of these degenerate days,” ending on both sides with large pockets and lappets, — his snow-white plaited stock, under a smoothly shaven, expanded chin, and fastened behind with a silver buckle, — his nether garment terminating at his knees, and fastened there also with small silver buckles, — his long black silk stockings extending from the knee to the foot, — the whole being finished and consummated by shining, square-buckled shoes. He draws still nearer, and with something of the old erect military air which he had caught in the camp, something of that conscious lingering majesty of church-and-state authority about him which I have hinted at in the preceding paragraph, something of the man of the world, and much more of the sociable, good-humored, busy, Christian pastor, he makes to those whom he meets a graceful, ceremonious bow, yet accompanied with a smile, and a hearty “Good day,” and passes on.

This, however, belongs to my earlier and more palmy recollections of him. As age advanced, and means perhaps were straitened, and post-revolutionary fashions prevailed, his dress and appearance, even in his best array, became less picturesque, aristocratic, and awe-inspiring. Silk would now give way to worsted, and the shoe-buckle be replaced by the plain galloon or plainer leathern string.

But far more astounding the change exhibited, even at the former brilliant period, by the very same individual, when engrossed by the labors of some busy season of the year ; — holding perhaps the plough ; or hoeing the corn-field until the latest shade of twilight ; or urging forward the various processes of haymaking ; or grafting his trees ; or gathering in the autumnal harvest ; or pressing out his year’s stock of



cider from immense apple-heaps ; or shaking and gleaning the apple-trees, all of which he mounted for that purpose himself ; or laying up the choicest kinds of fruit in his extensive apple-cellar, to bring them out every day through the winter with profuse and hospitable pride ; or butchering a beeve, or butchering a swine, — operations, every detail of which he executed with artistic dexterity, though I imagine he was the only butcher who never sacrificed a lamb without repeating aloud to himself or to the by-standers those four lines of Pope, —

“The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,  
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?  
Pleased to the last he crops the flowery food,  
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.”

Amidst toils like these came forth the large flapped, weather-stained, round, and low-crowned hat, which had commenced its brighter days of service in a very different shape some dozen years before, — the unshaven face, neglected, at some very busy periods, from one Sabbath morning to another, — and the old service-beaten gown, tied up about the waist, or probably no upper garment at all save the reeking shirt that covered his bending frame.

For his years, he was one of the most laborious men in his parish. With the occasional exception of a hired workman or two, and a small apprentice boy, he carried on the operations of his farm alone. The whole fuel for several fires in the house, through the long Northern winter, was often chopped and supplied by his stalwart arm alone.

When polished visitors arrived from the seaport towns or elsewhere, give him but an hour at his toilette, and again he is metamorphosed into the well-dressed, hospitable entertainer, betraying no complaint at the interruption of his most urgent toils, and carrying on animated conversations for hours together. In short, it would now almost appear that he preferred talk to work, that he would rather play the gentleman than the hard laborer, and that he gladly seized the agreeable duties of hospitality as an excuse to escape from the overwhelming drudgeries of the farm. I well know that such insinuations were maliciously whispered about against “ Priest Peabody ” by the mean, insurrectionary spirits of the parish.

Perhaps there was greater plausibility in the regrets which his more serious friends would sometimes express, that the

demeanour of Sir Peabody now and then savoured of an apparent worldliness and carelessness, hardly consistent with the strict proprieties of the ministerial character. Such regrets may have been somewhat justified by his exuberant animal spirits, his love of a busy, bustling life, his exceeding proneness to social intercourse, and the debts, expedients, and multiplied managements, far and near, to which, with a currency changing in value, he was obliged to resort, in the voluntary task of sustaining a family of twenty boarders.

He used to relate an anecdote of himself with his peculiar humor, — that having once fatted a first-rate calf for market, he sent it by one of his parishioners to the town of Haverhill, anxious to obtain for it the highest price. “And what shall I tell the people of Haverhill,” said his friend to him, “in order to persuade them to come up to your mark?” “O, tell them,” replied Sir Peabody, “that the calf belongs to a poor man who is maintained by the town of Atkinson.” The stratagem succeeded very well, and Mr. Peabody frequently afterwards had his laugh in person against the purchaser.

It will be regarded as a striking symptom of the change in public opinion, and even in the spirit of our laws, that Sir Peabody was the acting manager of a public lottery for the benefit of his cherished Atkinson Academy, disposing of the tickets all over the country wherever he was able, and himself personally superintending the drawing, while the whole proved an embarrassing concern, on account of the incomplete sale of tickets, or some other unfortunate mismanagement. It cost him two or three journeys to Boston in the depth of winter, in vainly endeavouring to procure the consent of the Massachusetts legislature, that the tickets might be sold in that Commonwealth; and sadly did the family feel, as we all flocked around him at the opening of a fresh *Columbian Centinel*, and then heard him read with Christian and philosophic calmness from the journal of the legislature, that “the Rev. Mr. Peabody had leave to withdraw his petition.”

Whether all these possible deficiencies from a high pastoral standard were the operating cause of that rebellious sectarianism which broke up his little town into fragments, and for many years prevented the ordination there of any officiating minister, the Searcher of hearts and Former of spirits can alone determine. I have myself often breathed a wish,

in subsequent years, that it had been my lot in early youth to receive my religious impressions from a clerical example of greater spirituality and a more decidedly preponderating piety. But then again I have almost immediately recoiled from the thought, as if I had rendered a kind of sacrilegious injustice and ingratitude to the memory of my old, warm-hearted, unvarying friend. The recollection of his many whole-souled virtues, which I have already enumerated in this sketch, and the positive religious good which I know his ministry in many cases produced, are amply sufficient to redeem it from any deep-stained reproach of inefficiency. Where is the man, and especially among those whose natural constitution prompts them to much outward activity, — where is the man whose character is entirely free from some practical inconsistency? I know that such inconsistencies are to be lamented and condemned, and every body shall do it for Sir Peabody who does it in a thorough-searching, thorough-cleansing manner for himself.

The most prominent characteristic about this very peculiar man was, it seems to me, that he was a true son of nature. No child of the forest, no hero of antiquity, ever stepped forth before his fellows with more freshness and freedom of action. There was little or no self-discipline or self-training about him; but whatever part of his character had not been formed and moulded by the stringency of outward circumstances was just as it came from the hand of God. If he had little about him of the loftier and self-denying qualities of the highest spiritual Christianity, so, on the other hand, he had nothing about him artificial, or simulating, or pretentious.

As I have ventured with a free hand to draw a light-and-shade portraiture of my friend, I ought, in concluding it, to observe that none had better opportunities than myself of testifying to the reality and solidity of his piety. Having listened to his morning prayers for several years together, after the Bible had been duly read by the whole family around in turn; having joined his evening devotions at an hour when the distinct solemn ticking of the clock united with the surrounding darkness and stillness to impress every word on the attention; having witnessed a certain sweet and gracious sanctity which always pervaded his countenance and manners on the Sabbath; having heard him hundreds of times and on every variety of occasion, both when alone and with children

whom he desired to impress, utter serious reflections on the vanity and precariousness of life, and the religious responsibility of man ; having visited his bedside at night, under the youthful struggles of an agitated experience derived from perusing Doddridge's "Rise and Progress," or Edwards's "History of Redemption," or the Bible itself, — books which he had himself carefully recommended to me to read, — and having there received, in that solemn, though not fearful darkness, his tender, judicious, fatherly, guiding lessons, I may not hesitate, while acknowledging in his case the existence of imperfections incident to our common humanity, to claim for him the merited appellation of — to me at least — a man of God.

He sleeps in the small grave-yard behind his meeting-house. Riding a few years since from Boston on purpose to visit the spot, and standing by his grave while the bleak wind of New Hampshire murmured against his tomb-stone, and the grand, blue, shadowy Monadnoc, unchanged as ever, waited afar off behind me, I could not repress the gushing ejaculation, — "O venerated spirit ! It was long mine to witness thy busy, faithful, efficient activity and influence in the scene that outspreads yonder before us ; I fear not to pray that it may also be mine to meet thee and share thy destiny, whatever it may be, in the dim and distant eternity."

At the same moment, my arm was resting on another monumental stone. It was that of the blessed lady who, in my penniless boyhood, had joined her husband in welcoming me to her home, and who acted towards myself and a hundred others of both sexes the unstinting part of a friend and mother. Mrs. Peabody — or "Madam Peabody," as some called her — or "Ma'am Peabody," so all who loved her pronounced it, as a kind of correlative appellation to "Sir" — had died a few years previously to her husband ; an event which contributed more than any thing else to change the appearance and ways of her aged, declining partner. He would sometimes try afterwards to repeat his ancient anecdotes, but accompanied them with only a faint smile, instead of the old infectious and irresistible laugh. Mrs. Peabody was allowed by all who enjoyed the happiness of her acquaintance to stand in the very foremost rank among the daughters of America. She was one of three celebrated sisters ; the other two having been Mrs. Adams, wife of the elder President Adams, and Mrs. Cranch, moth-



er of the present Judge Cranch of Washington. I apprehend that by the numerous surviving relatives and admirers of those two accomplished ladies it will be considered no disparagement to their just claims, if I assert that Mrs. Peabody was the most interesting woman of the three. She was the daughter, with them, of the Rev. Mr. Smith, of Weymouth, near Boston, and was educated under the best anterevolutionary influences of that vicinity.

Her conversational powers were of a superior order. She was adequate to any theme that custom has brought within the range of the female mind. Possessing the charms of a fine person, a delicate, transparent complexion, and a beautiful, speaking eye, with manners highly polished and courtly, a retentive memory, choice and fluent language, and an anxious pressure, a constantly inquiring upward tendency towards the right, — towards some indefinite point of moral and religious progress, — how could she do otherwise than produce a deep impression on all within her sphere, kindling within them a love and reverence for the capacities of human nature, and earnest desires to make it better both in themselves and in others ?

Scarcely ever did the youthful flock that gathered around her sit down at table, that she did not introduce some pleasing or improving topic of conversation, which she would embellish with apt and admirably recited passages from Shakespeare, Dryden, Pope, Addison, Young, Thomson, and Cowper. Her annual visits to her Boston and Quincy friends kept up her stores of refined cultivation, and she always returned prepared to communicate her interesting observations on society, manners, and even the music and scanty painting of the day. Her vigilant eye kept an incessant watch over the conduct and character of her boarders ; sweetly would she rebuke, delicately would she warn, affectionately would she advise. Many a young man did she render thoughtful ; in many a young woman did she awaken lofty aspirations after excellence. And when they left her house with her lessons warm on their memory, she would deepen and protract the impression by sending after them her carefully composed and richly laden correspondence, which, if it could be collected and published, would justify the tribute I now delight to pay.

Not that she always appeared in this refined and elevated full-dress of character. Too well for that did she know the

household duties of a New England clergyman's wife. She was almost as absorbingly devoted to the labors of her own department as we have seen that Sir Peabody was to his. Combing a dozen heads every morning, and shearing them when necessary, — mending innumerable stockings and *et ceteras*, — superintending large broods of various poultry, — achieving the house-work which her one small maid must necessarily leave unfinished, — making those miscellaneous preparations for a large family dinner which might not come within the grasp of her one solitary cook, — and everywhere, from true Christian principle, not from sordid thrift, gathering up the fragments that nothing might be lost, — could she be justly charged with fastidiously playing the lady? And though her morning-dress could never, of course, be compared with the slouching, nondescript array which I have tried to suggest as appertaining to Sir Peabody, — inasmuch as woman always contrives, amidst the lowest occupations, to keep herself in more decent trim than man, — yet would I often witness with admiration and reverence the metamorphosis which she also underwent in the latter part of the day. The agitated and agitating housewife of the forenoon would be now in full court-dress, sitting erect in her rocking-chair, and reading Paley's Moral Philosophy, or some work of an equally elevated description, which "Sir" in fact could rarely ever find time to peruse.

Now can it be wondered at that I should regard her as the beau-ideal of womankind? Her image is at this moment in my mind's eye, with that selfsame peculiar, elaborate cap which had appealed so strongly to my boyish imagination the first moment I saw her. Why, indeed, may not the character of a lady be very much interpreted from the contour and structure of her head-dress? For instance, — to appeal to a diametrically opposite kind of example, though it is logical, I believe, to do so, — could any reader of Dickens possess one half the depth of insight which he now enjoys into the qualities of Sally Brass, had the author deprived her of that specific yellow cap, with which he could not avoid surmounting her head, if he wished to convey a complete conception of her character? And in like manner I am certain that those snow-white folds within folds, those muslin-depths of soft bluish tint, those interwoven advancing and retiring festoons of fine thread-lace, and that general poetic effect of outline, position, and air which adorned the ma-

jestic crown of my revered and beloved friend, were only so many external symbols, types, and representatives of that matchless purity of heart, those mystic and winning graces, and those exquisite intellectual adornments, which lay, like a substratum of vital, productive reality, within the recesses of her noble spirit beneath.\*

Her first husband was the Rev. Mr. Shaw of Haverhill. I know little of the character or ministry of Mr. Shaw, except that he was generally regarded as a very worthy man, and faithful in his sacred vocation. Bating some economical arrangements imposed by the stress of hard necessity, their house was the centre of an elegant little society for twenty years after the Revolution, some of the most cultivated residents of Boston and its vicinity delighting in a pilgrimage to Haverhill, where they could enjoy the charms of Mrs. Shaw's presence and conversation.

In reference to her second marriage, I must relate a curiously interesting anecdote, communicated to me by an old female domestic of Mrs. Shaw's family, herself one of the excellent of the earth, and who followed the fortunes of my friend in both her marriages. Mrs. Shaw had a cousin, Rev. Isaac Smith by name, a man of an excellent and lovely character, an accomplished scholar, a finished writer, and a polished gentleman of the old school. He had visited England, where he had been intimate in the family of the celebrated Miss Hannah More. He was now preceptor of the very respectable Dummer Academy at Byfield, near Newburyport, from which he would make excursions through the country in a one-horse chaise, kindly ready with his services to his ministerial brethren. Much later in life he removed from Byfield to the town of Boston, where he became chaplain of the almshouse, keeper of the Theological Library, and moderator, by seniority in age, of the Boston Association of Ministers, in the discharge, I believe, of which three offices he died, at the advanced period of eighty years. I there happened to enjoy for a considerable time the pleasure of the good old gentleman's acquaintance, when commencing life myself, and prosecuted together with him some

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\* A portrait of this lady, executed by Stuart in his best style, with her queenly head-dress and all, and realizing every thing that has been said in the text respecting her personal appearance, is now in possession of Mrs. Felt of Boston, to whom and her husband, the Rev. Joseph B. Felt, the whole of this sketch has been submitted in manuscript, while their friendly suggestions have been gratefully and faithfully adopted.

agreeable tasks in theological literature. But I must now go back many years to the date of my anecdote. While Mr. Smith was preceptor of the Byfield Academy, and riding benevolently round the country, in middle life, Mrs. Shaw of Haverhill became a widow. Mr. Smith was one of several gentlemen who, according to common report, now aspired to her hand. I think my good-hearted informant assured me that he had entertained, even in his earlier years, similar fond pretensions to his fair young cousin. But owing to some diffidence, or delay, or accidental absence on his part, he had been precluded even then from the attainment of his hopes by his more successful rival, Mr. Shaw. He sought in no other quarter for the consolation of his wounded affections, but remained just as he was, until a mingled Providence again apparently opened for him an avenue to the former object of his regard. But it so happened that Mr. Peabody of Atkinson was a widower, of about the same standing in that isolated condition with Mrs. Shaw herself, and was now meditating a second connection in life. He had visited her house too long and frequently, and was too well acquainted with the rare virtues and attractions that centred in her character, not to perceive that a prize so near and so precious ought by no means to be snatched from his grasp without a seasonable effort on his part to secure it. By a singular coincidence, Mr. Smith and Mr. Peabody both selected one and the same day of violently pouring rain, to secure, by the offer of their hands, the consummation of their glowing and honorable hopes; just as two eagles, o'erwearied with gloomy earth, might choose, unknown to each other, the moment of a driving storm to ascend into the serene and bright upper heaven. The choice of such a day, however, might possibly have been made by either party to preclude the probability of any rivalry or other officious interruption. Be that as it may, they both started from their homes after an early dinner, Mr. Peabody having six miles to ride in a southern direction, and Mr. Smith fifteen in a northern. Somewhat after dark, Mr. Smith's chaise, with all the deliberation of conscious security, enters the yard behind the favored residence, and stops, as usual, at the door in that part of the house. Lydia, my kind and true-hearted humble friend, being the domestic there, appears immediately at the door, with a look of peevish anxiety and agitation uncommon for her. She



had long been encouraging Mr. Smith to take the present step, and much preferred that her mistress should join her destinies with him than with any other man. She had ever pitied the frustration of his early pretensions, which she held to be still valid, and she considered besides that the superiority of his refined and gentlemanly manners, together with the respectability of his connections, entitled him, more than any other aspirant, to the envied hand. But when did ever match-maker succeed in outwitting the wiser decrees of destiny? My well-meaning gossip was obliged in conclusion to say, while in after-days, in a low voice, so as not to be overheard in the Atkinson parlour, she recounted these incidents to a group of wondering school-boys, — “ I am afraid, boys, that when I went to the door, I spoke more sharply to Mr. Smith than I ought to have done; for I said to him, ‘ You are altogether too late, Sir; Mr. Peabody has long ago dried his coat by this kitchen-fire, and has been sitting now with Mrs. Shaw for a whole hour in the parlour.’ ” Where or how Mr. Smith spent that evening, I never had the irreverent curiosity to inquire. I only know that the remainder of his long life was passed in a meek and acquiescent celibacy, tinged with a soft shadow of sadness, of which few knew the cause; and I believe as firmly as that I am writing here, that he is now in that blessed world where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage, and that he is, along with his two excellent friends, what he certainly seemed always and everywhere to be while here on earth, as one of the angels in heaven.

What kind of a treasure Sir Peabody thus obtained has been already in good measure portrayed. She was in general duly appreciated in her new place of residence, as she was always received with joy, also, in her frequent visits to the old; and I am not mistaken in saying, that, with few exceptions, she was looked up to by all the parishioners of both sexes in Atkinson, as a kind of superior being. I have observed the stamp of her bland and gracious manners on the good ladies of the place, even after the lapse of twenty years from her death. Can one ever forget that dignified and winning expression with which, at the close of public worship, she followed her husband out of the meetinghouse? According to a custom in that town, which I do not recollect to have observed in any other part of our country, and I know not whence it originated, the minister was the very first per-

son to depart from the sanctuary, the whole congregation silently standing until he and his lady had passed the threshold of the door. It was at least a respectful and impressive custom. What a contrast to the indecent haste, and scramble, so to speak, with which many congregations start off for home ; as if the benediction were like the dropping of a signal pocket-handkerchief on a race-course ! Why, at least, might not all remain for a brief space, while the organ is enunciating its solemn and spirit-stirring *finale*, which is scarcely heard or appreciated under the present arrangement, and so depart one by one, as varying moods might prompt, consistently with the sanctity of the spot and the occasion ? Nothing, indeed, can be more worthy of imitation than the custom of Episcopalian assemblies in closing their public services with silent personal prayer. Next to the solemn effect of such a practice was that reverential repose with which we all used to stand waiting, while " Sir " descended the pulpit-stairs and passed along the broad-aisle, bowing alternately on each side with elaborate ceremony and solemn, wide-open eyes, and " Ma'am " immediately followed him out of the pew at the foot of the pulpit-stair, with her look cast down to the floor, as though *she* had no prerogative to bow, and with a modest, incipient smile on her visage, as if conscious that the pious love of many eyes was directed upon her. Reverence ! whither hast thou fled ? Since these, thine external manifestations have disappeared, hast thou left behind, in the unfettered soul within, a growing love for the substantially true, and right, and holy, and beautiful, and venerable, and eternal ?

But the same malignant spirits, who had fastened upon and magnified the defects of Mr. Peabody, were not wanting to espy or devise faults in his lady. I pass over the more contemptible of her maligners, who complained, that at her tea-visits abroad she preferred white to brown bread, and whom I only mention as indicating one feature of the manners of the times, which I trust has long since for ever disappeared. But the more plausible and decent of " Ma'am's " detractors levelled their shafts at much higher game. Among these, the favorite whispered scandal was, that she was a woman of towering pride, and over-fond of dress. Of pride she had no more than an angel from heaven, who stoops to protect and sympathize with the poorest and humblest, while he approaches the loftiest and haughtiest with a calm, conscious

sense of his own celestial dignity, which mean spectator-angels might possibly construe into pride. With regard to her alleged attachment to dress, so profound is my reverence for her whole character, that I have no doubt she conscientiously mingled her practice with the purest sentiments of duty. Perhaps that characteristic emblematical cap of hers might seem to a cynical observer occasionally decked out with superabundant ornament. I remember reading in modern ecclesiastical history, that the Huguenot ministers of the sixteenth century had the greatest difficulty in preventing the pious, lovely, and noble Madame Du Plessis and several other ladies of high rank from offending in the very same particular, and were finally compelled, like the Methodist divines of a later day in their war against ribbons, to decline the contest. Perhaps some adornment of the kind is essential to the highest type of a lady of the Caucasian race. Perhaps, too, the very angel from heaven, to whom I just now alluded, may sometimes view with too much complacency the lustre of his own pruned, ethereal wing. But let that pass. Could I even be convinced that in my sainted friend the refinement of an elevated nature ever faded down into feminine infirmity, I would but seize the occasion to remember and inculcate that absolute perfection belongs only to ONE.

S. G.

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ART. II. — POETICAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

I. SPRING.

WELCOME, bright promiser of balmy skies!  
The piercing winds of winter are returning  
Home to the North; and soon — before we dream —  
Thy breezes will steal tenderly, as breath  
From lips of love, to renovate the earth.  
Now may the heart which hath been sorrowful  
Be soothed; and the disconsolate may learn,  
From gazing on the new-born leaves and flowers,  
Lessons of resignation and of faith.

Soon will the forest glades grow green, and birds  
Trill out their mating music. Girls will gather

The violet and daisy from the hills,  
And pluck anemones to weave like pearls  
Among their tresses. The unfettered stream  
Will lure the idle urchin to its brink  
With full, free laughter ; and the husbandman,  
Broad-scattering his precious seed, will hope  
For its increase at harvest-time. But when  
The mind, accustomed to the season's charm,  
Turns in upon itself, to search the depth  
And know the value of its purposes,  
How may it pause above some withered trust  
The icy grave hath taken to its keeping ;  
Or weep for beautiful affections which  
The changes of the world have chilled and ruined !  
The cold snow may have been covering as  
A pall the form so lately cherished ; and  
The blast been sweeping on its dreary wing  
The freezing words of broken tenderness.  
'T is well there comes a time when Nature wears  
A look so glad, yet full of sympathy,  
That hearts, however sorely wrung, may be  
Touched by the winning softness of her smile,  
And thus lose half the burden of their grief !

Yet not alone of sombre themes, — of death,  
Or living separation, or of cares  
Unnumbered, known to all, — these moments speak.  
Into the fairest of retirements, where only  
Reflections of serenity may enter,  
Our thoughts are led, as by an angel's hand,  
To dwell upon the blessings that have filled  
Our days. Tears may fall gratefully upon  
Remaining trusts, as rain on lonely flowers ;  
But when the clouds have passed, and men rejoice  
By reason of discovered comfort, then,  
Like showers of sunshine over water-drops,  
The calm renewal of their happiness  
Covers the world once more with radiance.

Young mother of the year which moveth on  
With ever-varying aspect, — harbinger  
Of summer heats and autumn fruits, and snow  
When winter comes again, we give thee hail !  
Glide on, enchantress, like a winged blossom,  
To the rich melody of birds, the play  
Of leaves, the dash of loosened fountains, — ay,



To all the music heard mysterious  
At noon or hush of night! Console, improve,  
Delight us with thy beauty! Be the type  
Of things immortal and unseen! And though  
Impatient crowds, bent on engrossing tasks,  
May seem unfitted for impressions such  
As thine, 'mid all the harsh concerns of life  
Thou wilt be felt a good unspeakable,  
An influence most delicately toned  
To every better impulse, so that none  
Will grow weary of thy gentle presence.

R. P. R.

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## II. THE ANGELS OF THE PAST.

My buried days! — in bitter tears  
I sit beside your tomb,  
And ghostly forms of vanished years  
Flit through my spirit's gloom.

In throngs around my soul they press,  
They fill my dreamy sight  
With visions of past loveliness  
And shapes of lost delight.

Like angels of the Lord they move,  
Each on his mystic way, —  
These blessed messengers of love,  
These heralds of the day.

And as they pass, the conscious air  
Is stirred to music round,  
And a murmur of harmonious prayer  
Is breathed along the ground.

And sorrow dies from out my heart  
In exhalations sweet,  
And the bands of life, which she did part,  
In blessed union meet.

The past and future o'er my head  
Their sacred grasp entwine,  
And the eyes of all the holy dead  
Around, before me, shine.

And I rise to life and duty,  
From nights of fear and death,  
With a deeper sense of beauty  
And fuller strength of faith.

G. R.

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III. THE LOST CHURCH.

The verses below were written while men were dragging down a noble old meetinghouse, beheaded of its steeple by the guillotine of these leveling times, from the green, oak-crowned slope where it had long stood on one of the most picturesque eminences in that most picturesque of New England villages, Bucksport on the Penobscot.

HAD ye a voice, ye venerable trees,  
What thrilling tales ye'd tell! Yet even now,  
Oft as, at eve, the sad autumnal breeze  
Mysteriously stirs each trembling bough, —

And oft as spring renews your leafy green,  
And oft as kindling summer round you glows,  
And oft as winter clothes the naked scene,  
And crowns this hill-top with his weight of snows, —

And at each hour of day, — when silent noon  
Broods o'er the town, the river, and the hill, —  
And when, at noon of night, the harvest moon  
Silvers your dark-green branches, soft and still, —

And when the morning sun, behind your height,  
Wakes in their rustling nests the feathered choir, —  
And when the dying day's last lingering light  
Touches the topmost twigs with golden fire, —

Strange sounds and spirit-like are heard, that chime  
With all the winds which through your branches sigh;  
Voices that murmur of the olden time,  
The ghosts of generations long passed by.

As, pensively, with reverent steps and slow,  
I climb this hallowed hill, a stranger here,  
The thought of all the dead that sleep below  
Brings to my eye the tributary tear.

Up this green steep, beneath this deep green shade,  
Each Sabbath morn and noon, for many a year,  
Came son and sire, matron and village maid,  
And bowed in prayer, and sang God's praises here.

Here stood for childhood's brow the sacred fount ;  
Here manhood on its God its troubles cast ;  
Here age climbed up, as to a Pisgah mount, —  
Here paused, as to its last, long home it passed.

In life's august procession all passed on  
To fill yon silent chambers of the dead ;  
And now the venerable church is gone,  
Whose aisles once echoed to their frequent tread.

Yet oft, beneath these green old oaks, e'en now,  
Forms of the buried past unseen sweep by,  
And oft the pilgrim, on this hill's lone brow,  
Feels a great cloud of witnesses draw nigh.

And though the old walls no more this summit crown,  
Still float strange tones of an unearthly bell, —  
Each Sabbath morn, and noon, and eve float down  
O'er town, and stream, and hill, and distant dell.

And though from out this green oak-shade no more  
The tall old spire shall rise to meet the sky,  
Long from the spot shall memory heavenward soar,  
While faith, with lifted finger, points on high.

C. T. B.

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ART. III. — RELATION OF PROGRESS TO LIBERTY.\*

MR. ELIOT'S volume consists of four "Passages from the History of Liberty." These sections contain notices of men laboring wide asunder as to time and place, for one object, — human progress, or freedom from unwholesome restraint, within and without. The design of the notices "is no further concerned with the incidents of individual lives, than as the individual lives are united by these incidents to the general history of Liberty and of Humanity." The "Passages" cover a period subsequent to the deepest shades of mediæval history, and closing with the same year

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\* *Passages from the History of Liberty.* By SAMUEL ELIOT. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 1847. 16mo. pp. 278.

(1521) in which Luther published his celebrated essay, "De Captivitate Babylonicâ Ecclesiæ"; which may perhaps be regarded as the deliberate commencement of his struggle with the Roman hierarchy for human progress. We can only glance at these "Passages."

The first part of the book includes notices of three of the early Italian reformers, — names hardly known to Anglo-Saxon ears, — Arnaldo da Brescia, Giovanni di Vicenza, and Jacopo de' Bussolari, who severally lived in the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. These, for their times, were really great men, although not, in the highest sense, true men. Judged, as every man must be judged, by their relation to their times, their greatness was a marvel which their age could neither comprehend nor appreciate; and therefore they failed of their best purposes. Italy experienced directly no benefit from their labors. But they doubtless left traces in the world, which, by other feet and in later years, have been beaten into open pathways.

Arnaldo's life gives us the idea of a single-handed and unarmed man coping with a lion that has been urged into fury by slight yet stinging wounds, and by repeated disappointment, and is longing to place a crushing paw upon his assailant's head. He contended with Rome; — to him the English Pope Adrian and his myrmidons, including cardinals, bishops, and priests, were nothing; true religion, morality, and the rights of man were every thing. Rome thundered her anathemas and interdicts, triumphing over Arnaldo, — the lion gained the victory. The scholar, who loved learning "because he would make learning useful to the world in which he lived," — the religious teacher, "whose pure life won him many friends," — the reformer, who aimed to establish for the people an equal government, in which he had no ambition to appear, and who would fain have purified Rome itself, — was publicly burned, and his ashes cast into the Tiber; his crime was *love to man*.

Rome essayed to stay the work of human progress. But it is too late to check the electric fluid after the flash has been seen and the report heard, the evidence that it has already passed. Though Arnaldo's spirit aroused not the slumbering energy of the people, yet liberty did not perish on the Piazza del Popolo. Only seventy years afterward, Vicenza led the people "with cross and banners." He secured the confidence of all, revised the laws of the cities, reinvigorated



the states of Italy with new hopes of freedom and new longings for progress, and then (so say his enemies, and with some appearance of truth) abused his influence, and acted in his own way the tyrant. The goodness of his aim could not save him from the consequences of weakness and want of perseverance. He gave courage to a love of freedom which his life did not express.

Another pause, and then, seventy years later, Bussolari, an Augustine monk, a pious, devoted man, in whose breast the love of the Church, the love of the State, and the love of freedom coexisted, made an ineffectual attempt to improve the condition of man. Possessed of less strength than Arnaldo, but endowed with more steadfastness than Vicenza, he did what he could for the oppressed. Although a son of the Church, and loyal in all his thoughts to her interests, the Church coöperated with his and his country's adversaries in stifling the spirit of independence ; and Bussolari died in a dungeon.

The second section of the volume comprises a brief account of the life and labors of John de Wycliffe. Wycliffe was a *man*. Rank and station could confer no additional honor upon one who was as great in one sphere as in another, and great always through earnestness of purpose and faithfulness of life. He was a good scholar and a bold preacher. Some might have called him eloquent, but he was not so considered, it is said, by all, and probably by none who only knew and heard him as a speaker and had no especial sympathy with his discourses. He lived in that troublous time for England, which was rife with unexpressed and unappreciated longings for independence of Rome. The commoners were exceedingly jealous of authority ; and in 1364 a great stride was taken towards social equality, when the opulent citizen was allowed by statute to be clad as expensively as a nobleman !

Much work was to be done when Wycliffe's career commenced, and he was willing to undertake its performance. His reform had no single range ; it was "a host of reforms in one." It demanded purity of heart and life, ridiculed the prerogatives of popes, cardinals, and kings, and insisted upon judicious limitations to all authority. It was Wycliffe's design to establish goodness in the world ; for he saw in this the way of removing injustice and oppression. His plan was good ; but his age was not with him, and the suffering

people cared little for his words of deliverance. He died in his work, of paralysis, December 31, 1384, having successfully resisted all his foes. "Let a man," he said, "stand on virtue and truth, and all the world overcometh him not." He would have been the last to allow that he was in any sense vanquished. "Truly aware I am," he said, "that the doctrine of the Gospel may, for a season, be trampled under foot, that it may be overpowered in high places, and even suppressed by the threatenings of Antichrist; but equally sure I am that it shall never be extinguished, for it is the recording of truth itself."

The reforms of Savonarola occupy the third portion. This man, but little known to the world, the prior of St. Mark's, at one time the pride and stay of Florence, exerted there an astonishing influence for a brief season. His efforts, which were really designed to purify the State, penetrated also the inclosures of the Church. He was too clear-sighted not to observe sin wherever existing, and too independent and faithful to be silent. His primal law for the State was, "obedience to man under God." All laws were therefore to be founded upon Christian precepts. When he applied the same principle to the Church, the Church became alarmed at the daring assault indirectly made upon its secularity and sinfulness. He upbraided the priests because they were worldly and sensual; and — oh inconsistency of evil-doing! — was charged with intermeddling too much in secular affairs. His answer ought to be written in luminous capitals before every religious teacher, — "Any matter ordained to the glory of God, and the good of men, belongs to my office."

Alexander Borgia, stained with every crime, — "*omni scelere audito atque inaudito contaminatus*," — then occupying the Papal chair, with little knowledge of a good man's motives and with even less comprehension of his purposes, attempted to bribe Savonarola into silence, by the offer of a cardinal's hat. But he had his answer from the cathedral pulpit: — "The only red hat I shall ever wear will be red with my own blood in martyrdom."

Savonarola's reliance upon the Supreme Being was a striking characteristic of his life. He believed in miraculous aid from Heaven to carry forward his work, and prayed continually for such demonstrations of Divine favor as would bring success to his labors for peace and holiness. In the

year 1498 he very unwillingly consented, after urgent solicitation, to submit his doctrine to the "trial by fire," not in his own person, but in the person of one of his adherents. He speaks thus confidently of the issue:—"So far as the result is revealed to me, I can see that Fra Domenico [his champion] will pass through the flames uninjured, if the trial be made at all." His shrewdness seems to have suggested to his mind the result, for the trial was never made, in consequence of the failure of the other party. Nevertheless, the influence he had so long wielded in Florence was greatly impaired. In forty-eight hours after the failure of the trial by fire, his convent was surrounded, and an entrance forced by his enemies. He was found kneeling composedly before the altar. He was summoned thence by the magistrates, and thrown into prison. We quote a passage from Mr. Eliot:—

"Sixteen judges, taken from among Savonarola's enemies, were soon collected about him, as if they had been demons rioting in the plunder of a great spirit, and put him to tortures, which his frame was too weak and sensitive to bear. A confession against himself was forced from him, but it was retracted as soon as he was loosened from torment. Again he was bound and torn; again he confessed; again he denied,—saying resolutely, that whatever pain might wring from him was all untrue. In the midst of severest agony, he prayed aloud that his persecutors might be softened and forgiven. The blessings of a holy heart were upon him, even in that terrible judgment-chamber."—p. 193.

After a month of such treatment, which the profligate Alexander cordially approved by special commissioners, Savonarola, with two of his adherents, was condemned to be burned. The sentence was executed on the 29th of May, 1498. He was a friend to good order, just rulers, honest men, and Christian freedom. "This work," he said, "will go on, though I am dead, for it is the work of Christ." The world had not grown old enough in goodness to endure such a reformer.

The last division of our author's volume contains a notice of the War of the Communities in Castile; of which it is enough to say, that it was worthy of a better issue. We cannot but feel a regret that all the warm hopes of so enthusiastic a region should have been prostrated, in order to reseat the ambitious and kingdom-loving Charles, then crowned emperor of Germany, upon his first throne. Besides,

when men choose, like those Communities, to change their rulers, our soul cries out against the injustice of trying such a claim, or of establishing their right to do so by an appeal to arms. Yet so it often is. Nations must be trampled upon, their names obliterated, and men oppressed, that some greedy Charles may have full coffers, or a gratified ambition. Men in that war exhibited proofs of goodness and greatness, which are honorable to all times. Had Juan de Padilla succeeded as his aims and his virtues deserved, his fame would now fill a niche in history, honored and revered of all liberty-loving hearts. Yet how seldom appears his name! So true it is, that "hitherto, circumstances, more than greatness or goodness, have made our heroes."

We have not intended to give even an abstract of the volume before us. It is exceedingly interesting, from beginning to end. It is written with evident enthusiasm; and although sometimes slightly wanting in perspicuity, is always fresh and earnest. The author designed to bring together several illustrations of the longings of men for a true individual and social life, and he has executed his task well. If it be at first view discouraging to observe the failure of such efforts for human progress, we may yet believe that thus these selfsame efforts are especially commended to attention. That is a real matter — and the selfish world is compelled to admit it to be so — for which a man willingly encounters obloquy, makes sacrifices, and finally dies with hopeful composure. Martyr-ashes always constitute good seed.

These struggles, like all other genuine struggles for freedom, originated in the love of truth and justice. With all efforts for human progress, they constitute chapters in human history; they help onward a work which only time and patient labor can complete.

Liberty is the child of reform. All reforms — and under the name of reforms we include only such movements as are based upon Christian principle — have the great aim of inducing human freedom. Reform assumes a condition of life or character demanding amendment or change. It asserts the grandest of all truths, — that happiness is coincident with goodness, and that goodness is commensurate with adherence to principle. It declares that sin, while it is an abnormal state, is also a state of tyranny; that error, not truth, desires to fetter the mind; and that nothing but sin can limit the satisfactions of the heart. It also essays to bind truth and life togeth-



er, by seeking the application in life of every precept or principle of holiness. In a word, reform is the yearning of the heart for a realization of truth and justice.

That which reform proposes, freedom expresses. Freedom, in the highest sense, is the form which the successful struggle for human good eventually assumes. The truest liberty is the closest alliance with Christian goodness. The words placed by Mr. Eliot on his title-page, from Thucydides, are strikingly apposite : — “ Judging happiness to be in liberty, and liberty in excellence of soul.” The world has never yet demanded such a liberty as this. Indeed, it is prone to be quite well satisfied with only certain forms of freedom, which are hardly more than exemptions from actual wrong.

Hence the history of successful reforms and revolutions does not always, or often, furnish the results which we anticipate. There is something higher and holier in human life than living men care to compass. And though a struggle be vigorously maintained, at great sacrifice and with complete success, in behalf of truth and justice, truth and justice do not generally enter largely into the issue. Take an illustration of this from the contrast between the Declaration of Independence adopted by the Colonies before the American Revolution, and the Constitution of the United States subsequently framed. Could it have been surmised, that men so thoroughly imbued with the love of liberty as to pledge their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor to its defence, would have submitted to any compromise with oppression, and the form of that oppression domestic slavery ? But the Constitution, it is said, perhaps with truth, was the best scheme of government which would then unite the Colonies. And this is the very point to be observed, — that men generally have never yet demanded for the world a real liberty, but only for themselves an exemption from the more odious forms of oppression.

The honest love of freedom is not selfish. It seeks the redress of grievances because they interfere with human welfare, and violate the fundamental principle of all goodness, — justice. It raises its voice of indignant remonstrance against iniquity and injustice of every kind, and is not silent until its demand is answered, or its utterance lost in defeat. But how few reformers, whose whole lives have been reduced to such faithfulness to humanity, has the world

ever seen! Where there are a few only like Arnaldo, Wycliffe, and Savonarola, there are a hundred leaders of another and a baser sort. These latter manage their moves so adroitly, that they come to be regarded with favor, and are permitted to impede human progress; while the extenuation of injustice and oppression, though in itself treachery to the rights of man, is rendered less odious by their influence. The spirit of freedom has never reached the heart that can tolerate any form of wrong. He is no freeman, in the highest sense, who can say that oppression is the chief corner-stone of a republican edifice.\* When liberty is most praised, it may oftentimes be necessary to raise anew the question of freedom. "Our liberties" is a catchword of the times. But after all "our principles," — our love of truth and justice for all men, for the weak and ignorant as well as for the strong and wise, is the infallible gauge of real freedom.

Are we to be satisfied with any liberty which falls short of the true standard? But liberty of a better sort can be secured only by progress, itself the law of life. No iron-visaged conservatism will answer the demand of human nature. Forms of thought and forms of government, like old plate when its fashion has passed away, must occasionally be thrown into the crucible of reform, to be wrought anew into such shapes as the times demand. Man might as well be fettered to paganism as to Popery, and to Popery as to the "cast-iron moulds" which creeds and customs furnish for human character. That which was freedom once has ceased to be freedom now, unless the old form comprised the whole of truth, or man has been contented in the ages to remain stationary. Either part of the alternative is inadmissible.

Notwithstanding the coarse forms of vice which present themselves to view, and the ruder aspect of a license, the issue of which cannot yet be discerned, not more surely does one generation succeed another, than the law of progress develops itself for human good. The differing ages require very different phases of reform, and different kinds of reformers; and these are always to be found. The old truth, that "revolutions never go backwards," which sometimes seems to be denied in reformers' failures, is thus substan-

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\* This sentiment is found in Mr. Secretary Calhoun's state despatches to the United States minister at the French court.

tiated ; and one man lights his torch, which circumstances may compel him to keep from view for a time, — to cover with his hand, when the wind blows too harshly upon it, — by the flickering taper of his predecessor.

The same impediments to progress, in effect, exist now that existed in other ages. We may vaunt ourselves too much over the past, in remembering what were the peculiar trials and disappointments of the reformers of other times, and not perceiving now similar demonstrations of resistance to the expression of the same longings for human welfare. To be sure, when the Church was the State, and gave temporal laws, which it enforced by spiritual penalties, many were the struggling spirits that were driven back to the arms of a Mother most thoroughly despised and execrated. But the same disposition to control all human interests may be seen in the State, virtually assuming to be the Church, when it attempts to regulate the principles of duty, and to prescribe limits to the strivings of the earnest soul, and to declare what shall be received among men as good. There is still a method of applying the ancient interdict from “fire and water.” A cold shoulder, a colder hand, and the prophetic “you will ruin your influence,” — too generally equivalent to a willingness to undermine it, — these things have sometimes an influence to subvert good, and to impede the progress of reform.

Indeed, the clashing of truth and authority is by no means over ; it constitutes one evil of our times, and may be partly ascribed to an undue heeding of the cry of an early reform, — “No union of Church and State.” There ought to be a perfect union of Church and State in their main purpose, but none at all in their offices. This is an important distinction, to which we can only allude. If the Church be disconnected from the State absolutely, a vicious element is introduced into the theory of government, by the opposition of one to the other ; the Church standing for truth, and the State for authority, while comprising the same individuals. Experience has already proved, that if there be no unity of purpose between Church and State, the Church when in the ascendant will usurp the sceptre of the State, and the State when in the ascendant be disposed to give laws to the Church, — to say what it shall teach, by determining what alone shall be regarded as loyal to itself. We do not desire that the Church should again become secular in

a bad sense, as once it was, — that its *servants* should be *masters* in the world. But the spirit of Christianity, as this is, or ought to be, embodied in the Church, was designed to control all life ; from its sway we have no disposition, had we the power, to exclude even political relations.

It would be extremely difficult to distinguish much in spirit between the past and the present reception of reform. If men do believe in human progress, they still treat reformers in the State as traitors, and in the Church as infidels. It were scarcely worth while to refute the calumnies which these terms may embody. But as to the first, will not men come to learn that liberty is the life of justice, and as such has no peculiar country, any more than Christianity? As to the second, it were enough to point to John Robinson's words, and "bewail the condition of the reformed churches, who are come to a period in religion, and will go at present no farther than the instruments of their reformation "

And yet every step of progress, and every struggle for liberty, raises the question of loyalty to government, — a question embarrassed with many difficulties. One hardly cares to affirm that "resistance to tyrants is obedience to God," irrespectively of circumstances. But who will say that silent submission to injustice is the better way? Government in itself, abstractly speaking, is always good ; it is actually good, so long as it does not undermine the influence of truth. The fault with all governments — a fault to which a republic, because it rests secure in the confidence of the majority which has made it, is far more liable than a despotism — is a proneness to self-exaltation. Within a few years it has been distinctly affirmed that "a majority can commit no political sin" ; in other words, that the question of right and wrong is not absolute, but may depend upon the will of the people. A greater moral falsity or political absurdity does not lurk beneath that subterfuge of regal power, that "the king can do no wrong."

Reform reaches the highest last. The wave must rise high and swell heavily before it can baptize the heads of social life. The people, or some of them, will always be in advance of those rulers who make goodness less their study than office, and yet these often give the expression to authority. Hence it happens that every protest against wrong elicits angry denunciation and obstinate resistance



from hearts not penetrated by the spirit of the proposed reform. Reform is always disloyal to existing usages, and finds favor and is honored only in its triumphs. But successful reforms are in no wise different from unsuccessful struggles for liberty, except in their issues. Greece and Poland, of such different fortunes, stand on precisely the same footing. He who preaches submission to every indignity and exaction, and recommends silence to the remonstrants, condemns and discards all that we venerate in the history of the world.

Besides, the struggle for freedom and the demand for reform are not directed against government, but against wrong. If governments espouse the cause of injustice, and seek to repress the manly spirit, they are entitled to little allegiance, and must bear the reproach of injustice. It is hard for the reformer to be compelled to make explanations of his intents to a doubting world, and to prove, what ought to be known by instinct, as it were, that the Christian right to govern is coincident only with adherence to Christian principle. The old words, "a pope, a bishop, or a priest, in a state of mortal sin, hath no power of the faithful," may be amended by including the term "magistrate." Government is invested with no authority to do wrong, and has no influence to make that worthy and good, which all the better feelings of the heart condemn as base, abandoned, unchristian. Government is designed solely for human good, and all its authority is derived from its office. "Dominion is given to man over his fellow-men, not that the weaker may be crushed, nor that the stronger may trample, iron-heeled, upon human rights and human lives, but that the stronger may make his power dear even to the weaker, by its justice and its charity."\* Whenever government stoops to an alliance with injustice and selfishness, let it not complain if its validity be sternly questioned.

Political philosophy, which is far in the rear of some other departments of thought, has been especially impeded by opposition. The discernment of human rights cannot, however, be exempted from the law of progress. The settling down into contentment with current usages, the implied belief that human institutions are to be perpetual, with the consequent disinclination to change which sometimes seems

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\* Eliot's Passages, p. 273.

to be a prevailing sentiment, is a bad sign for liberty, and it is untrue to human nature. We must not go back to deeds of other times, even while the record endures, for the conditions of present life. The mission of the present is to improve upon the past. A world loving the dead past more than the living present, trusting more in it than in the child-birth throes of the future, is not a world of freemen.

Whenever reformers fail, they fail because they receive not sympathy and support. They have passed ahead of the world, which sometimes inclines to quicken its pace, and for a while seems to be close upon them ; and then they partially succeed. But it has never overtaken its reformers, even for a single instant, so as to make their principle its life. What power the despot has he receives from the consent of others to his tyranny ; and the reformer only requires the same kind and amount of support to overcome all forms of error and injustice. Every new reform stands to its age as the older ones to theirs, makes the same demand for man, fails for the same reason that they failed, — and the failure is always a reproach to the times.

There is an unpleasant proneness to leave the reformer unsupported, while he is thrust into the worst position in the moral army. Always in front of his adherents, and oftentimes unaided and alone, he is exposed to a double fire ; and not a few ill-directed shafts, — of thoughtlessness, indeed, rather than of malice, — which wound his spirit and paralyze his arm, come from his followers. If the world desire progress, it must not diminish a true man's strength by its own falseness. Every one must stand up to him bravely, and give him full confidence and earnest support. We like not to encounter those men who say, "We have no influence," but who would probably resent our admission of the truth of their statement. There is a figure which stands for nothing ; but we place a cipher at the right of one, and it multiplies its leader's influence tenfold. The reformer's failure is due solely to his contemporaries' unfaithfulness ; the responsibility rests upon the very men who "have no influence."

But with all the discouragements and obstacles to progress, there is some hope to be drawn from the popularity of the discussion of human rights. This aspect of the times would be very encouraging, had we entire confidence in its genuineness. Fourth of July orators have always been wont to declaim freely upon this topic, in the way rather of

reminding us of what has been done for liberty, than of speaking of any further achievements. Such regard for liberty can be dispensed with without much loss to any one. Then, again, there is a certain floating capital of philanthropy handed about in meetings and associations, which is very well to look at, and secures quite a reputation in the world. It reminds us of an anecdote which has been related to illustrate the advantages of combined action, concerning a few persons associated for such a purpose, who secured the credit, with all the immunities, of wealth, by passing the few hundred dollars comprising their joint stock from hand to hand. Nor do we trust much in the philanthropy which shows itself only under the influence of popular excitement. It is something to say of it, that, with the other kinds mentioned, it is better than none. Indeed, it is better than the unbelief which ordinary things cannot move, which has no sympathy for human strivings until it can plainly discern what God alone ever sees, the precise results of labor before it has been tried.

Circumstances of late years have been favorable to the development of a stronger attachment to the principles of liberty, especially in New England, where a more just appreciation of the spirit of freedom seems to be gaining ground. The annexation of new slave territory to the already extended limits of the nation, and the disposition to acquire yet more land similarly blighted, have roused to indignation many hearts among us ; a partial result of which may be traced in the recent passage of the Wilmot Proviso by one branch of Congress, and that the popular one, and in evident compliance with the demand of the Free States. Its fate in the other cannot be anticipated while we are writing. But we will hope for the best. Let the question be decided as it may, we are apprehensive, however, that expediency, policy, and interest will have more to do with it than absolute right.\* We are frequently assured that there is far more sympathy than formerly for the claims of the oppressed, and for the spirit, at least, of the Antislavery reform. We hope it may prove so. But we hope, also, that the young Titan of freedom will not have his limbs so begirt with swaddling-

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\* How far this apprehension was well grounded may be seen from the fact, that when the Senate had rejected this same proviso, the House of Representatives succumbed to the slaveholding influence, and annulled its previous vote.

clothes, in the form of parties, sects, and committees, as to incur the hazard of never attaining nature's full proportions.

The history of our country is certainly somewhat dark. The annexation of Texas, viewed solely as the means of perpetuating oppression, and the war in Mexico, one of the bitter consequences of the other departure from principle, are chapters we would gladly erase, although only conclusions from premises which the Southern portion of the confederacy have been carefully writing out from time to time since 1787. Still, if the strong arm of Papal power, combined with regal enactments, at divers times and in divers places, could not crush out the human heart, nor extinguish its beating hopes and its earnest love, we ought not to be much concerned for the issue of the struggle yet to be waged with injustice, provided our own allegiance to the right be complete. The American Revolution, in its purposes and in its aims, was a glorious commencement of a work to be accomplished on this continent. But has the progress of the work fulfilled the promise of its first stages? The first planting of the Colonies, or of most of them, and the subsequent establishment of the Union, were both in the name of freedom. Is nothing more to be done in this holy name, to fulfil the world's just expectation?

A new hero may be wanted to lead us on in duty. We do not mean that there are no choice spirits who have long been faithfully laboring for a world-wide human freedom, — freedom from unjust ecclesiastical, social, and civil restraints, — and who are now struggling, in their way, in this behalf. We gratefully acknowledge all that they have done. But for the issue there may yet be required a leader, to be brought forward at the right moment, in whom shall be concentrated many necessary qualities, and who shall have influence to reconcile the distracted counsels and discordant schemes, traceable rather to the head than to the heart. If we know the spirit of the pioneers in human progress, as they exist among us, they are not men who are eager to fashion cushioned seats for themselves, nor are they disposed to become princes and potentates. If Ulysses come among them, he will find ready hands and readier hearts, and little jealousy. They have learned from a longer than the Trojan war, that all his prudence and wisdom will be needed for success.



Although we have extended these remarks beyond their proposed limits, we have but glanced at a theme worthy of much more careful thought. Human liberty is yet almost a mystery. Much struggling with antiquated errors, and time-established customs, and deep-seated prejudices, must be undertaken before the work of humanity will be accomplished. Liberty must be made, so to speak, a science, — a study by itself, — into which the ideas of reform and progress shall enter largely. It requires a philosophy of its own, that it may be elevated above the reach of the low ambition of selfish men, that it may extend its benign influence to every department of labor, and carry peace and happiness to all conditions of life. It has hitherto failed of this end. Reform alone can constitute the instrument of its success. The time of reformation is not over, and will not be, until their true spirit be produced in life, — the final issue, under God, of all efforts at renewal and progress, to which governments and organizations, if founded in truth and justice, will always tend. We close with this hopeful passage from our author : — “ The memories of all who strive to elevate the world, if men be not ungrateful, will

‘ but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts  
Which overpower all others, and conduct  
The world at last to freedom ! ’

One of the clearest lessons taught by history is, that there can be no such thing as failure in great purposes. So long as truth and charity are joined together in human lives, there need be no fear for toil wasted or faith sacrificed. It is when truth is degraded to union with coarseness and violence, when confidence struggles into impatience and intolerance, that there can be no great purposes planned, and no great deeds worked by men.”

A. R. P.

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## ART. IV. — JESUIT MISSIONS IN NORTH AMERICA.\*

WE know nothing more of the writer to whom we are indebted for this interesting work than his name; but his Preface gives the impression that he is a man of enlarged and liberal feeling. He says, that he has made it an object to reverence goodness, whatever name it bears, and though opposed to the theology of the men whose services and sufferings are here commemorated, he will not deny them the honor due for their disinterested and martyr-like labors. We trust it is not Puseyism, but rather a superiority to common prejudice, which enables him to do justice to these heralds of the cross. Perhaps he has learned from his own experience, that one Christian is very much like another; that, in order to know a man, we must ascertain, not what he thinks and feels, but what he is and what he has done; and that whoever withholds the credit deserved by those of a different faith, however he may applaud his own zeal for the truth, does it, not because he is conscientious, but because he is too low in religious feeling to look over the dividing bounds of party. However this may be, it is a striking example of human reverses, that the Church of Rome, which once exalted itself above the stars of God, should now be the victim of that intolerance which she taught in former days by her spirit and example; and certainly it is an illustration of judicial blindness, that the sects which now pursue her with bitter vengeance unconsciously cherish the same spirit, and enforce the same miserable exclusion, which, whenever Rome is mentioned, they are so loud and earnest to condemn. There is no form of Catholic pretension, Catholic doctrine, even of Jesuitism, which is not found in some Protestant sect or other, and not lamented as an infirmity, but gloried in as a subject of pride. The Reformation disclosed and proclaimed a new principle of religious freedom; but it takes as long to carry it into practical effect as to people a new continent after it is discovered. There are as many regions in this country still unvisited by it, as

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\* *The Early Jesuit Missions in North America, compiled and translated from the Letters of the French Jesuits, with Notes.* By the REV. WILLIAM INGRAHAM KIP, M. A., Corresponding Member of the New York Historical Society. In two Parts. New York & London: Wiley & Putnam. 1846. 12mo. pp. xviii. and 322.

there are tracts of wild land which they are foolishly giving away as a bounty to soldiers. And meantime, it is so common to pour contempt on the ancient Church, when they that judge it are doing the same things, that it is really a comfort to find a member of a church, not professedly liberal, expressing reverence and sympathy for whatever is venerable and high among the Catholics, who have had their full proportion of religious excellence, and can offer to the world's admiration sons of light who are surpassed by no others among the great and good.

This work consists of translated extracts from the "*Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses, Ecrites des Missions Etrangères,*" a work within the reach of very few readers, and which few would wish to travel through. Historians have made some use of it as a magazine of information, as the readers of Bancroft's third volume will remember; but those brilliant passages in the history of Jesuit self-devotion, which must awaken deep feeling in every one who has a heart, are best presented in the unpretending narratives of the adventurers themselves. There is something more spirit-stirring than the sound of a martial trumpet in the watchword with which they went to the heathen, to convert and to save, — "*Ibo, non redibo,*" — I shall go, I shall never return. It expresses the calm and fixed determination, which no danger can affright, no difficulty cast down, and no obstacle withstand. Champlain, the governor of Canada, whose disposition was as open and beneficent as the waters which bear his name, busy as he was in plans of commercial aggrandizement, thought less of the glory of France than of the salvation of a human soul. He invited the contemplative Franciscans to evangelize the Indians; but the bold Jesuits, who were spreading on the wings of the morning to the uttermost parts of the sea, heard the summons, and determined that a work so arduous and dismaying should be done by no hands but theirs. They came without delay, plunged into the boundless forests, with no food but the bruised corn and water, no bed but the earth or the rock; unprovided with all comforts, for they left that care to a higher Power; fearless of danger, for they were ready at any moment to die; patient under all suffering, because they had chosen a strait and toilsome way in which to travel to the tomb. Was it strange that the heathen should have felt the influence of a firmness and fortitude greater even than their own?

However uncivilized, they had hearts and souls ; and the very mystery of this lofty courage, which evidently was not the inspiration of avarice, ambition, or military pride, was likely to suggest new thoughts to their simple minds, and to awaken feelings of respect and astonishment, if not of dread.

The first two of these very interesting papers are letters of the well known missionary, Father Rasles, or Râle, as some choose to call him, whose establishment in Maine brought him into unfortunate collision with our fathers. He devoted himself to the Abenakis, of whom the Penobscot Indians are a remaining branch, though withered and almost dry. His chapel was at Norridgewock, on the Kennebec river ; and when France, by the treaty of Utrecht, surrendered Nova Scotia and Acadia, with their ancient boundaries, to England, it was assumed, with the usual indifference to Indian rights, that the region on the Kennebec went with them ; and when the claim, asserted by arms on the part of Massachusetts, was resisted by the Indians, with a very natural reluctance to be dispossessed of their country, a conflict followed, in which, it is painful to remember, this devoted missionary fell. In 1689 he left Rochelle for Quebec, and entered at once on his unpromising field of duty. He travelled to his stations on foot, through rough and difficult paths, crossing rivers in bark canoes, sometimes in imminent danger from the broken ice, and benumbed with drenching and cold. On the lakes, it is well known, the storms are more severe and dangerous than on the ocean, and in those frail vessels his life was constantly in peril. The only food he could take with him was a little Indian corn ; if other resources failed, he subsisted on the "tripe de roche," or rock-tripe, a kind of moss, which nothing short of famine could devour. In the rain he had no shelter but the inverted canoe ; this, too, was the canopy under which he slept at night. When he visited the Indian wigwams, he could not master his disgust at their food and manner of eating, till they reminded him that he must conform to their habits in order to secure their regard. As the flesh of dogs is esteemed the greatest of their luxuries, it may easily be conceived that this prejudice was not easy to overcome. Often, when other means of subsistence failed, he lived upon the acorns of the woods, — food neither nourishing nor palatable ; but, as he said, "there is nothing which famine will not enable us to digest." He devoted himself to the labor of



learning the various Indian dialects, and acquired some knowledge of almost all of them. By the kindness of his manner and conversation he maintained an unbounded influence, never using it for his own comfort or advantage, for, though, in consequence of a fall in which both legs were broken, he was almost unable to drag himself about through the last nineteen years of his life, he cultivated his own garden, prepared his own firewood, and performed all similar services for himself, and if any presents were made him, he used them all to supply the wants of others, reserving nothing for his own. Such was the condition in which a man of cultivated taste and refinement was content to live, in the hope of saving souls. But his neighbours of Massachusetts were jealous of his influence with the natives ; — the Anglo-Saxons can never comprehend why Indians or others should hate to be driven from their homes when it suits their convenience to take them. They ascribed all the resistance of the Indians to his instigation ; a war-party was sent to arrest him, and the valiant invaders shot down the venerable old man who came forth to meet them, leaving him scalped, his skull broken, his mouth and eyes filled with earth, and his body gashed with all manner of wounds. The place where his chapel stood, and where he met with his fate, is visited with great interest by the traveller. It is pointed out by a pillar, erected of late years, which is a monument of glory to him, but not a particularly honorable memorial of those by whose hands he died.

While the missionary who kept his station was thus surrounded with dangers, not much was gained in security and comfort, save perhaps the excitement of novelty and change, by those who sought out the distant tribes. The Indian settlements were few and almost immeasurably far apart. In order to reach them, mountains must be climbed, swamps and forests traversed, lakes and rivers crossed with such means as the wilderness supplied. They travelled in doubt and peril by day, and lay down without protection from the chills of night, having nothing but God and their own strong hearts to sustain them in their wondrous efforts and adventures. A letter from Father Marest gives an account of his visit to Illinois and Michigan, and another from Father Du Poisson describes his ascending the Mississippi ; where he says they suffered incredibly from the mosquitos, “ a small animal which had occasioned more swearing among the

French since the settlement of the country than had been previously known in the world." When they reached the Indian villages which they were in search of, they were sometimes received with coldness, sometimes with hostility, and not unfrequently with blows ; but this last kind of hospitality was owing, not so much to the savage manners of their hosts, as to the jealousy of the conjurors, who thought the craft might be in danger from the coming of those who were able to see through them. Often they met with incidents of romantic interest, finding occasionally specimens of character among the Indians, particularly in the women, resting on foundations of delicacy, firmness, and even of principle, which one would think could not grow wild in the uncultivated human heart, though perhaps there is more in the human heart than we who ascribe all to education are willing to allow. One of the great Huron chiefs said to Brebeuf, that, when in battle and war he had escaped the greatest dangers, he had often felt within himself that some powerful spirit had the guardianship of his days. He was therefore prepared, as he said, to welcome the God whom the missionaries presented, having unconsciously felt his presence and protection before. Doubtless there were many who had the elements of faith and virtue starting up within them, and ready to rise with power when they found sympathy to encourage them and could hear the cheering of a friendly voice. Such cases, which were not unfrequent, sustained the earnest heralds of religion, under all depressing circumstances, with the hope that the desert should rejoice ; and though they went forth weeping, bearing their precious seed, they, or others after them entering into their labors, should bring the sheaves triumphantly home.

The martyrdom of many of these preachers of Christianity is not exceeded by any thing in the history of human fortitude and self-devotion. Raymbault and Jogues — the former almost worn out with consumption, of which he soon after died — went as missionaries to the tribes of Michigan. The war-parties of the Five Nations were in constant motion, and when Jogues, after the death of his associate, was ascending the St. Lawrence, in company with some of the Hurons, they were attacked by a band of Mohawks, the most savage of foes. Jogues had the opportunity of escaping, but some of his converts not having been baptized, he returned, to sacrifice his own life, as he believed, for the salvation of

their souls ; and the Huron chief to whom we just now alluded also returned, saying that he was ready to live or die with his brother, whichever his destiny might be. The missionary survived the inflictions of savage cruelty, though he ran the gantlet in all the villages through which the Mohawks passed. Through stripes, flames, and tortures, he was sustained by such an invincible spirit, that when some charitable hand had thrown an ear of Indian corn to him, he was delighted to find a drop or two of water on the stalk, with which he could baptize one or two of his converts before they died. His life was shielded by the mysterious reverence of the Indians ; but the brave Huron was burned at the stake, manifesting the rocky firmness of the warrior blended with the thoughtful tenderness of the Christian, — traits of character which never had been found in such strange union before.

It is difficult to conceive of any fate more dreary than that of the men who perished in these generous and well-meant endeavours. One was dashed in pieces on the rocks of a fall, as he was shooting down a violent river. Another was frozen to death as he was making his solitary way through the Canadian snows. Another was bewildered in the forest, and there, in awful solitude, laid himself down to die. Another was struck with fever-chills in the prairie, and lamented, not that he was never to rise from the earth on which he lay, but that he must leave his work undone. But all the terrors of nature were nothing, compared to the dangers of barbarism ; and yet nothing that the savage could say or do drove back these intrepid men from the ground on which they stood. Father Jogues, who had once escaped death, though he endured its agonies, returned to the Mohawks, whose language he was able to speak ; he was welcomed with a death-blow, which he received as calmly as a blessing. Father Daniel, when his station, in the absence of all the warriors, was attacked by the same savage enemies, dipped his handkerchief in water and baptized the terrified women and children while the palisades were torn down ; when this service, which, as he believed, was necessary to save their souls, was done, he walked calmly out to meet the invaders, and though seamed with ghastly wounds, continued to address them till his lips were for ever still. In the village of St. Louis, Brebeuf and Lallemant were alarmed by the approach of a war-party, and had ample time to fly ; but some

among their converts were not yet baptized, and they would not save their own lives at the expense of human souls ; they remained, therefore, exhorting the warriors, and speaking comfort to the dying. When the unsuccessful resistance was over, Brebeuf was placed on a scaffold, where they applied burning torches to his body, thrust hot irons down his throat, and cut off his lips and nose. So long as he could speak, he encouraged his converts ; and when he had lost the power of speech, he expressed his feeling by his firm look and unfaltering eye. Lallemand was covered with bark full of rosin, which was set on fire ; while it blazed, boiling water was poured upon his head ; his voice was stifled by the smoke, but the fire having released his hands, he lifted them in calm and silent prayer. Nothing could stay the progress of the missionaries ; others were on the fatal ground before the blood of their predecessors was dry. They cared no more for distance than for danger. When Marquette and Joliet, the discoverers of the Mississippi, were about to undertake their enterprising march, the very Indians warned them against it. "I shall gladly lay down my life for the salvation of souls," was Marquette's quiet and determined reply. When the guides deserted him through fear of the wild region and its wilder inhabitants, he feared nothing. He said, — "I should esteem it the greatest happiness to die for the glory of God." But the Providence on which he relied guarded him through his constant exposure ; and, having ascertained the course of the father of waters, and sounded the trumpet of salvation on its borders, he returned to visit the poor Hurons, the wrecks of their tribe, whom he had established on the extreme point of Michigan, leaving others to publish his great discovery to the world and bear the fame of it away. One day he said mass after the forms of the Church, then requested the voyagers of his canoe to leave him for a little time to his devotions. At the end of half an hour they returned, but his spirit meantime had gone in peace to its God. Few of the missionaries, however, were permitted to sink so peacefully to rest. They walked in rough and desolate paths, the end of which they knew was death ; and throughout our Western States are many places which witnessed their solitary labors, and where, when their warfare of life was accomplished, they slept in bloody graves.

It is quite too common to treat the services and suffer-



ings of these persons with some degree of contempt and suspicion. Protestants have been in the habit of speaking of the Jesuits as if they labored and suffered for private ends of their own, and not, as they professed, for the glory of God and the salvation of the souls of men. But this is a narrow view of the subject, and its general adoption reflects no credit on the liberality of modern Christians. For, while the Society of Jesuits was selfish, exclusive, and not very conscientious in its movements as a body, it is absurd to deny or doubt that it afforded some most inspiring examples of benevolent self-devotion to that high sentiment of duty which is as cold in most men's hearts as a December noon. And why should it not be so? Do we not know that the fermentation which leads to great movements works long and silently, like leaven within, preparing for those great and open results which attract the gaze of men? And when we see that the beginning of the Jesuit association was contemporaneous with the movement of Luther, is it not reasonable to suppose that the same tendency to spirituality which gave birth to him and the Reformers may also have had its effect on those whose traditional reverence was stronger, and who hoped to quicken the Church by waking it into living action within itself, to reform instead of revolutionizing, and thus to preserve those holy and venerable associations which in their minds and hearts were identified with all that is sacred in religion? Such appears to have been their original aim and endeavour. It was a mistaken calculation, certainly, but is not to be denounced as selfishness and sin; — mistaken, because the Protestants, who went forth from the old family mansion, carried with them so much of the doctrine and spirit of the old Church as almost to vitiate the great elements of reform which they bore out to the nations; and if they, with all their aversion to Rome, remained so much under its influence, and do remain under it to the present day, it is obvious that those who cherished that influence as a treasure would find it difficult, if not impossible, to maintain their spirituality on that unfriendly ground. The Protestants were right in their separation, for, narrow as they were in their doctrine and spirit, they breathed the air of freedom, and the tendency of it was to enlarge their minds, to open their hearts, and so to make them an inspiration, an example, and a blessing; while the Jesuits, however spiritual in their beginning, instead of emancipating themselves or others, be-

came more and more selfish and worldly, so that the Roman Church, which, when threatened with ruin, had welcomed them to the rescue, found it necessary at last to cast off and suppress them. But these two parties were very much alike in the spiritual energy with which their respective movements began ; and it is curious to see how both send their adventurous pilgrims into the New World as soon as its gates are opened, till Jesuit and Puritan meet — with no friendly greeting, however — in the northern regions of America, in a peaceful rivalry of zeal, which is soon to be followed by the clash of national arms.

As we are descended from the Puritans, our feelings naturally go with them ; but we must take care, lest, in doing justice to them, we wrong the memory of others. We are too much governed by names. We take it for granted that Puritan and Jesuit were each cut after a single pattern ; whereas they were men before they were Puritans or Jesuits ; and after they entered the ranks and possessed the spirit of those bodies, they were also men, having the same varieties of character and feeling that are found everywhere else in the world. This we should remember in the case of all our religious parties ; — that it is only the uniform dress which gives them the appearance of being one ; while the deep realities of character divide them into good, bad, and indifferent. There are sheep mixed with goats among them, and whoever assigns all to a single class, will find himself in grievous error at times, whether he bestows on them his confidence or his aversion.

Now the Jesuits may have had their share, and more than their share, of mercenary and selfish disciples ; and the Puritans must have been more blessed than any other sect, if some such did not come also among them ; but as surely as there were high and holy spirits among our fathers, which none pretend to deny, we have reason to believe that the Jesuit association, though its general influence was not equally exalting, could furnish some examples as brave, as generous, and as heavenly-minded as theirs. How else is it possible to explain this contempt of suffering, this indifference to hardship, this grand and solemn determination with which they gave their lives to a single purpose, and marched up with unflinching step to an awful doom ? What had they to gain by the surrender of all those comforts and blessings which are so dear to the sons of men ? Selfish lives, it is

true, are common things. Even those who care little for ordinary self-indulgence may have some view of gain or self-aggrandizement, which shall make them willing to sacrifice common gratification for that which they esteem a greater. There may, too, be an excitement arising from the presence and applause of numbers, which shall encourage men, like heroes in the battle, to face death without dismay. But here there was nothing to gain, there were none to witness and praise their self-devotion, and they were calm and unexcited when they went forth to die in such agonies as battle-fields never saw. We neither envy nor honor the man who would deny them his admiration because they were Jesuits, when, had they borne a Protestant name, he would have given it with all his heart. We are anxious to press this point, because the principle involved is one of wide range and application. Though the Jesuits may not suffer from this exclusiveness, it may afflict other sects nearer home ; so that whoever can make it clear to the partisan, that there is good in the Nazareth of a party different from his own, may save him from injustice and delusion, and do something for the honor and happiness of the Christian world.

But while it is absurd to deny the faithful self-devotion of the Jesuit missionaries, it is not so certain that any satisfactory result came from their labors ; and this work enables us to arrive at confident opinions on this point, since the testimony is furnished by themselves. The great object was to impress the imagination of the Indians. Nothing imposing in the architectural way could of course be attempted ; but it was easy to make chapels, magnificent when compared with the wigwams about them ; and, by a rich display of candles, furnished by the fragrant bayberry, by fine dresses and solemn ceremonials, aided by the mystery which surrounded all these operations, it was easy to impress minds which were prepared for it by many superstitious fears and fancies of their own. The Indians entered into these devotions with great delight ; but their attention was easily distracted, and it was only by a direct and constant exertion of personal influence, that the missionaries could hold them fast to the profession which at first they had been sufficiently ready to embrace. They taught the catechism to the aged and the young, and received the replies which they themselves furnished ; though it might be doubted how far the converts understood them, and they certainly did not make

haste to apply them to their lives. But they also encouraged the Indians to come to them to ask advice, to settle their differences, to reconcile divided families and friends, — cases which occurred nearly as often in the forest as in cities of civilized men. All were glad to submit these concerns to arbitration, since, if unsettled, they were sure to end in blood. By a ready adaptation to their habits of thought and by manifesting a friendly interest in all their welfare these priests inspired a devoted attachment in their converts, which perhaps deceived them into the belief that they had accomplished much for their religion. Thus, Father Rasles said, — “The whole nation of the Abenakis is Christian, and very anxious to preserve their religion.” The process of making Christians would seem to have been as easy as that of cultivating Indian corn before the vegetable material had been exhausted from the soil; when, he says, they scratched a hole in the ground with a stick or their fingers, threw in a few grains and replaced the earth, and the work of seed-time was done. If the catechism produced by Cotton Mather as drawn up by the Jesuit Westminster Assembly for the use of the aborigines was really taught to them, in which it is stated that the impenitent in a future world are to subsist principally on hot ashes, the uninviting prospect of such a diet may have aided the process of conversion. But whatever the means or the success as respects numbers may have been, it is clear that the natives were rather a dubious kind of Christians, very much impressed by Christianity as they saw it in their teachers, but not much as they felt it in themselves. Nor was it strange that, when they had been in the habit of giving all their admiration to the single virtue of fortitude, they should have been affected and even overawed by the manifestation of it which they saw in these bold heralds of the cross; who, without military ambition, without the chieftain’s pride, without any thing apparently to lose or gain by it, were superior to their bravest warriors in daring, energy, and strength of heart. Moreover, when they saw these traits in union with kindness, humanity, and a strong interest in their welfare, virtues which to them were more singular than effeminate, since even their women did not possess them, the character of the missionaries was a deeper mystery than their short line could sound. The power which it displayed filled them with wonder, and its gentleness touched their feel-



ings. It was a new and beautiful phenomenon to them, before which their hearts did willing reverence and the knee was ready to bow.

The truth is, that the influence which the Jesuits had over the Indians was of that sort which always seems greatest when least exerted. We do not deny that it was great ; it is surprising that it went so far. But this was partly owing to the nature of the sacrifices which it required. The Indians were patient hearers, and ready to be interested in the external forms of devotion. It was a novelty which attracted their attention, besides that it appealed to feelings which exist and long for a manifestation in every human heart. Father Roubaud said with some exultation, — “ The Indian does not count the moments which he gives to religion ; he behaves himself with propriety and earnestness while in our churches. Such is the happy disposition which they show one day to become perfect Christians.” This was more than could be said of the French among them, whose undevout bearing astonished the natives and gave the missionary much trouble. But, almost in the same page on which he records this promising success, he describes a scene which shows that perfection was not quite attained, and that before they could reach it there were some unpleasant propensities to subdue. A war-party returning from Fort Edward, which had been successfully assaulted, brought home some prisoners. They were welcomed with delight by the Indians, who promised themselves the pleasure of beating them to death ; but this being prevented by the interposition of one of their chiefs, they were reserved for a heavier doom. The captives were bound, their faces covered with sweat and blood, their eyes filled with tears, and while the missionary was considering what could be done for them, he found that a fire had been made, and the body of an Englishman prepared for the feast. The savages were eating it with rapture, and drinking broth made of it ; the body was stripped of its skin and half consumed, while other captives were compelled to look on and witness the fate to which they were soon to come. They offered a share of their banquet to Father Roubaud. He endeavoured to make some impression on their feelings, and approaching an aged person, whom he thought years might possibly have softened, he made friendly advances ; to which the old savage replied, — “ No ! I do not want your favors ; be-

gone!" While his entreaties were thus ineffectual, the authority of French officers was equally unavailing. One of them undertook to interfere in behalf of the miserable captives; but entirely in vain. None could attempt it without bringing insult on themselves. We do not wonder that Roubaud and the other missionaries withdrew from the camp into the woods, not thinking it right to celebrate the sacrifice of the Lamb in presence of such barbarism as this. Well might the good man say, — "What a terrible scourge does war seem to me!" The Abenakis, in whom he was particularly interested, did not share the feast, but they were drawn into the riot and drunkenness which everywhere abounded. He says that he trembled, "not for their steadfastness of principle, but their consistency of conduct"; but we should think that what was fatal to the one would bode no good to the other; when the one has given way, the other is not far from its fall. He assures us that the Indian is his own master and king, carrying everywhere with him his feeling of independence; and really there is some comfort in having this fact thus attested; for if the French had any controlling influence, it would leave them responsible for atrocious excesses which it now seems that they consented to only by not being able to prevent them. The original sin of employing such allies is bad enough. But other nations did the same. We could hardly demand that they should be better in this respect than all the rest of the world. History has done them some wrong, when it has charged them with giving countenance to these proceedings; it now appears, on testimony which, though their own, is entitled to credit, that they were compelled to witness these enormities, and were disgusted with them in their hearts.

The most interesting paper in this collection throws much light upon the extent of the Jesuit influence with the Indians. It is an account of the capture of Fort William Henry, on the shore of Lake George, by Montcalm with his French and Indians, written by this same Father Roubaud, who accompanied the party with his converts, the Abenakis, whom he had endeavoured, though not with distinguished success, to manufacture into Christian soldiers. The French always murder proper names; and one can hardly detect his old acquaintance, Fort William Henry, under the name of Fort George, or its commander, Colonel Monroe, under the disguise of Moreau, which the good father's imagination sup-

plies. It is well known that the banks of that lovely sheet of water were stained, on that occasion, with one of the most atrocious massacres recorded in the annals of war. No one who has ever seen it can forget its wonderful beauty ; it is not classical ; it is not romantic ; it is something more spiritual than either. As one looks down the stream, — for such it is to the eye, between its parallel files of mountains, — and sees the heights, the foliage, and the waters fading into the sky, it seems to him like the place where the visible earth is joined with the world of souls. He can hardly persuade himself that those sweet waters were reddened with carnage, and the quiet scene affrighted with the detestable sounds of war. But so, unfortunately, it was ; and this and Lake Champlain, which were evidently designed for highways of commercial intercourse and friendly communication, became the unholy channels through which two nations carried on their wretched conflict of passions and wrongs, so that, while the country was yet new, their borders were blackened with marginal notes and legends of death.

According to Father Roubaud, the Chevalier de Levi, at the head of three thousand men, left Fort Vaudreuil, otherwise called C  relcon, and since known by the name of Ticonderoga. He was to make his way by land to cover the descent of the party. Heavy and doleful was his march on those rough hill-sides, where he thought it much to advance at the rate of three leagues a day. The missionary and the Indians, to the number of twelve hundred, made their advance with more comfort to themselves by water. On the banks, as they passed, they saw bodies of the English, shockingly mutilated, the relics of various actions which had been fought near the lake by scouting parties, some time before. The movement of the troops on shore was necessarily slow ; the boats containing heavy artillery were also moved with difficulty ; and as the rain, from which they had no protection, fell in torrents, it was a joyless procession, even apart from the reflection that to many it was their last. The English do not appear to have made preparation for the siege. Tents and barracks were standing outside the lines ; their horses and cattle, also, were wandering at large ; and, what with the efforts necessary to collect their property and to destroy the buildings which might shelter the enemy, they were thrown into some confusion, and were ill prepared to resist a force of eight or ten thousand men, with five mortars

and thirty-two pieces of cannon which were ready to play upon the walls. A view of the place as it is now would not give the impression that the post could ever have been defended ; but it must be remembered, that, if the position is low, the heights which commanded it were inaccessible to cannon without a world of labor in clearing away the forests and making roads, which the besiegers had no time to do.

But the savage allies of the French were as little subject to military as to ecclesiastical control. After Colonel Monroe, when summoned to surrender, had given a determined refusal, and it became necessary to draw the heavy cannon half a league from the landing-place to the vicinity of the fort, the cattle, which were brought for this service, were not forthcoming, and it appeared that the Indians had taken occasion to kill and eat them. The only explanation which they thought necessary was, that "they were tired of salt meat." When the batteries were established and making gradual approaches, the Indians amused themselves with watching the effect of the artillery and tormenting some captives whom they had taken. The missionary succeeded in saving one, a Mohegan, after one of his eyes had been nearly torn out with a blow ; a single glance of his remaining eye was all the acknowledgment which the pride of the warrior permitted him to give. But not many days after the post had been thus invested, it was found impossible to defend it against such an army, and the commander agreed to surrender on condition that he and his men should march out with the honors of war. Montcalm assembled the Indian chiefs, and asked if they consented to these terms ; they did so with perfect unanimity and loud applause.

Then came the result, which, for ages, has been regarded as a deep dishonor to the arms of France ; and we are thus particular in our notice of the transaction, because this is the first time that the French side of the sad history has been given to the world. As soon as the fort was given up, the besiegers took possession, while the English remained in the outside intrenchments, preparing for their departure on the morrow. During the military ceremony of surrender the Indians flocked in through the embrasures, and finding their way to the casemates where the sick lay, unable to retreat with their companions, murdered them. The missionary saw one coming forth, holding in his hand a head from which the blood was flowing to the ground. But this was only a



foretaste of the next day's horrors. Early in the morning the Indians prowled round the English, demanding their clothes and various articles, which were readily surrendered, and as soon as they began to march out, the savages cut down all in the rear of the lines, besides stragglers and others who were separated ever so little from the main body. The five hundred French who were detached to protect their retreat did what they were able against three times their number of furious Indians. The officers exerted themselves with the greatest courage and humanity. Montcalm, whose tent was at a distance, came as soon as he knew what was going on, trying prayers, threats, and promises, and at last tearing away their victims by force, which only made the barbarians more earnest to despatch them. It was a time of dismay and helpless confusion; the victims flying in every direction, the Indians hewing them down with their tomahawks, the French officers exerting themselves so that some were severely wounded. As soon as the rapid flight of the surviving English had carried them beyond the reach of the savages, who did not care to follow, the ground was seen covered everywhere with the dying and the dead.

At the time when these things were done, the whole world rang with the tidings of shame and sorrow. It was believed that Montcalm connived at these excesses, having ample power, but not the wish, to prevent them. The state of things in his camp was not understood, till it was laid open by this Jesuit's disclosure. He makes it clear that the Indians in all these expeditions were under no sort of authority. Their civilized allies could sometimes direct their wild passions, but never were able to restrain them. To be sure, it was a wretched thing to employ such associates; but the English did the same when they could, and therefore were not entitled to upbraid them. And, to speak the truth, war is at best but a savage business; it cannot be otherwise than savagely conducted. How could they explain to the heathen that it was a very excellent employment to kill men with whom they had no quarrel, provided it was done under one set of circumstances, when it was a sin and dishonor to put them to death in any other? The savage could see no difference; and it is much to be doubted whether there is any real difference between the two. He naturally preferred to slay his enemies when they had no power to resist him; and, not having learned the graces and refinements of war, could

see no reason why he should not select the time and manner which pleased him best. No wonder that the good father, though not discouraged, should say that the same passions everywhere produce the same effects, and that his converts were not by reason of their Christianity less blameless in these matters than they were before. And yet, why wonder, when the very same thing is true of what is called the Christian world?

There were some instances in which the efforts of the Jesuits were attended with more success. A very minute account is given of an Iroquois girl who was left an orphan at a very early age. She was of a mild and thoughtful disposition, conscientious from her early years; of more refinement than is usually found in the forest, and therefore well prepared to receive and practise the instructions of a better religion. When the missionaries first came, they were lodged in the dwelling of her uncle, with whom she lived. She was greatly impressed with their kindness and devotion, and they in turn were interested in her as superior to those about her in delicacy and all right feeling. It was not long before her relations, after the Indian fashion, provided a husband for her; she chose a solitary life, and utterly refused to receive him. This was regarded as an insult to themselves, as well as to the lover, who probably cared very little about the matter; she was in consequence subjected to ill treatment and reproach, all which she bore with such patient sweetness that they could not hold their spirit of revenge. She was fully determined to be a Christian; and as soon as the opportunity offered, she applied for baptism to one of the missionaries who happened to come near her home. He was a little surprised, on inquiring into her character, to find that nothing was said against her; for, according to the Jesuits, the daughters of the forest are very active, and not very merciful, with the tongue. All, with one voice, bore witness to her excellence, and those who persecuted her were as ready to acknowledge it as others. But they felt her purity as a reproach to their own lives, which were none of the holiest, and after her baptism the storm came heavier than before. She was deprived of food, children were taught to abuse her, stones were thrown at her in the street; but nothing moved her to anger or complaint; nor would she have left the place, except for the purpose of residing where she could enjoy better opportunities of in-

struction, worship, and prayer. After escaping from her tyrannical uncle to the abode of her brother-in-law, her whole enjoyment was in the devotions of her church, though at all but sacred seasons she was unwearied in her labors. It is really painful to read the needless austerities which she practised, when she had cares and sorrows enough in her pilgrimage without any work of her own. She burned her feet and limbs with red-hot irons, walked barefoot over the winter snow, and lay at night on a mat covered with thorns. In this way her frail constitution was soon worn out, and in her twenty-fourth year she died; having made a profound impression on the Indians by her heavenly virtues. As she lay after having breathed her last, such a serene and solemn beauty remained on her countenance, that the persons present declared that light shone upon it from on high.

This was an example of a living, but there were also dying martyrs. When the Iroquois went to war with the French, they treated the Christian Indians who remained at the missionary station as enemies to their country. One of them, Etienne, was taken prisoner, with his wife and another person. They tore out his nails and cut off his fingers one by one, gashing him at the same time all over the body, while he continued firm in prayer. Incensed at his persisting in it, they heated stones red-hot and pressed them against his limbs; he told them to do their worst, for the more he suffered the greater would be his reward in heaven. What is still more extraordinary, two young Indian women, who were also victims of the persecution, endured the same agonies for hours, under every torture which savage ingenuity could devise, without a word of complaint, without a single cry for mercy. One of them left an infant a year old, which was given to an Iroquois who wished to take vengeance on it for some injury which he had received from the French. He prepared a fire by night in which to consume it; it was rescued by one of the chiefs, who took it by the feet, and, whirling it in the air, dashed its head against a stone.

We think it very desirable that such a work as that which we have noticed should have a wide circulation, because it gives us a right understanding of the Jesuits, and the sincerity and success of their endeavours. Among Protestants, the name of Jesuit is a convertible term for deceitfulness and corruption; but one must be tolerably inveterate in his preju-

dices, who can persuade himself that the men who could do what is here recorded were selfish and worldly. These are not the scenes and situations into which persons of this description are most apt to go ; and if living and dying in suffering from a sense of duty are not sufficient proof of sincerity, it may be well for those who are not satisfied to explain what sort of evidence they should be expected to give. But we must not forget that all this zeal and self-devotion produced no lasting result. The ground which, fertilized by the blood of the missionaries, bore much fruit for a season, relapsed into barrenness. Their efforts were too much addressed to the senses, and too little to the heart. They did not contain the elements of civilization within them. All that could be done by impression the Jesuits did ; they understood perfectly when and how their energy should be applied. But they did not furnish the quickening principle ; the effect of their labors died out when their influence was withdrawn, and now the places that knew them know them no more.

W. B. O. P.

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ART. V. — ACTON'S AND ASPLAND'S SERMONS.\*

THE Unitarian ministers of Great Britain and Ireland — of whom there are nearly three hundred having charge of congregations — are called to occupy stations which present but few attractions except to devoted men. A considerable proportion of them have always come from the ranks of the Established Church, or of Orthodox Dissent, and it would be difficult to offer a test which, in the main, would be more decisive of their sincerity than that which they have met, when, after having passed through painful struggles in their own hearts and minds, they have subjected themselves to the

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\* 1. *Sermons by the late Rev. Henry Acton, of Exeter, with a Memoir of his Life.* Edited by the REV. WILLIAM JAMES, and the REV. J. REYNELL WREFOED, F. S. A. London : Chapman, Brothers. 1846. 12mo. pp. cxvii. and 323.

2. *Sermons on Various Subjects, chiefly Practical.* By the late ROBERT ASPLAND, Minister of the New Gravel-Pit Chapel, Hackney. London : Chapman, Brothers. 1847. 8vo. pp. 482.



various and annoying penalties of an unpopular faith. Confessors and witnesses of this sort have appeared in England in number equalling the twenty hundreds of Non-conforming divines whose legal ministry was closed on St. Bartholomew's day. How many more, having shrunk from the necessary sacrifice involved in an open profession, have remained in the Church with opinions essentially Unitarian, it would be in vain to estimate. Nor should we care to discuss the question, whether in that false position they reflected the more disgrace upon themselves, or upon their real sentiments, or upon the Establishment.

As general liberality of sentiment advances among the various denominations of Christians in Great Britain, it might seem as if the position of Unitarians would also advance in a deliverance from popular opposition and perplexing difficulties. It would appear as if the approximation of a multitude of believers to the views of Christian doctrine and duty which the Unitarians have most zealously advocated must insure a large increase of their numbers. The consequence or result of such an acknowledged advance of liberality has not, however, answered this expectation. There is a reason for the fact, founded on well known principles of human nature. While legal penalties put a price upon Unitarian views, and these views stood widely opposed and broadly in contrast to the prevailing opinions of the mass of professed Christians, the zeal of Unitarians was ardent, they were ready for sacrifice, they loved the faith which they purchased, and they had artificial encouragements to sustain them in their protest against more popular and favored creeds. The bigotry of their opponents fed the fervor of their own hearts. But as the concession has been made by an increasing number of persons, that a Unitarian may be a Christian, and as in the ranks of Prelacy and of Calvinism men have multiplied whose general views have assimilated to those of Unitarians, the latter have aimed rather to modify the views of their fellow-Christians, than to inculcate their own views directly. The sons and daughters even of Unitarian ministers, and of the most prominent members of their congregations in the last generations, may now in many cases be seen in regular attendance upon the churches of the Establishment. In some instances, doubtless, an unworthy or questionable motive may lead individuals to forsake the fellowship of their fathers for one which can reward them with

higher social advantages. But it is altogether probable that many such deserters think it lawful and expedient for them to serve as a medium between approximating elements. We are aware that zealous Unitarians are pained at what they regard as faithlessness to the obligations of an honored parentage, and are less ready to bear their loss patiently when the plea of liberality or a conventional motive is urged, than when an absolute renunciation of Unitarian views is alleged as the cause of returning to the folds of Orthodoxy. We are ourselves distrustful of the policy of those who add their personal presence and weight to bodies of Christians whose leaders and methods they hold to be opposed to the true principles of Christian faith and duty. If there must be a wall of partition between ourselves and any other communion of Christians, we prefer that it should consist of honest, solid, and unequivocal materials, which there will be some credit in undermining and overthrowing, than that it should be composed of the bodily forms of some of our own lukewarm, timeserving, and calculating brethren. A man, who thus puts himself as a part of what he calls a friendly barrier between his earlier associates and those whose interest he has come to prefer, is very likely to set his back rather than his front to his forsaken circle, — and the back of a friend is a more disagreeable sight than the front of an enemy. But whatever opinion one may adopt on this point, it is certain that the real or supposed progress of liberal sentiments among Christians generally explains the fact, that in Great Britain and Ireland the Unitarians as a sect do not largely increase. Even the most zealous among them do not see the necessity of such strenuous efforts, such sacrifices, and such opposition to other Christians as were made by their fathers. On the same principle, the old Scotch Covenanters were far more ardent and enduring in their sectarian policy than are their successors of the Free Church of Scotland. It may be doubted whether any similar instrument could now obtain in that country as many signatures as are found upon the original Solemn League and Covenant preserved by the Society of Antiquaries in Edinburgh. We find a confirmation of these remarks in a passage which we copy from one of the volumes now before us, and which on other accounts deserves perusal. It is taken from an article written by the late Mr. Acton, in reply to a charge given by the Bishop of Exeter, in which “the Bishop had congratulated his clergy on the small number of Unitarian societies in his diocese.”

“ We very much fear, from the undue importance which Dr. Philpotts seems to attach to the number of our congregations in his diocese, that he has fallen into the common error of supposing that Unitarianism exists in England, at the present day, only as the profession of a sect. He is greatly mistaken. He may be assured, that there is no people in the religious world who are so little eager as the sect of Unitarians concerning the immediate increase of their numbers. They would, doubtless, in the present state of Christian societies, rather see men worship with them than with other churches, — because they solemnly believe that hereby their worship would be confined to the sole proper Object of worship, ‘ the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.’ But that which they most desire and most rejoice to behold is, to see their views and principles, from their intrinsic truth and reasonableness, gradually influencing the sentiments of individuals belonging to all denominations of Christians. With this kind of evidence of the progress of their doctrines they are daily cheered in the present times. They see it amongst all sects. They see it, not least, in the most distinguished ornaments of the Church of England. There are some men now sitting beside his Lordship on the Episcopal Bench, from whose general views of Christianity we believe in our hearts that most English Unitarians, of the present day, differ infinitely less than either they themselves or the world in general suppose. Such men as Dr. Maltby and Dr. Whately may still profess their belief in the Trinity ; and far be it from us, for one single moment, to question the perfect sincerity of their profession. But we say, nevertheless, that the views which these prelates have so ably defended, in their published writings on St. Paul’s Epistles, concerning some of the most fruitful and long-standing points of theological controversy, are Unitarian views, — not simply Arminian, but Unitarian views. And we say, moreover, that to Unitarian authors in this country, to such writers as Locke, Taylor, and Benson, belongs the honor of having first demonstrated the Scriptural character of these views, before the mitred authorities of the Church of England had taken them under their patronage. Whilst Unitarians behold such signs of the advance of their *principles*, the Bishop of Exeter may be assured that they will never break their hearts about the comparative scantiness of their *numbers* as a sect.” — *Memoir*, pp. xli. — xliii.

The perusal of sermons, and of some sketches of the lives, of two eminent Unitarian ministers who have recently closed their mortal existence in England, has suggested the previous remarks. The late Rev. Henry Acton of Exetér, and the

late Rev. Robert Aspland of Hackney, felt through their whole lives all the difficulties which now beset the profession of Unitarian views in Great Britain ; they triumphed over those difficulties in their personal experience, and they have done as much, perhaps, as any two individuals of their profession, to advance the honorable estimation of their sentiments, and to promote an increase of liberality among Christians generally. Both of them were of Orthodox parentage, and were educated under Orthodox creeds. Each of them encountered peculiar conflicts in attaining the views of Christianity to which he afterwards devoted his life, and which they have aided so essentially in imparting to others who have passed through an experience like their own. Doubtless they were both called to observe some instances of that desertion of their fellowship to which we have adverted.

We give precedence to the mention of Mr. Acton, because, though his life was nearly a score of years shorter than that of Mr. Aspland, it closed at an earlier date in time. The brief, but interesting and modest, Memoir of Mr. Acton, prefixed to the volume of his sermons by the care of two of his personal and ministerial friends, contains but little incident, for the subject did not afford it. The professional life and the character of a faithful Christian minister have sufficient interest in themselves.

Mr. Acton was born of humble parentage in the town of Lewes, in Sussex, March 10, 1797 ; he died August 22, 1843. His parents, who were members of the Established Church, apprenticed him in youth to a printer in his native town. He was reserved and thoughtful, and from childhood was remarkable for a retentiveness of memory which distinguished him through life. His apprenticeship in what may well be termed a literary calling gave him opportunities for mental culture, such as in his sphere of life he could scarcely have enjoyed in any other situation. An acquaintance with a fellow-apprentice of like intellectual tastes facilitated his acquisitions, an embryo literary society in the town may have owed to him as much help as it imparted to him, and from these beginnings and from such aid were fostered the early labors of one who became an eminent classical scholar and teacher, a polished writer, and a highly cultivated Christian man.

The independent and inquiring turn of his mind soon caused Mr. Acton to take a deep interest in religious themes,



and we find him attending at and addressing a monthly conference at the Unitarian Baptist chapel in Lewes. His evident zeal and capacity attracting notice, the Christian ministry was suggested to him, and the suggestion at once met his own desire. Six months before the expiration of his regular apprenticeship, he obtained an honorable discharge, and with the help of friends was placed under the tuition of "Rev. Dr. Morell, who then had a flourishing school at Hove, near Brighton." Here his character won esteem, and his assiduous diligence attained its rewards, giving promise of eminence for the pure-hearted and faithful scholar. In 1840, he preached the funeral sermon of his honored teacher, by request of the widow and family. Like most of the students for the ministry among the Dissenters in England, he preached on Sundays in vacant pulpits, and after a three years' course, in 1821, at the age of twenty-four, he became the minister of the Presbyterian congregation at Walthamstow.\*

Furnished with all the knowledge of Greek tragedies which in our day has won a bishopric for two of the living prelates of England, Mr. Acton devoted himself to the work of the ministry in the small though old and most respectable Dissenting society in that town. He was here the successor of a train of worthy and honored men, of whom he thus wrote in a letter to a friend announcing his invitation : —

"When I consider the train of worthies who have occupied that pulpit, — when I consider that I have to succeed to the profound learning of Hugh Farmer, — to the deep-toned and pa-

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\* Many of our readers may be perplexed by the application of the term "Presbyterian" to congregations of Unitarians in Great Britain and Ireland. Our habit of associating the word with the Calvinistic churches of the Middle States of this Union and of Scotland leads some among us to forget that the term has no reference whatever to Christian *doctrine*, but relates solely to *discipline*, or the method of ecclesiastical government in one or in many congregations. In general, the English Unitarian congregations succeed to the bodies of Presbyterian Dissenters of Cromwell's time. At that period these congregations intended to establish a regular mode of government among themselves by presbyteries and synods, to distinguish themselves from the Independents or Congregationalists. The plan was partially carried into effect in Lancashire and London, but failed on account of the disorders of the times. While the title, "Presbyterian," remained with the congregations who had intended to come under that form of government, it was used in their records, and has since been retained. Thus the present Unitarian congregations, whose history goes back to that period, are still designated in this way, though they have in fact been governed by Independent principles, that is, not governed at all, except by the gradual development of experience and truth, meeting the risks which the process involves.

thetic eloquence of Fawcett, — to the masterly and vigorous intellect of Radcliffe, — to the perfect taste and high attainments of Mr. [now Dr.] Hutton, — to the elegant simplicity and metaphysical acumen of our friend Mr. Cogan, — I know not whether I feel most elated with my good fortune, or diffident from the unequal manner in which my abilities will meet it." — *Memoir*, p. xxi.

The last named of these gentlemen was the intimate friend of Mr. Acton at Walthamstow. On his occasional visits to London, the subject of this notice became acquainted with the most eminent Unitarian divines, and so readily was their regard extended to him, that in 1823 he was chosen as a substitute, upon the disability through illness of the regularly appointed candidate, to preach in London the annual sermon on behalf of the Unitarian Fund, — the germ of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association.

In the year 1823, Mr. Acton became colleague pastor with Rev. James Manning over "George's Meeting," Exeter. Here, too, he was the successor of a line of eminent and devoted men, — of Pierce, of Towgood, of Kenrick, of Carpenter, and of Hincks. Here Mr. Acton married, and with increasing power laboring for a score of years, he won for himself the honors of a faithful minister, and here closed his days. Besides his ministerial cares, he engaged successfully in the work of a teacher. We are not surprised to find mention in his *Memoir* that he failed in the discharge of pastoral duties. However much or little stress may be laid upon the value of those services which a minister discharges in the homes of his hearers, it is safe to say that those services cannot be well performed by one who from necessity or choice has the care of an academy, or of any large number of pupils. It is not only the occupation of so many hours in their oversight which stands in his way as a pastor, but the cast which such employment gives to his thoughts, and its action upon his temper and feelings, interpose great impediments.

Mr. Acton was chiefly distinguished as an extempore lecturer on religious subjects to promiscuous audiences gathered on Sunday evenings. This is a mode of influence exerted in England much more frequently than here. An opportunity is in this way afforded to a Dissenting, and especially to a Unitarian minister, to gain a hearing from multitudes, from among whom he is sure to secure valuable acquisitions. To

the people of his own charge it is likewise attended with great advantages. A preacher, who has the well furnished mind and the interesting delivery which belonged to Mr. Acton, can in such lectures impart instruction of the highest use, which his hearers would have obtained in no other way. He can give them the essence of a dozen volumes in a shape which they can profit by, when, if they had been left to themselves, those volumes, read one by one or in succession, might have involved them in endless perplexities.

Mr. Acton was eminent as a controversialist. Besides several occasional sermons, he published, after delivery, series of discourses "On the Dignity, Office, and Work of our Lord Jesus Christ, in Explanation and Defence of Unitarian Views of the Gospel," and "On the supposed Apostolical Succession and Authority of a Christian Priesthood." Fourteen of his sermons accompany the Memoir. By his personal friends they must be highly valued, for he filled a deep place in their affections, and an honorable place in his own communion. As a contribution to our religious literature, these sermons will be an appropriate memorial of a Christian scholar who has passed away from the earth, and will probably be as effective as any equal number of discourses in fixing the faith and sanctifying the lives of all who shall read them. While they are not remarkable for any rhetorical or striking characteristics, they are eminently evangelical in tone and sentiment. Christian ideas are the basis of their instructions, and are so presented as to prove that they were reproduced in the mind and heart of the writer.

The following passage is an illustration of the sentiment, that Jesus Christ was morally independent of the outward circumstances of which he still availed himself in his preaching.

"Here we behold a man, made in all respects like unto his brethren, entirely raised above the power of all outward things to alter his own inward state,—and yet, not in the smallest degree alienated from other persons, or from external circumstances, by any selfish, fanatical direction of his own thoughts and feelings. Here we are brought to know a human spirit, in such perfect union with the spirit of God, as to be secured against the influence of all external beings or objects or events to corrupt its own internal moral condition,—and yet, continually exerting its own influence,—as it were, pouring itself out incen-

santly upon all persons and things external, to do them good or to turn them to good uses, — sympathizing in the most lively manner with all mankind, and regarding no event as too insignificant, no object as too mean, to be employed for holy and benevolent purposes. I say, we cannot form any higher conception of love, spiritual greatness, and goodness. Fixed and firm as the sun in his place, being himself the sun of righteousness, so far as concerns the essential qualities of his character, — steadfast as the moon in her course, and, like her, walking in brightness, so far as concerns the general purpose and tenor of all his conduct, — yet the particular actions and words of Jesus were as free, and as varied, as the winds of heaven. It is characteristic of all that is greatest and best among the works of God. Such freedom of speech and of action as he displayed could proceed from no other source than such inward purity and wisdom as he possessed. The wind bloweth where it listeth, — so is every one that is born of the spirit." — pp. 262 – 264.

The following extract is from a sermon entitled "Christian Fidelity and its High Reward."

"Let us confess the truth. There is nothing which we can contemplate, as having a name and a local habitation upon earth, — there is nothing which we can imagine, as existing amidst the purity and brightness of heaven, — more grand and beautiful, more amiable and precious, than this manifestation of entire moral faithfulness, in the whole life and character of a true child of God, a true disciple of Jesus Christ. This feeling of high admiration we cannot withhold from any unequivocal example of true virtue and piety. Happy were it for us, my brethren, if this feeling were not merely awakened in us occasionally, when we thus deliberate on these things in the religious assembly; but were experienced by us with more constancy, in all the scenes and trials of daily life. Would that it did not so often stop short of its proper end, in a mere sentiment of admiration! Would that it were kindled to a sentiment of fervent and abiding love; and so, as is the nature of true love, were always productive of the most strenuous endeavours to possess and to retain the beloved object! Why should we allow any sinful allurements of sense and the world to draw us continually aside from the pursuit of this spiritual and eternal good? Let me speak with you, my fellow-Christians, let us soberly commune in thought with one another, and with our own hearts, on this lofty subject. Why must it be so with us? Why should we live so slothfully, act so basely, so utterly beneath our nature, as to occupy ourselves exclusively with mere perishable good, and with no less perishable evil, with seeking mere temporal pleasures, and striving to



avoid mere temporal inconveniences or suffering, whilst we shrink from almost all sustained, vigorous efforts to obtain this good which shall never perish, this reward eternal which God has so graciously offered us in the Gospel of Jesus? Consider, how merciful is the invitation, how glorious is the promise, which we have received from heaven, — ‘Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.’ ” — pp. 315, 316.

The late Rev. Robert Aspland, of Hackney, was the most prominent English Unitarian divine of our age. Not that he excelled all his contemporaries in the various attainments and means of influence which a Christian minister can possess, but that a rare combination of traits and qualities united with some circumstances in his position to give him preëminence. He has left behind him those who possess more richly furnished minds, more scholarly acquisitions, more grace of utterance, and a higher talent for expressing thought. But there was a weight in his personal character, an authority in his bearing, and a solidity in his plans and deeds, which won for him a deserved esteem and an honorable regard. As from time to time he led the chosen representatives of his religious body to the foot of the throne, to offer to the reigning monarch congratulations or petitions and to receive the customary replies, he bore in his own person that gravity and respectability and dignity which would furnish no unfair symbol of what the Unitarian denomination is, or aspires to be, in England.

The parents of Mr. Aspland were Dissenters at the time of his birth. Having been attached to the Established Church, they had forsaken it for the fold of the Baptists, and he was educated under their influences. He was born at Wicken, in Cambridgeshire. In his early youth he suffered from the want of sufficient means of instruction in the neighbourhood of his home, and after enduring at different schools in the neighbourhood of London some of those hardships which insure strength, and walking unharmed through those temptations of the metropolis which ruin thousands, he entered a Baptist seminary at Bristol on a charitable foundation. His education was completed at the University of Aberdeen, and he became a Baptist minister at Newport, in the Isle of Wight.

Mr. Aspland offers another most impressive example of the perils which attend the conflicts of a mind struggling to receive the tenets of Calvinism. Our own Dr. Mayhew

says in one of his sermons, with a severe wit, that while dungeons and fagots and civil penalties and all methods of compulsion will fail to win a convert to irrational views, the only means which promises success is to beat out the brains of the obstinate heretic. As if the brains were the chief impediment. But, after all, we are inclined to think that when a child of Calvinism meets the direful hazards at which that faith is held, when he calmly and seriously compares its lessons with Scripture and his own heart, his brains do not suffer the hardest struggle. Home and home ties, the reminiscences of youth, the warnings of early instruction, the first formed associations of a religious life, these are the sources whence come revulsions of feeling and groans drawn deep from the breast. Calvinism can ask no more honorable or sincere effort on the part of those who have reluctantly abandoned it, than the long conflicts which the understanding and the heart have endured in leaving its fold. How often have those conflicts been repeated, while acknowledged infidelity was the pit which opened before the sufferers, and covert infidelity—as ghostly advisers have pronounced Unitarianism to be—was the only other resource which offered itself to the distracted victims! It is not strange that the strength of Orthodoxy is now turned to the mitigation and relief of its own tenets, rather than to a fruitless attempt to win back its apostates.

Mr. Aspland's letters, from the very commencement of his real thought and study upon religious subjects, prove how earnestly and prayerfully he labored to reconcile the views which he had been taught, and which he wished to retain, with the reflections of his own mind and with juster views of Scripture.\*

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\* No memoir of Mr. Aspland accompanies the volume of sermons, but such a memorial is already commenced with the promise of completion by his son, Rev. R. B. Aspland, of Dukinfield, in the "*Christian Reformer and Unitarian Magazine and Review*." Two chapters of this memoir, containing much valuable incidental matter, have already appeared in the numbers of that periodical for February and March last. We have also before us an "Address delivered at the New Gravel-Pit Chapel, Hackney, January 6, 1846, on Occasion of the Interment of the late Rev. Robert Aspland, by Thomas Rees, LL. D., F. S. A., and G. S.," and also a sermon preached on the following Sunday in the same place, by Rev. Thomas Madge, of Essex Street Chapel, London. The Rev. Dr. Rees, for many years the faithful colaborer with Mr. Aspland, pays a most appropriate tribute to his honored memory, and Mr. Madge, in a sermon of great beauty and impressive wisdom, traces the lessons of bereavement.

Mr. Aspland's labors as a Unitarian minister may be properly dated at the period of his succeeding Rev. Thomas Belsham in the Gravel-Pit Chapel, Hackney. We cannot refrain from a passing remark on the singularly inappropriate and uncouth names attached to many places in England ; and we must confess that a full share of them belongs to our brethren. One of the dingiest and most sombre of all the nooks of London city is the place where the press issues a large number of our Unitarian publications ; and this smoky, rusty, and gray old nook of ancient walls and chimneys is called "Green Arbour Court." Nor must our readers suppose that the excellent Mr. Aspland, with a lot harder than that of an old Covenanter, dispensed the word from a gravel-pit. The simple fact is, that the site, before the erection of the chapel, afforded gravel. And when we consider what innumerable localities, streets, objects, and things have to be designated in England, and especially in London, we ought, perhaps, to wonder that any names can be found for one half of them.

Through a long ministry, Mr. Aspland occupied a situation of large responsibility and trust in the service of his own denomination, and with his own flock he shared an affectionate esteem which falls to the lot of but few ministers. For several years before his death he suffered severely from painful disease, which at times completely prostrated him, and, though relaxing its hold of him at intervals, yet rendered uncertain all his plans and wishes. He projected and presided over most of the literary and political and religious measures which of late years have consolidated and advanced the interests of the Unitarian body. Over the larger field of human welfare, and in the great cause of religious liberty, he exercised an influence always salutary and never small. He had great weight with other denominations of Christians, and lived in most respectful intercourse and friendship with Dr. John Pye Smith, a distinguished champion of the prevailing views of religion in his own town.

Mr. Aspland was a thorough Biblical scholar and a master in controversial lore. The early part of his ministry embraced a period when infidelity, both in its more refined and in its coarsest character, had an extensive prevalence, and after a systematic course of study and much reflection upon the most effective method to rally the faith of the doubting and to fortify the minds of the exposed, he treated with

great power the theme of the Christian Evidences. This, indeed, seems to have been his favorite topic, and his mind was admirably fitted to discuss it. He took a leading part in bringing about a repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts, in securing to Dissenters the liberty of marriage in their own chapels, and in carrying out to its propitious results the recent Dissenters' Chapels Act. In the Unitarian Book Society, and in the "Unitarian Fund," Mr. Aspland was a zealous officer; and when those two societies were merged in the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, twenty-two years ago, he was the first secretary. He edited for many years the *Monthly Repository*, and afterwards the *Christian Reformer*, to the charge of the latter of which his son has succeeded. Nor in these enterprises did he seek to serve a sectarian purpose; he aimed to be a Christian patriot and a Christian philanthropist. A Unitarian minister of high position and commanding influence in Great Britain has many temptations to use his power for purposes of strife. The greater, therefore, is the credit due to a man who, with such qualities, never employs them acrimoniously, to alienate or to disorganize.

We have a delightful remembrance of Mr. Aspland in his own household, and while sharing his hospitalities. His children and their children did him reverence. He was evidently an object of mingled veneration and love from a large circle extending widely beyond the household. As we stood with him over the grave of Rev. Samuel Cary, of King's Chapel, Boston, who, dying at Royston, was buried at Hackney, we felt how strongly the sympathies of faith will unite strangers of distant lands to one another, and connect the living with the departed. We suppose that Mr. Aspland now rests in the same ground. His life closed on the 30th of December, 1845, in his sixty-fourth year.

The sermons of Mr. Aspland are strongly marked by the characteristics of his mind and heart. They have no ornaments of metaphor nor unusual phrases, but are solid, plain, and faithful exhibitions and discussions of great truths. The fact that he did not select them for publication shows that he must have been in the habit of perfecting his compositions with much finish and care. The peculiar risk which a divine of his position and talents is exposed to in Great Britain is that of falling under the Apostle's censure, by preaching "Christ of contention." Very difficult is it for some men



in such a situation to maintain the spirit of the Gospel and to teach its lessons in antagonism with those civil enactments, those social abuses, and those speculative opinions which sustain the popular theology. We do, indeed, find in each of Mr. Aspland's sermons a recognition of the errors, the truths opposite to which he would enforce. But there is no bitterness, no sarcasm, no artifice of controversy, no appeal to any but the highest feeling, on any page.

In a sermon enforcing the truth, that "Man is to do his Duty, and leave Events to Divine Providence," Mr. Aspland thus writes :—

"Wisely did our Lord tell his disciples to go to the cornfields for moral and religious lessons. Here reason and virtue are always seen in full progress, walking hand in hand. The scene may refresh piety and recruit faith. A truly religious mind, dissatisfied with its imperfect knowledge, baffled in its researches and bewildered in its conjectures, may turn to nature for sensible evidence, and in the contemplation gather calm assurance. A man of great learning tells us, that, rising up, ill at rest, from the study of the acutest book that was ever framed on the metaphysical argument for the Divine Perfections, he betook himself to the study of a nettle in his garden for proofs of the present Deity, working all things after the counsels of his own will.

"There is, in fact, a beautiful moral inscribed on the face of the earth. The historian of the creation scarcely wanders from plain fact when he represents the Creator and the creature, God and man, in covenant. Let man be true to the primeval law, and he will find it is not forgotten in heaven. How beautifully does the Poet of the Seasons recognize the covenant, when, after having described the husbandman's spring-labor, he thus apostrophizes the Supreme Power, the source of increase and abundance :—

'Be gracious, Heaven ! for now laborious Man  
Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow !  
Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend !  
And temper all, thou world-reviving Sun !  
Into the perfect year.'

"The sentiment of these lines is the same that is suggested by the apostle's words in our text, and that constitutes our present subject, — *Let Man do his Duty and leave Events to Divine Providence*, — not doubting, it may be added, of a good result.

"Is it objected at the outset, that experience shows that Divine Providence is sometimes adverse, meeting men in the way with disappointment and crosses, and sowing the salt of barrenness over all their labors ? Let us, then, recur to Nature, as the storehouse of piety. The earth's seasons are not all and equally

propitious; there are partial failures; the harvest, the crown of the year, is sometimes blighted. Does the husbandman hence despair, and sit down sullenly to devour the seed of the future years? No. His natural piety,—a piety which never takes the shape of a creed, though it is, whether known or unknown to the possessor, the strongest of all faith,—his natural piety rebukes despondency and impels him to renewed labor, under the persuasion, that, generally and ultimately, wise and persevering industry will be rewarded with plenty. The analogy holds in all virtuous labor. Occasional disappointment is consistent with general success; nay, is sometimes the instrument of success, though in kind or degree different from what was contemplated. While, outwardly, all seems adverse, the work of moral and spiritual good may inwardly be going on well. But, I allow, the good may not be obtained or seen in this world. The triumph of Divine Providence is reserved for the world to come.” — pp. 125 – 127.

From one of Mr. Aspland's yearly sermons to the young, entitled “Obligations on the Rising Generation,” we have space only for the following passage.

“The religion of Jesus Christ is committed to the trust of the young, and on them, as the next generation, it depends in some measure whether it shall be kept up or abandoned, whether our houses of prayer shall be still open, whether the human race shall be without God in the world, whether our tomb-stones shall continue to record Christian hopes, and whether, when the Son of Man cometh, he shall find faith upon the earth! Let them examine this religion; let them look into it with all the aid of the growing light of philosophy and science; let them evade no difficulty; let them screen no defect; let them hide no blot; let them judge rigorously, so that they judge patiently and after full inquiry and research; let them judge of Christianity as a whole, and not by parts; let them make up their minds upon it, not by human expositions, ecclesiastical systems, or secular authority, but by its own representations, its own documents, its own divinely commissioned expounders, and, above all, its own Author and Finisher, alone Head in the Church,—and I am quite willing to abide by their decision, assured as I am, that, while reason sways the human mind, and goodness touches the human heart, and pure and kind feelings prevail in society, the Gospel of Christ will be found and felt to be worthy of all acceptance, the power of God and the wisdom of God, and the redemption of God's creature, man, and worthy especially of the acceptance of the young, with all whose natural sympathies and pure affections it is throughout congenial.” — pp. 432, 433.

G. E. E.

## ART. VI. — FANNY FORESTER'S WRITINGS.\*

It is understood, that, under the pretty name of Fanny Forester, Miss Emily Chubbuck, now Mrs. Judson, has, from time to time, given these effusions to the public ; and their popularity has been such, we believe, as to justify her in thus collecting and republishing them, — if popularity be the test of what is advisable in such a case. We can easily understand that she should have many admirers. A command of words, — and fine words too, — a lively fancy, an easy, dashing way with her pen, and a kindly sympathy with all goodness and beauty, have given her a power which the multitudes who devour periodical literature, as the locusts eat all green things, are quite capable of appreciating. The abundance of such readers almost makes the sober-minded mourn the invention of periodical literature. The abuse seems to outgrow the blessing ; and though we know that blessings seldom come without apparently bringing a companion-evil, we should in this case be much discouraged, if we had not faith that the nuisance is one which may be abated without the least subversion of any thing good. As yet, however, we discern no break in the clouds. The quantity of light reading rained down upon the community through magazines and newspapers, — reading, too, which may be called moral enough and innocent in itself, — has been a sad and growing calamity ; the supply and the demand mutually increasing, of course ; and no obvious good to mankind being the result, in any proportion to the expenditure of — what ? Labor ? No ; for this is one of our very causes of complaint, that there is so little of labor involved, whether we consider writer or reader. The melancholy expenditure, the utter waste, is that of God's most precious gifts, time and feeling. The evil is already so generally acknowledged among the observing, that the cry against it is becoming hackneyed ; and, like all evils generally acknowledged, people are beginning to consider it one to be quietly endured. Such, plainly, has been the fashion with other and greater maladies of society ; so, as yet, we can hardly expect any permanent and active uneasiness under this.

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\* *Alderbrook : a Collection of Fanny Forester's Village Sketches, Poems, &c.* By Miss EMILY CHUBBUCK. Second Edition. Boston : Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 276, 263.

But the practice of collecting and republishing tales, essays, poems, and other fugitive articles, in volumes, commending them to the more serious attention of the public, and asking for them a place on the library-shelf, among books to be reperused, to be lent, to make an impression, is an additional evil, we think, and indicates an increasing sense of importance in the compilers of such works. The solicitation of friends is usually the plea for such a step, when the author in person introduces the children of his brain a second time to the public. It appears to us that the tasks of selection and introduction would be better left in the hands of impartial strangers. Modest merit often steals its way into notice through the periodical journals; and we do not believe that much which is really worth saving would be allowed to float down to oblivion through those obscure channels. This incessant republication shows the injury done to the public taste by such journals, as now conducted, in another way. If that taste were not lowered and rendered indiscriminating, few of these books would find a sale, and of course they would soon cease to appear. Their contents having been once skimmed over, they would never be cared for again. Hawthorne's "Twice-told Tales" might assert their claim, and find it met; but the oceans of magazine sentimentalities and crudities would be stayed within their proper bounds. Now we are liable to a double deluge, and must set up what dikes and breakwaters we can. We must persuade men, women, and children to take refuge in an ark of common sense.

Books appearing under such circumstances challenge criticism peculiarly; but in the present case there is much to disarm it. Miss Chubbuck advances no indirect apology, pleads no "entreaties of friends"; and we like the simplicity with which she steps before us without explanation or preface. She leaves us to suppose that she is one of those who feel that their writings have had some influence, and may have more, if presented in a more permanent form; good influence she undoubtedly thinks it, for her aspirations are evidently all for good. There is nothing unfeminine in the ambition of the author; we hold to the good old creed of masculine and feminine intellect, masculine and feminine sphere, without derogation, however, to the latter. Her object in writing at all seems to have been the disburdening of her own heart of its many fancies; and in publishing, we



believe she has kindly sought the innocent amusement of her fellow-creatures, — in many cases, their higher good. She does not mingle doctrinal religion with sentiment ; she is free from theological cant ; but something throughout the book gives us the impression of a religious woman, feeling with all the depth of a pious nature how beautiful are all the works and dealings of God. There is a pervading expression of sympathy with the suffering, with those sinned against, with those who labor for others in the true, forgiving temper of Christ. We should have expected of such a writer the prompt acceptance of every opportunity for high self-denial, devotion to the good of others, and active usefulness. We have been particularly struck with her enlightened and liberal opinions on certain subjects, now viewed by dim and varying lights ; the clouds of the past, and the sunlight of the future lending to them most uncertain, changeful aspects, — changeful, but ever brightening, as we believe, in Christian hopefulness. If her volumes express her genuine and permanent views of duty, as we catch them by glimpses, we rejoice that she assumes now the solemn and beautiful character of the missionary's wife, and would invoke a blessing on her distant and soul-trying labors.

The volumes consist of slight tales, sketches, and poems. There is a short dedication ; and the single brick, strangely enough, is a fair specimen of the house. We should not have supposed any thing so laconic could have been so entirely characteristic of the author's style of expression, which is decidedly of the flowery-sentimental order. The horrid adverb, "half-tremblingly," carried us back to the *Regina-Maria-Roche* novels of our early days.

But genuine feeling has a redeeming power, no matter how tricked out. In the beautiful and touching story of "Save the Erring" is embodied a principle which would bring many a prodigal to his father's bosom. A young man beguiled into what are called the "follies of youth," — oh, what an injury to the young lies in these delicate expressions of general society ! — one who has just fallen into sin and disgrace, is driven to desperation by the cold, unsympathizing harshness of a father. The tenderness of a mother and sister work upon the consciences of both the early transgressor and the stern parent ; and the culprit, instead of rushing hopelessly upon his wild and wicked career, is redeemed and saved. In a single line an appeal is made,

which can seldom be applied to one, whose unseared heart is yet alive to the fearfulness of guilt, without success. "Stay, and make yourself worthy of the love that forgives so much." How every pure fountain of gratitude, generosity, tenderness, and hope must be set gushing by such words, uttered with a full sense of their import, and carried into daily action!

Another well told tale is that of "Grandfather Bray." Here the peace of a family is marred, the holy domestic joy of Thanksgiving day broken up, because a well-meaning, married son, with a common foolishness, has engaged in rash speculations, and nearly ruined himself and all dear to him. The upright old man cannot pardon; — no, though he professes to pardon, with the usual sophistry of the obstinate, he exclaims, — "I *do* forgive him, I told Minister Dean so; but I never will see him while I have strength to shut the door against him." This is a common kind of forgiveness among those who call themselves Christians, and we have often longed to ask them how they would feel under the prospect of precisely such pardon at the great day of account. Conceive of a merciful God declaring to the penitent, — "You are forgiven, but no nearer, — no more intercourse with me!"

The story of the "Bank-note" is one of the best in the book. There are fewer faults of taste, and the moral power reaches to more than one of those evils among which modern philanthropy is bewildering itself. The relation between rich and poor, — so perplexing even in the days of Lycurgus, that he sought to annihilate it at once, — the sources of crime, the comparative guiltiness of the same offences committed under different circumstances, are skilfully enough brought into the mind of the thoughtless reader, and left there for him to get rid of, if he can. A self-complacent, not bad-hearted, fashionable lady is set before us in her relation to a young seamstress whom she employs; and a sad conviction that both may have been drawn from the life, that hundreds might have sat for the picture, lends power to the pathos of the tale, with all who know any thing of these respective classes as they exist in our larger cities. We wish that more of the tales had been of this class; for we think the author has a moral power yet imperfectly developed. With regard to all compilations of this kind the difficulty is, that there is so little selection. A large book is published, where a small

one would have contained all worth presenting a second time to the world. What is written for periodicals is frequently hasty and careless in composition, seldom has any distinct or high object, and is frequently of a lower order altogether than the writer is capable of producing. The class of readers who are to read are before the mind's eye of the writer, with their eager omnivorousness, although he may be scarcely conscious of it; and he not unfrequently commits errors of taste with a sort of vague knowledge all the while that he is doing so. His better judgment would reject and prune, but it is not worth while for such a purpose. It certainly is not worth while to republish a single page thus written. Had Fanny Forester selected half the quantity of material here given us, carefully pruning it, we think her reputation would have stood higher. Her poetry is pleasing, but merely pleasing poetry is now as common as daylight. The corners of our newspapers frequently beguile the lover of verse with stanzas that would have built up the reputation of a Shenstone, at least, fifty years ago. Her prose is marred by an exaggerated tone, a frequent use of the same rich epithets till she is driven into extravagance for the sake of variety, and a *Willissy* luxuriance of thought, which is not at all attractive to the sober-minded reader, nor profitable to the young. As a specimen of the bad taste which sometimes disfigures her pages, we give the following passage:—

“Her joyous eyes looked out wondering from their sunny ambush, like two renegade stars that had leaped from their azure mounting, and set up for themselves in the amber shades of an October wilderness.”

What sort of looking eyes they were we do not profess to gather from this description. We must in candor say, however, that as this was one of the first passages on which we chanced to open, we believe it is also the most objectionable in the whole two volumes. “An immense concourse of the proudest intellects our State can boast had assembled at —,” is the opening of a chapter, and leads us to wonder which of these wonderful United States it can be, that can summon an “immense concourse” of proud intellects upon any occasion. But many of her peculiarities, we must remember, are of a modern school, and may be unpleasant only to an old-fashioned taste.

Judging from the tales we have specified above, with  
VOL. XLII. — 4TH S. VOL. VII. NO. III. 34

"Ally Fisher," "Uncle Stilling," and a few others, we feel that Fanny Forester, with a noble, distinct object before her, and a chastened taste, might have done that which we long to see done.

We grant that the young will have and ought to have fiction. Perhaps some of the old, too, may consider it as proper and wholesome food for their minds, now and then, just as the physical system is the better for grapes and peaches occasionally, as well as for meat and bread. To elevate and purify the whole mass of fictitious literature is the object of many who lament the mischief it is now doing to the rising generation, without the hope of exterminating it. A labor of Hercules it will be; tearing down the stable were scarcely less practicable; a fresh tide of black foulness pouring in is to be stemmed and dammed up. But strong muscles have undertaken the task, and something must be accomplished.

Writers so pure, loving, and virtuous as Fanny Forester, — (we like her fancy name, and as she has no longer any right to the other upon her title-page, we venture to use it,) — such writers will hardly be dealt with by these strong literary knights-errant. They have undertaken the sterner duty of expelling immorality from the arena of letters, first raising the cunning visor to show the monstrous face of the destroyer, then pursuing him through his agile circumvolutions, and driving him from the bold stand he makes, as he trusts to the bad taste of the corrupt and the timidity of the good. They have their work, and a glorious one, for the fight will be obstinate. Vice knows the power of the pen, and it will not be yielded by her without a desperate struggle.

To such writers, therefore, as the author of these volumes, we appeal. It is possible to give all the pleasure, and do all the good, of which fiction can be made the instrument, without having recourse to the love-story, and we solemnly believe this desirable. She has herself here presented us with more than one tale of true beauty and interest, without the slightest reference to the "tender passion." The best of hers are of this class. Why could she not have made this a definite purpose? Why could she not have sought to excite the interest of her readers in some good cause by all the charm of an engaging fiction, shunning the easy, hackneyed, dubious means offered by a love-tale? Would not an



immense step be taken towards the improvement of fictitious literature, if the whole machinery of Cupid could be discarded from novel, tale, and romance? Charles Brockden Brown had the independence to try this experiment. Miss Edgeworth, in the very best of her novels, has made the chief interest turn upon something higher than the success of an attachment between a youth and maiden; none, we believe, ever complained of "*Helen*" as a dull book. And in "*Gertrude*," one of the very best of recent novels, it is not about the heroine's marriage that our feelings are engaged. The formation of character as the chief object of existence, not the accomplishment of matrimonial hopes, is carried home to our bosoms. Very few writers of ability have as yet attempted this test of their own power, or the power of nature and moral truth; and few writers of ordinary capacity are very likely to forsake the broad, well-trodden way. We suppose that the greater part of the reading community are far from considering the incessant reappearance of one topic in every possible form as any evil at all, or as a thing to be dispensed with. They mistake the craving artificially excited, the taste fostered by an old bad custom, for a natural want.

But we would ask thoughtful mothers, who have daughters just emerging from spelling-book and grammar, if they have not a secret desire to keep all books in which the interest turns upon love and marriage, no matter how "correct," or how "well-written," from the tender minds of these daughters? And do they find this possible? In magazines, in newspaper stories, nay, in tales written for Sunday-school libraries, is there not usually a wooing and winning, a girl who loves, and a suitor, and a marriage to end all? Is not the marriage usually the consummation of the tale, as if it were the reward of virtue, the premium upon goodness, the end, instead of the beginning, of life's most serious portion? And connected with this evil, is not personal beauty made to appear to the inexperienced young mind worth a thousand times more than it is? Are not the descriptions of cheeks, lips, and eyes so wrought up in these fictions, as to vie in importance with all that is said of gentleness, patience, truthfulness, or virtue of any kind? We never wondered at the inquiry which a little maiden put to her mother very thoughtfully, after a long course of story-reading, — "Mother, do good girls always get married, whether they are handsome or

not ? ” Can any girl of twelve be permitted access to the common fictitious literature, though selected with the utmost care as to its moral tendency, without insensibly and permanently imbibing the idea, that love is the most intensely interesting of all subjects, marriage the first object for which she is to prepare, and a disappointment in love the greatest of woes ? How much real but needless misery has thus been created none but the Reader of hearts can know. Much of the suffering is never known, much known only to be despised and ridiculed. What over-estimate of personal charms, what care in the adornment of them, what secret sorrow over the indisputable want of them, what romantic dreams, what hours of idle reverie that in remorseful after-moments would be thankfully recalled for better use, what waste of time, imagination, power, what mistakes in conduct, coloring all the rest of life, have grown from the perusal of these omnipresent love-stories !

Volumes of admonition have been wasted on the bewitched *readers* of fiction ; we would expostulate with its *writers*, though with “ the voice of one crying in the wilderness.” We would not say, “ Keep fiction out of the hands of the young, on account of these consequences, for we believe that now-a-days to be impossible. If you bring up your daughters in nun-like seclusion, and in ignorance of the art of reading, you may accomplish your object, perhaps ; hardly otherwise.” But we would rather say, “ Give us a fictitious literature which shall draw its charm and interest from higher sources.” It is true, that will require writers of some power. Such is human nature, that it is easier to create an interest in “ affairs of the heart ” than in any other form of trial or triumph ; and for this very reason the host of ordinary writers flourish for ever on this ground, there kept in countenance, alas ! by those who might well leave it to them. We call on those who by the magic of genius can paint virtue attractive, misfortune touching, moral truth engaging, to come to the rescue, and show us more frequently life as it is during the long years when people are not “ in love.” For the latter period is unquestionably a short portion of each man’s existence ; though love, as the eternal bond of souls and source of domestic virtue and happiness, may be the form in which God sheds his best benediction for years. Other passions rule the human heart, and strong ones too ; the staple of life’s joys and sorrows, its enduring and strong per-

plexities, may be woven into fictions of intense interest and the deepest moral influence ; a glowing sympathy with all the duties of parent, child, brother, sister, friend, citizen, may be awakened. Greatly do we rejoice in the writers who have attempted this.

It is in vain to say, that, after all, nature does her work ; that she fills the young heart with susceptibilities, and teaches it to love ; that the very power of these stories lies in their meeting a want of the human heart. Let nature alone, then. She needs not the fuel you would throw upon her genial fires ; they will burn more purely, if you do not feed them to madness. It is one of the very arguments we would use, that nature suggests true, wholesome, beautiful affection in her own due way and time ; and that this love-literature forces it into unnatural, precocious, gigantic, unwholesome growth. Where the attachments would remain simple, unquestioning, quiet in their growth, under the control of good sense, art gives them a morbid vitality and false direction ; where they have a tendency to run riot, she aggravates the evil tenfold. In vain you say, — “ Young girls will dream of love and marriage ; it is the natural order of things.” We deny that they would, as a general rule ; we deny that the way in which the novel-reading daughters of Eve dream of them is at all according to the natural order of things.

It may be urged, that the period in which the most solemn and important connection of life is formed is to every human being a period of serious, holy interest. So it is ; and if it is not sufficiently regarded as such, let part of the blame rest with the light literature of the age. It is too holy to be so lightly approached, so flippantly described. No man, or woman, would choose to have his own days of anxiety and suspense, his season of hopes and acknowledgments, while his own married destiny still hung uncertain, exposed to the inspection of others ; and we doubt if many high-minded persons do not, with an instinctive delicacy, shrink from reading detailed love-dialogues between even imaginary persons. We know that many dislike to read them aloud, however beautifully written, and we think this fact alone declares against the propriety of their being written at all. They cater to the curiosity of boys and girls, but disgust all who are really men and women.

To those who plead that these stories, when written by

sensible persons, serve to guide the young through the mazy season when such subjects will come to perplex them, we would put one question. Was ever a young man or woman wisely influenced in any love-affair by any book ever written? Collectively, we grant, the many books written on this topic may have had a power over the heart-troubles and connections of many a victim, — a power of the most equivocal, if not pernicious kind. But there is no folly or indiscretion which has not found its parallel, either directly or through perversion, in such pages.

To female writers, who usually have the gift to lend grace to the most ordinary domestic details, we would especially commend the task of showing that Christian writers can weave fictions of pure, useful, and strong interest from the materials of character and life which love, as a passion, touches not. It has been done often enough to show its practicability; often enough to make us wonder that those who might well throw aside the wearying, worn-out, hurtful machinery, still seem to think it their duty to use it.

L. J. H.

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#### ART. VII. — THE JEWISH PROPHET.

THE popular idea of a prophet — the only idea that most persons attach to such a title — is that of one who looks into futurity, who tells of what shall happen long before it takes place. He was first named “a seer,” as we learn from the Hebrew Scriptures; and to this day, whenever he is mentioned, this impression of him is the prevailing one, that the eyes of his mind penetrated years and ages to come, and discerned, as if they were just passing, the events that revealed as yet no sign of their approach. And they seem ready to honor him more according to the distance of the transaction and the clearness with which he is supposed to discern it, than according to the weight and beauty of his spiritual instructions. This is an error that deserves some attention, not only from its being so common, but from its including several other errors in its superstition. It misinterprets the Scriptures. It mistakes the wants of the mind, by supposing that facts in history are of more consequence



to us than divine doctrine. It makes a false estimate of that "goodly fellowship of the prophets" who have been since the world began. It sets on foot many idle inquiries concerning the fulfilment of ancient predictions, as if such investigations were of indispensable religious importance. It opens the way to frivolous and disturbing fancies, as if any particular incidents of our own times were foreshown in the ancient oracles; or as if those sacred writings, instead of being applied to the noblest uses of the world, were to be tortured with inquiries as to when the world shall end.

The whole subject, indeed, of prophecy is apprehended very vaguely by the greater part of even the most intelligent Christians. Some are repelled by its real difficulties. Some are perplexed by the apparent confusion of its testimony, and the diversity of opinions concerning it. Some are content with the loose and scanty conceptions which they have accidentally formed, and give themselves no further concern for it; or else, for want of a few just principles established at the outset, they are liable to be carried away by the visionary interpreters who are continually adding new dreams to those that have been scattered.

We propose in the present article to offer some plain reflections that may be serviceable on this point. They may help to fix in our thoughts some principles that will recommend themselves as sound and sober, and be capable of a wide application.

We ask first, What is a prophet, in the Scriptural sense of that word? And we may begin with replying, that he is one who gives utterance to religious truth, of whatever kind; a chief speaker on subjects of solemn interest. In the early ages of society, they were comparatively few who had the gift of spreading out into words the sentiments that seem inspired from Heaven, and of being eloquent upon holy themes. They who possessed this faculty were thought worthy of that distinguished title. Thus, it was said to Moses, who complained that he was "heavy of speech, and of a slow tongue," — "not eloquent, neither heretofore nor since" the Lord had sent him to be his servant, — that his brother Aaron should be his prophet. We occasionally find the same liberal signification of the word prophecy; denoting merely the instruction which such a person communicates; or, still more simply, only discourses upon moral and divine subjects. We have an instance of this in the book of Prov-

sensible persons, serve to guide the young through the mazy season when such subjects will come to perplex them, we would put one question. Was ever a young man or woman wisely influenced in any love-affair by any book ever written? Collectively, we grant, the many books written on this topic may have had a power over the heart-troubles and connections of many a victim, — a power of the most equivocal, if not pernicious kind. But there is no folly or indiscretion which has not found its parallel, either directly or through perversion, in such pages.

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erbs, the concluding chapter of which begins thus : — “ The words of King Lemuel, the prophecy that his mother taught him ” ; and then follow wise and affectionate counsels for the government of his life.

Again, a prophet is one who speaks in an excited manner, and as if moved by a Divine impulse. Of this kind were those teachers in the primitive Church who are described and referred to often in the New Testament. They were remarkable for a certain vehemence of mind and fervor of expression, that were always construed into a more direct communication with the Holy Power in whose name they spoke. Further, the name of prophet was given to those who wrote in a style of peculiar elevation of God and sacred things ; to the minstrels who chanted the praises of the Most High ; to the poets, whose genius was regarded by the whole ancient world as a kind of inspiration. So Miriam is called a prophetess in the books of Moses, when she sang to her timbrel her song of victory on the overthrow of the Egyptian host. And the Apostle Paul, speaking to Titus of the Cretans, in whose island he dwelt, tells him that “ a prophet of their own ” had fitly described them, and then goes on to quote a line from a Grecian bard. In all these examples, there is no allusion to any gift of divination, to any ability of reading what should happen in after days.

But now we come, in the last place, to that idea. A prophet is also one who foretells events ; and in that sense he is often spoken of, though we have seen clearly that such an idea was by no means essential to his office. John the baptizer was a prophet, and more ; and yet he sent his disciples to the very Master whose way he came to prepare, asking him if he was indeed the commissioned one of God. We recognize in the Scriptures a power announced of discerning and declaring the future. It would be strange indeed if it were not there, when those Scriptures are a record of successive providences for the teaching and redemption of mankind ; of a series of preparations for the perfect light of the world ; and when the human mind itself is a natural diviner, — living in advance, and full of the coming days. What is so prophetic as the soul reaching forward perpetually, striving to penetrate into the secrets of time, inferring what shall be from what has been already, and straining its sight upon distant points and flying horizons, after a knowledge to which former experience can contribute nothing ?



The wish of man always is to know of something that is to be hereafter. The imagination of man always is, that there may be those by whom that something can be told. We admit and maintain the idea of a peculiar, Divine guidance over the prophet's mind ; but it is not consistent with the design of the present essay to enlarge upon this point.

We will now endeavour to show, in the fewest possible words and in the most general way, what manner of men those holy prophets of Israel and Judah were. They were no dreamers nor pretenders. They were no dealers in occult sciences. They were neither passive instruments for a supernatural voice to sound through, nor were they men who sought to be so accounted of. They were the patriots of their commonwealth, the poets of their faith, the counsellors of their princes, the guides of their people. Their position was eminently a national one. They had nothing to do with the priestly office ; but were engaged, on the contrary, in resisting the encroachments of its influence, and exposing the abuses that mingled so easily with its traditions. They were rather the statesmen of their periods. Their voice was in all measures of great public concern. They gave their urgent advice in questions of war and peace. In their civil capacity, they observed closely the nations that bordered upon them at the north, or the south, or the east, and were quick to show where was the side of danger. But especially as the champions of their heaven-given law, and of the whole cause of righteousness and humanity, did they stand up and threaten and plead. If their doctrines often take a political cast, their policy is always religious. Uppermost in their glowing hearts is a zeal for the Lord's truth, and for a corresponding holiness. While the names of Syria, and Egypt, and Babylon, and of innumerable places nearer home, occur often in their verses, their thoughts spread beyond all the bounds of the earth's surface, and contemplate the triumph of goodness and eternal truth. If we allow that their country and its sacred institutions are the goal from which they start and to which they often recur, we must also admit that they look forward, beyond all the present divisions of the globe and its tribes, to a time when Judea should be proved to be the gem of its ring, the true and brilliant centre of all its religious improvement. When they are most local, they are still sublime. If they sometimes appear partial according to the letter, in spirit they are

always right. They announce a period, when the incompleteness of the law shall be fulfilled, and the ancient word of promise shall be made good. In the midst of political degradation and distress, they never lose sight of this high trust. They point on towards a spiritual prince, an anointed one, and to the reign of peace and goodness on the earth. They predict that glorious era, not with any calculating definition of seasons, nor with any minute relation of circumstances, but with a generous hope and confidence in the gracious appointments of God. They have not so much at heart any temporary success, any worldly fortunes, as that this blessed consummation may be accomplished for the human race.

Such is a slight sketch of that wonderful line of men. Though they spoke to the peculiarities of their own times, it is a speech that is applicable in great part to all times. Their purpose is chiefly a moral and religious purpose. They do not so much foreshow any changes that were to befall in the affairs of the world, as exhort the disobedient and unbelieving to change the course of their lives, and worship Him who orders all affairs according to his will, and who in his own time will raise up salvation for his people. We think it a great mistake, at the present day, to interpret the Scriptures under the idea that any prophecies, either of the Old Testament or the New, are awaiting their literal fulfilment in our own or any after generation. None of those holy oracles were meant to touch any part of the history of the modern world. None of them reach down to any of the transactions of the passing age. None of them wrap up in mysterious language any information as to what shall be in the latter days, or when those days shall arrive. Such information has been sought after by the curious, believed in by the credulous, pretended to by the designing. But it is not there. The ill-placed ingenuity that is employed upon such fancies only trifles with itself and imposes upon mankind.

After all, however, there is certainly a class of prophecies that does seem to anticipate history, and to delineate even in their particulars unborn events. We fully acknowledge this. We recognize in the holy men of old an extraordinary illumination from that Spirit whose prerogative it is to see the end from the beginning. The main purpose of what we have said is in opposition to the idea, that their chief office

is that of literal foretellers ; or that, by scrutinizing what they have left written for our learning, we can gain any insight into the events that are yet to be, or "the seasons that the Father keepeth in his own power." A few simple statements may not be amiss in respect to this class of their sayings. Some of them, instead of being anticipations of history, are history itself, presented in a prophetic shape. Such are those minute details in the book of Daniel of what was done by the generals of Alexander the Great, when they divided his conquered kingdoms among them, and seated themselves upon bloody thrones. It is manifest that the record followed after the facts. Its very circumstantiality, so unlike the manner of the Jewish prophets, would be enough of itself to lead us to such a conclusion, if there were not arguments of a critical kind that abundantly confirm it. Others of them appear in an extremely figurative dress. They partake of the character of enigmas, or riddles, which were always held in great esteem by the wise men of Eastern nations. Some portions of the same book of Daniel, and almost the whole of that of the Revelation, are conceived in this manner, — a manner that does not recommend itself so well as it once did, and one which must necessarily contract a double obscurity by the lapse of years, when many local allusions may be supposed to have faded out and become forgotten. We cannot be always certain that we apprehend the precise meaning of such oracles ; and the unlearned, and the learned too, may easily imagine in them what they nowise contain. But we understand enough of them to see this at least, that their references terminate near their own date. They cast no glance into the distant future, except with that eye of faith and hope which may be open in every devout heart upon the prospects and destinies of man.

There is one reflection more that belongs to this part of the subject, and is important to it. It is, that when events are predicted, the account grows particular just in proportion as the event draws nigh. The view is shadowy and general, according as the object is remote. A Jewish prophet does not speak of any foreign power till it has risen into political importance. He does not warn against it till it has become dangerous. He does not denounce it till it has shown itself hostile. How, then, can we suppose that he looked across unknown seas, and defined exact periods that are still

hidden from more than two thousand years of added experience? He spoke — “and still his speech was song” — agreeably to the scenes and usages that were immediately around him. How should we think that he can inform us of things that lay wholly out of the range of his precedents and conceptions? We degrade those noble spirits by so superstitious a reverence. We lose their true use by putting them to an imaginary service. They teach us of righteousness and temperance and judgment, — of the law of God, and the beauty of his perfections, and the glory of his works, and the equity of his ways, and the joy of his service, and the breadth of his compassion. They inspire thankfulness, praise, homage, trust. And is there any inspiration like that? Would we exchange those lofty lessons for dim prognostics of the destinies of a world which — for us certainly — must be ended soon? Let us have done with every childish solicitude about casualties and outward fates, and restore to their just value the principles and sentiments that have an abiding life. Instead of pretending to interpret “the vision that is for many days to come,” let us remember the precept of the Saviour, that sufficient for each day as it flies are its duties and burdens. Instead of listening for predictions “of the times that are far off,” let us employ wisely the opportunities that are at hand. What are accidents, compared with ourselves? Would we know where the prophets dwell, and what they reveal, we must inquire within. What is the depth of man’s affection, the height of his hope, the capacity of his nature, the strength of his wise resolution, the sovereign good of his life? If we answer that well, it will be a better response than ever came from the sanctuary of a temple, or the ephod of a priest, or the volumes of gray tradition. Why augur of to-morrows and next-years, when now is the point for the most earnest attention to fix on? We may safely leave the universe to the Being who made it. It is enough if we can fill our small but faithful place. Duty and trust and love are not transient like the centuries. Our own thoughts are prophetic. If we have grace to order them aright, their last prophecy shall be one of peace.

N. L. F.



## ART. VIII. — WARE'S WORKS.\*

THOSE who knew Dr. Ware only through the severe simplicity and single-hearted fervor of his pulpit services would hardly expect to find in him a remarkable specimen of versatility of talent, — of *manysidedness*, if we may be permitted to borrow from the German a term, for which the English of the dictionaries furnishes no adequate synonyme. Nor were we, who traced his intellectual efforts from year to year, fully aware how much ground they covered, so completely were his digressions from the trite path of professional duty veiled from observation by his oneness of aim and the beautiful symmetry of his character. We saw that his sheaves were all altar-gifts, marked with the unvarying *Corban*; but neglected to take note from how many and how various fields he gathered them. Had he done less, or wrought more carelessly, or with a less holy purpose, he would have been called a genius; but this is a term seldom applied, except where brilliant traits are thrown out into unnatural relief by gross faults or follies. He had none of those intense idiosyncrasies of mind or character which excite wonder and whet curiosity during one's lifetime; but his powers and resources grow perpetually upon our admiration and reverence, as in these successive volumes we review the memorials of his industry and zeal. It is hard to say in what department he might not have excelled. His tales, though written solely for religious edification, display, in the invention of incident, in easy narrative and spirited colloquy, a capacity kindred to that which has won for his brother's "*Zenobia*" and "*Probus*" a unique and unchallenged fame. His poetry was, for the most part, the recreation of his weariness or his sick-chamber; yet his least elaborate verse shows an affluent imagination and a finely tuned rhythmical ear, while not a few of his occasional hymns have detached themselves from their environments of place and circumstance, and become general favorites among the lyrics of the sanctuary. There are scattered through his works abundant indications that, had his avocations been more early and strictly scholastic, he might have been a subtle and cogent reasoner on meta-

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\* *The Works of Henry Ware, Jr., D. D.* Boston: J. Munroe & Co. 1846-47. 4 vols. 12mo.

physical and moral subjects. Several of his lighter pieces evince the felicities of taste, thought, and style, which would have insured his success in any portion of that large and vague domain entitled general literature. Nor was even the comic vein wanting; for we have among the miscellanies before us two or three perfect gems of native wit and genial humor, free from verbal conceit, and manifesting a prompt perception of incongruity and a rare faculty of grotesque combination.

We suppose that Dr. Ware's sermons will do less for his reputation, in an intellectual point of view, than his other writings. Yet we express this opinion with a strong suspicion that there may be only a subjective and partial ground for it. We are sure that all who often heard him preach will so perpetually miss his eloquent presence and his impressive tones in these sermons, that they will do the dead letter less than justice. It may be otherwise with those who have no such regretful reminiscences awakened as they read. He entered upon his professional life at a period when the standard of the New England pulpit was much lower than it is now. Our New England churches, also, had lapsed, or rather risen, by slow degrees and almost unconsciously, from a liberal Calvinism to virtual Unitarianism, and the Calvinistic residuum had hardly begun to work itself clear from the mass which it could not leaven. Dr. Ware, therefore, with his eminently practical mind, and with his disposition to define and defend the doctrines and grounds of Liberal Christianity, was left very much to mark out his own course. The result was a style of preaching, which in explicitness, seriousness, and unction did justice to his simplicity and earnestness of heart, but which lacked the variety of aim, and the breadth of scope, which in the latter portion of his ministry he recommended both by precept and example. His parish sermons are distinguished by transparency of thought, unity of plan, evangelical sentiment, direct and cogent appeal to men's hearts and consciences, and a pervading recognition of the solemnity and the momentous issues of the relation between pastor and people. As specimens of hortatory and didactic preaching on the great truths and the cardinal duties of religion, they can hardly be surpassed. But we find in them few references to the details of domestic life, of business and of political relations and obligations, — few instances of the prolonged and minute application of

religious motives and sanctions to the current exigencies, temptations, exciting questions, and engrossing interests of the passing day, — little of that running religious commentary on the times for which, with his prudence and sobriety of judgment, he was eminently qualified, and which, we are well convinced, would have given yet additional power to ministrations which, even without it, have hardly had a parallel among us as to their efficacy in the formation of the Christian life and character. We are aware that the abatement which we here suggest to our otherwise unqualified commendation will be by many regarded as a merit, rather than a defect. We know that it is a prevalent theory (less so now than formerly), that preaching ought to be conversant mainly with the *God-ward* aspects of religion, — with the divine law, in the form in which it comes to us from the lips of Jesus and the pens of the Apostles, — and that if this be faithfully expounded and fervently enforced, our congregations may be safely left to make their own applications of it. But so manifold are the windings of self-deception, that in our view the only way of saying to the consciences of very many, “Thou art the man,” is to track them through common scenes, to follow them to the shop, the counting-room, and the fireside, to repeat their words, criticize their actions, analyze their motives, and then with equal minuteness to point out what manner of men they ought to be. The Italian style of painting, in which majesty and beauty are chiefly consulted, and all that can suggest homely associations is excluded from the canvas, suits the genius of the theatre better than that of the pulpit. For sanctuary sketches we prefer the Dutch school, even though in its fidelity to the actual it may now and then border upon the grotesque, and may often bring objects of lowly utility into the foreground, in defiance of the canons of a more fastidious taste. For its spiritual uses we would prefer one of Latimer’s sermons, with its off-hand life-painting, its photographic views of the interior of men’s homes and hearts, to all that Massillon or Bossuet ever uttered.

In this estimate of the true aim and scope of preaching we are confident that we should have had Dr. Ware’s entire concurrence. It accords with the whole tone of his instructions at Cambridge, — instructions which were most happily exemplified in his sermons in the University chapel. We trace, in those of his college sermons which have been given

to us in the volumes under review, a much larger liberty in the choice of subjects, and a more catholic taste and fuller affluence in illustration, than had marked his earlier discourses. This was in part, no doubt, to be ascribed to the interval of leisure which bodily infirmity had forced upon him, and which the kindness of friends enabled him to spend under circumstances eminently favorable to the most generous self-culture. But we cannot but think that he also entered upon the second stage of his professional life with an ideal not so much exalted as changed, — with a deeper sense of the necessity of studying human life no less than the divine teachings, and of adapting the unvarying Gospel to the infinitely diversified wants of all classes and conditions of men. He wrote many sermons expressly for the students, and these, if we may judge from our remembrance of not a few, and from the specimens which we now have in print, would bear the most favorable comparison with Arnold's Rugby School sermons, which it is the fashion of the day to deem perfect in their kind. They resemble Arnold's in the absence of that process of self-stultification by which many seek access (but without finding it) to the appreciation of a young audience, in the straightforward, manly style of address which presupposes many elements in hopeful development in the minds of the hearers. They excel Arnold's, inasmuch as they are free from the technical and ecclesiastical bonds which fretted and galled him through life, and from which a very little more energy would have wholly released him. They enter, with the most ready sympathy, into the joys and trials, the hopes and needs, of an academical career. They make strong appeals to the generous intellectual ambition of the successful student, and draw from the elements of his experience, and the staple of his desires, motives for the yet higher culture and nobler aims of the Christian heart.

Where the functions of a writer and a public speaker are united, excellence of style is a relative term; and a man of true taste and careful self-study will always fall into habits of writing adapted to his oratorical powers and endowments. The style, which is imposing and graceful in one whose physical powers make him preëminently an orator, appears inflated and bombastic from one whose voice lacks strength and compass, and whose manner as a speaker is reserved and severely simple. Dr. Ware's oratory was of this latter



stamp. His voice, with deeply impressive tones, had little variety of intonation, and much of his power of utterance grew from the very inadequacy of the outward organs to give full expression to the inward thought and feeling. In listening to him one was always made aware of more in him than found utterance, of a hidden fire, a reserved power, which shed but a part of its glow upon the benignant countenance, and put forth only a fraction of its energy in the always fervent, but not winged words. And his written style corresponds so perfectly to his delivery, that, as we read what we did not hear, we seem again to see him and listen to him, can catch the unforgotten tones, gentle in their utmost earnestness, and mark the quiet play of those features, which never lost their *Johannine* expression, or ceased to beam with an almost unearthly tenderness, even while he rebuked sin or portrayed the sinner's doom. His sentences have not that swell and roundness of finish, that full, sonorous volume, under which his voice would have broken down. They are concise and terse, compact with meaning, simple in structure, never loaded down with epithets designed for sound, not sense. His style is unsurpassed in transparency. It is eminently pure and graceful, and in the truest sense ornate; but free from ornament chosen for its own sake. Fancy is always made ancillary to thought and to impression; and illustrations, instead of standing apart as brilliant episodes, are so closely interwoven with the thread of discourse, as to attract separate regard only when viewed for the express purpose of criticism. Though Dr. Ware always wrote rapidly, we can see no traces of carelessness. A singularly delicate ear made his style always rhythmical and harmonious, and a taste spontaneously fastidious (if we may use a paradoxical combination of words which represents one of the choicest of rhetorical graces) selected his words and shaped his sentences, so that his most hurried writings would hardly bare amendment or pruning.

But it is time that we gave some more detailed account of the contents of these volumes; and we pass to this portion of our task the more readily, as our filial veneration and love for the author have made this rude attempt at a general criticism of his merits the most difficult undertaking of our twenty years' practice in the ungentle craft. Indeed, had we foreseen how often the pen would drop from our hand, and how often it would usurp the office of the inverted

stylus, we should have abandoned our work, not indeed to one (if such there were) who loved him less, but to some one who had not stood in that relation to him which his pupils can never outgrow. In the analysis of these volumes we shall present several extracts, not because we suppose that many of our readers will fail to possess themselves of the whole, but because it is due to the memory of one whose labors contributed so largely to the success of this journal, that we should not use sparingly the last opportunity of enriching our pages from his pen.

The first volume contains what the editor calls "Miscellaneous Writings in Prose of a *lighter* character," and a copious selection from the author's poetry. We can hardly acquiesce in the choice of the epithet which we have italicized ; for, though most of these pieces are in the form of fictitious narrative, they deal with the gravest themes, and are as strictly and exclusively didactic as if they were sermons. The first of them is Jotham Anderson, which has probably done more than any twenty that might be selected from the best controversial tracts, to commend Liberal Christianity to regard and confidence in its practical adaptations and uses. This sketch embodies, under fictitious names and with the most felicitous grouping of incidents and characters, a portion of his own early experience, with graphic portraits of his parents and his maternal grandfather. We have here also the shorter stories, How to spend Holy Time, The Village Funeral, A Sabbath with my Friend, How to spend a Day, and Robert Fowle. Among these is inserted the Lecture on the Poetry of Mathematics, in which we hardly know which most to admire, the easy and graceful rhetoric, the affluence of attractive illustration drawn from a department which furnishes to ordinary minds so few sources of inspiration, or the deep religious sentiment which, without once obtruding its accustomed forms of utterance, makes itself felt on every page. How much both of philosophy and æsthetics is there in the closing paragraph !

"Science and Poetry, recognizing, as they do, the order and the beauty of the universe, are alike handmaids of Devotion. They have been, they may be, drawn away from her altar. But in their natural characters they are coöperators, and, like twin sisters, they walk hand in hand. Science tracks the footprints of the great creating Power ; Poetry unveils the smile of the all-sustaining Love. Science adores as a subject ; Poetry worships

as a child. One teaches the law, and the other binds the soul to it in bands of beauty and love. They turn the universe into a temple, earth into an altar, the systems into fellow-worshippers, and eternity into one long day of contemplation and praise." — Vol. I., pp. 137, 138.

The poetry in this volume comprises a great diversity of themes, grave and gay, and, apart from its uniform and varied beauty, it brings us into very close communion with the writer in his domestic and social life, and is always redolent with the genial warmth of a loving and sympathizing heart. Several of the pieces, both playful and serious, were written for home eras and festivals; many of them addressed to cherished friends, and adorning, without veiling, by poetic diction the beautiful *naïveté* of social feeling, into which in smaller circles his habitual reserve gracefully faded away; many of them prepared for such literary and religious celebrations as called for a heart-offering in ode or hymn beyond the scope of a mere artificer of verses. Of the longer pieces, the Feast of Tabernacles, prepared for an oratorio by Zeuner, in the true spirit of the Hebrew bards, and the Vision of Liberty, written, almost at a sitting, to supply the unexpected failure of Percival as Phi Beta Kappa poet in 1824, deserve peculiar regard. Those who heard the latter can never forget the heart-eloquence of the delivery, or the burst of enthusiastic feeling from the immense audience at the allusion to Lafayette, then present. In the greeting that welcomed the patriot on that festival, it was difficult to say whether the smooth Athenian oratory of Everett, or Ware's subdued and chastened tones, suggestive of unutterable fullness of emotion, called out more copious tears from the nation's guest, or the more enthusiastic burst of sympathy from the listeners. The volume closes with extracts from an unfinished poetical autobiography, entitled *My Dream of Life*, which, even in its fragmentary state, would bear comparison with much of the contemplative poetry that has won a classical reputation. Instead of garbling any longer piece, we quote the following "Lines, written March 29, 1836," because they present so translucently the emotions of an humble and aspiring soul in its communion with the Source and Paradigm of moral perfection, — the frame of mind in which he, who looks for the time when "those that humble themselves shall be exalted," would pray that he might live and die.

"It is not what my hands have done,  
That weighs my spirit down,  
That casts a shadow o'er the sun,  
And over earth a frown ;  
It is not any heinous guilt,  
Or vice by men abhorred ;  
For fair the fame that I have built,  
A fair life's just reward ;  
And men would wonder if they knew  
How sad I feel with sins so few.

"Alas ! they only see in part,  
When thus they judge the whole ;  
They cannot look upon the heart,  
They cannot read the soul ;  
But I survey myself within,  
And mournfully I feel  
How deep the principle of sin  
Its root may there conceal,  
And spread its poison through the frame  
Without a deed that men can blame.

"They judge by actions which they see  
Brought out before the sun ;  
But conscience brings reproach to me  
For what I 've left undone, —  
For opportunities of good  
In folly thrown away,  
For hours misspent in solitude,  
Forgetfulness to pray, —  
And thousand more omitted things,  
Whose memory fills my breast with stings.

"And therefore is my heart oppressed  
With thoughtfulness and gloom ;  
Nor can I hope for perfect rest,  
Till I escape this doom.  
Help me, Thou Merciful and Just,  
This fearful doom to fly ;  
Thou art my strength, my hope, my trust ; —  
O, help me, lest I die !  
And let my full obedience prove  
The perfect power of faith and love."

Vol. 1., pp. 317, 318.

On reading this, we were reminded of a favorite hymn of Donne, which breathes the same general sentiment, and



which we quote, as illustrative of the catholicity of the same devotional feelings among Christians separated by the widest barriers of forms, and creeds, and centuries.

“ Wilt thou forgive that sin where I begun,  
Which was my sin, though it were done before ?  
Wilt thou forgive that sin through which I run,  
And do run still, though still I do deplore ?  
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,  
For I have more.

“ Wilt thou forgive that sin which I have won  
Others to sin, and made my sin their door ?  
Wilt thou forgive that sin which I did shun  
A year or two, but wallowed in a score ?  
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,  
For I have more.

“ I have a sin of fear, that when I have spun  
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore.  
But swear by thyself, that at my death thy Son  
Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore ;  
And, having done that, thou hast done,  
I fear no more.”

The second volume contains the Memoirs of Abbot, Parker, and Prentiss, together with several addresses and tracts, most of which had been previously published. In our estimation the most important of these tracts is “ Sober Thoughts on the State of the Times, addressed to the Unitarian Community.” This was printed anonymously in 1835, and we apprehend that much of the good that it might otherwise have wrought was dissipated in curious and perhaps querulous speculations as to its authorship. As we read it now, we are surprised that the *incognito* was preserved for a single week. There was no one else among us, who could have administered rebuke so wisely and so lovingly, who could have dealt so unsparingly with our deficiencies and faults, and shown so plainly all the while that censure was his strange and unwelcome work, and that he had not the heart to describe a morbid symptom beyond his clear discernment of the means of relief and remedy. We think that it was ill-judged in him (no doubt an error of excessive modesty) to withhold his name. So bold an exposition of evils and dangers, so resolute a treatment of themes so delicate, needed, in order to conciliate the right kind of atten-

tion, a name which could command entire respect and confidence ; and many who spurned the nameless tract, while they quailed before its pungency and power, had they known their physician, might have yielded to his regimen. The "times" have not changed for the better, as to any of the points at which his strictures were aimed, and we sincerely wish that this pamphlet might now be republished and circulated by thousands under the author's name, that, in at least some few aspirations and efforts after a better state of things, we might see reason to believe that "he, being dead, yet speaketh."

From an essay on "The Importance of Principle in Religion" we extract the following, as presenting a view never more needed than now, when, with young men and maidens, and with too many old men also, the æsthetic aspects of religion are maintained as far surpassing in worth and power the old-fashioned notions of vital piety and whole-hearted self-consecration.

"The Christian community is full of men *partially* religious ; of men who are satisfied to embrace the outside of their religion, and observe its forms and laws, without imbuing their hearts with its spirit, or causing its influences to pervade their temper and direct their tone of thought. Men are religious from birth, from education, from habit, from association ; they are religious partially, thoughtlessly, coldly ; they should be so heartily, devotedly, thoroughly. The chief reason is, they are not so from principle. If the religious life were founded on principle, instead of being left to accident, association, impulse, example, habit, it would be, more frequently than it is, the supreme and governing power in the character.

"Principle is a different thing from knowledge, or feeling, or habit. Either of these may exist without it. A man is often seen with fervent affections, or well instructed in duty, or of perfectly correct habits, who yet is not a man of principle. Principle refers to the rule and the motive ; it goes back to the origin and beginning. It is what the foundation is to the building, or the root to the tree, or the fountain to the stream. It is to the Christian what his axioms are to the geometrician, what the laws of light and motion and attraction are to the natural philosopher. It is to his soul what the principle of gravitation is to the universe ; pervaded by this, all the separate acts of his life keep their place, and all the detail of duty is regularly performed, just as the several bodies of the planetary system, being pervaded by this principle of gravitation, know their places, and

run around their orbits, and never depart from the appointed course.

“ Being thus essential to the Christian character, we naturally trace to the neglect of it the lamentable deficiencies and inconsistencies which are so frequent among those who profess to be most deeply attached to a religious life. The great difficulty appears to lie in this, — and it exposes a copious source of practical error, — that they adopt and endeavour to follow religion, not as one thing, — not as a perfect whole springing from one root, the several parts of which are indissolubly joined together, and not to be severed from each other any more than the limbs from the body; but they address themselves to its distinct and separate parts; they attend to a certain set of doctrines, or a certain list of rules, good in themselves, but not when taken up independently of any thing else. When, therefore, a man has learned those doctrines, it does not follow that he conforms to those rules; or he may conform to the rules, yet reject the doctrines. They have no connection with each other in his mind. He has regarded them wholly independent of each other. So, also, where he practises one class of duties, it does not follow that he is equally faithful in another. The motives which prompt him to be honest do not make him temperate; the influences which cause him to love his neighbour do not lead his affections to God; his conscientious punctuality in public worship does not teach him to forgive those who have offended him. He acts on partial motives, and so separates from each other branches of duty which are properly inseparable. He wants that great fundamental motive, reason, rule, called *principle*, which would guide, control, regulate every thing, — pervading the whole system of thought and action with one uniform, consistent, ever-operating influence, which never relaxes, and from which nothing escapes.

“ What would be the condition of the sciences and the arts, if their professors were to hold or teach them in this loose method? What would be thought of the geometrician who should know nothing of his science but some of its detached details, a few unconnected problems or modes of operation, without having settled and arranged in his mind the *principles* of the science? How would he succeed in practice, if he could not recur instinctively to those principles in every situation of perplexity or novelty? So, too, the chemist, the astronomer, the navigator, — how would they be involved in error and driven into peril who should depend upon any acquaintance with their science gained from insulated experiments and lying in detached parcels, without any common principles in the mind by which they are classed and to which they may be referred! If the right practice of these sciences is inwrought with their princi-

ples, so is the practice of religion. How can we hope for consistency and thoroughness where no fundamental axioms are kept in view?

"The importance to be attached to this view is evident from a consideration of the nature of religion. Religion is not a prescribed list of duties, a specified catalogue of doctrines, a given round of ceremonies. It is properly a profound sentiment of the relation of ourselves to God and of God to ourselves, attended by the consequences of such a sentiment. To fall short of this is to fall short of religion. The various doctrines, acts, forms, which constitute the visible and observable exterior of religion, are the consequences of the interior sentiment. If one strive to maintain them independently of that sentiment, he has no security for their genuineness or permanency; they may exist at some times, but there is no certainty that they will at others; or, if always, yet these are not religion, and cannot be transformed into religion. They are but the outward body, destitute of the mysterious vitality which alone gives it beauty and worth.

"Religion is essentially spiritual. It commands and requires the performance of all moral acts in the outward life; but it does not consist in those acts: those acts may be performed without it, from other motives, from reasons of expediency, policy, and selfishness; and they are not, and cannot be, acts of the religious man, except they spring from the internal impulse of religious principle." — Vol. II., pp. 285-288.

The third volume consists wholly of sermons. While among these we can find none unworthy of the author's reputation, — none that can fail to carry an effectual message of truth or duty to very many hearts, — we regard those on Miracles, that on the Christian Conjunction, and those on the Facilities and Hindrances to the Religious Life of the Scholar, as productions of peculiar excellence in point both of thought and style. The sermons on Miracles were written in the first access of the antsupernatural controversy, and do not, therefore, meet all the points that have been raised in its progress; but, so far as concerns the great fundamental questions at issue, we know not where to find a more able, thorough, and conclusive course of argument, or a more complete refutation of the grounds on which Christianity, as a miraculously authenticated system, has been impugned.

We are glad to recognize in so large a portion of this volume sermons expressly prepared for the students of the University. They are, as we have already intimated, of a



higher order of intellectual and literary merit than the sermons that belong to the author's parish ministry, and would, if published by themselves, form a volume of inestimable worth to the class of young men to whom they were originally addressed, — the more so, as this is a class seldom addressed in the ordinary ministrations of religion, while they are exposed to trials and temptations fully commensurate with their privileges, and altogether their own. The following passage is from an admirable sermon on the "Principles to govern a Young Man in the Choice of a Profession."

"The consideration which undoubtedly stands at the head of the list is that of the *necessity of obtaining the means of subsistence*. Existence itself is first of all to be provided for, — the indispensable prerequisite to all duties and enjoyments. It is vain to consult for other acts until this has been made sure, — so much so, that if it were possible for all other reasons and obligations to point decidedly to a given course, and yet, by that course, one should be unable to earn his bread, this single consideration would overbalance all the rest, because, simply, that without this every thing else would be impossible, would have no being. Man must live.

"So much is clear; and there is more of romance than of virtue in those who pretend that the means of living are to be despised, provided only that one does what he thinks his duty. But then, on the other hand, this consideration, binding as it is, is far more likely to be abused than neglected. Instead of urging it on the attention, it is necessary to prevent its being attended to too much. What is to be understood by this livelihood, which is first of all to be secured? Doubtless something more than the bare supply of the absolute bodily wants. This is extremely little, and in a civilized community would be taking a step backward toward barbarism. No man, where the arts and comforts of life have advanced as they have among Christian nations, can be truly said to have earned a *livelihood*, who is not able to live in the manner of those with whom he is to associate; so that the satisfaction of intercourse and friendship shall not be hindered by the petty annoyances of petty distinctions in modes and appearances. But beyond this there is no need to go. Can we say it is right to go? Yet how many are guilty of this wrong! They will not be content with competence; they must have abundance and luxury. They are dissatisfied with comfort; they must have splendor. They look for some place which will insure them opulent possessions. Their visions are of large estates, sumptuous living, and the artificial consideration and indolent indulgence which appertain to affluence. All this is wrong. All this makes no

part of the considerations by which one is to be influenced. It is false, — mischievous, — corrupting. He that allows himself to be governed by it puts himself in the way of becoming selfish, grasping, worldly; risks his simplicity, puts in jeopardy his moral principles and habits, and runs into 'many hurtful and deceitful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition.'

"In answering the question, 'What is to be considered a *living*?' men immediately separate a thousand different ways, according to their previous habits of life, the society in which they have lived, their notions of worldly prosperity, their love of self-gratification, their ambition, and the numberless other things which go to make a man's idea of happiness. If men would cease to take counsel of these, — if they could calmly look with the eye of sober reason on life and its purposes, on the earth and its means of gratification, — it would be less difficult to decide this matter, and there would be less clashing than there is between this first obligation to make a worldly provision, and the subsequent obligations of a higher nature.

"Here, then, it is of importance that one study the true view of things, and do not allow himself to be deceived by the false maxims and artificial associations of the world. 'A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.' The things essential to existence are extremely few, and easily procured: those essential to render that existence *happy* are very few more, provided one be self-governed and moderate; and a wise man will regard nothing beyond these, when he anticipates his calling in the world. He who accounts it necessary, or most desirable, to become rich, who connects his ideas of happiness and honor with large possessions and the artificial consideration which is attached to wealth, errs in his first purpose, goes astray in the very first step, and multiplies the hazards of disappointment and chagrin. Yet perhaps there is no error more common, — not the extravagant error of aiming at *great wealth*, as the object for which to live, — but the error of so setting one's desires on a *more than competence*; of so looking with contempt on the prospect of a merely comfortable existence, that the taste for simple and natural pleasure is lost, and the higher motives of virtue, usefulness, and truth lose their comparative estimation. Hence uneasy desires, restless discontent, dissatisfaction, repining and envy at the more successful; hence, in a word, *wretchedness*, in a condition where a well-ordered mind could be full of gratitude. In a commercial community, like that in which we live, which is rushing onward in a tide of prosperity that astonishes while we gaze, and infatuates the mind of those who are engaged in the commotion, — in such a community, especially, there is danger that the judgment be per-

verted, that the humbler but useful callings become distasteful, and multitudes of young men, to the peril of their innocence, at the risk of corruption and wretchedness, press into the crowded ranks of Mammon, and suffer themselves to forget there is any good but gold. It has been said by one who has long watched the commercial world in this country, that only one in seven of those who enter this walk succeed in it; that six in every seven fail, — a dreadful proportion of blanks, considering the quantity of blasted hopes and blighted integrity, of broken hearts and ruined characters, which it involves. And yet, into this desperate struggle how eagerly are our young men rushing! With six chances of ruin to one of success, how many are leaving the less crowded, the more certain, the more quiet avocations of professional life, for which their higher education had fitted them, — and in which competence, with cultivated minds and useful occupations, would be far happier in the long run, and far more honorable, than this ambition to grow rich in business, — whilst letters are forgotten, philosophy is deserted, the acquisitions of intellect are thrown away, and the mind, that might have illumined society by its genius, confines its noble powers to the pitiful drudgery of bartér, and the miserable cares of gain.

“Let one beware, then, of being misled by assigning too large a place in his thoughts to this preliminary consideration of a livelihood. Let it not be greatest as well as first. It should be least. It is a necessary, not a high, moral, noble consideration. As little regard as possible must be allowed to it, in order that more may be allowed to others of a higher and more generous character.” — Vol. III., pp. 255 – 258.

We have room for but one more extract, and that shall relate to a hindrance to the religious life, by no means peculiar to the scholar, technically so called, but lying in almost every one's path in these days of cheap literature, when the issues of a corrupt press come forth like locusts from the bottomless pit, and “unto them is given power as the scorpions of the earth have power.”

“Another difficulty in the way of the student's religious culture is to be found in the abundance of intellectual fare amid which he lives, and the consequent temptation to occupy much time in reading for entertainment, — the temptation to amuse his mind with light works, rather than to apply it severely to stern studies. The state of letters, and the profuse issue of the press, render this a serious trial, concerning which warning should be loudly uttered. More new books are published every year than make up the whole extant libraries of Greece and Rome. The larger part of these are works of imagination, mostly frivolous.

The scholar feels that it is necessary to keep up with the age, as it is called ; and the fresh covers which lie on every table beguile him to take here a little and there a little, till, by and by, his habits of steady application are injured, and he has little taste for any literature but that which amuses. Many a promising youth has been in this way irretrievably injured within academic walls. He comes up from his early home, where books perhaps were rare, and no time had been allowed for any beyond the prescribed list of standard authors suited to the first days of study ; he finds himself in the midst of an endless profusion of all that days past and days present can supply, without adviser or guide beyond his own desire to know what others know and read what others are delighted with. He seizes volume after volume, as they accidentally present themselves. Thus he is soon the victim of an irregular and insatiable taste, which devours without order or object ; and, at last, comes out to life unformed, unstrengthened, and unready for the severe work for which he should have fitted himself. This temptation it is a great duty to resist. Let the eyes of every one be opened to it, who intends that his years of education shall make him a man. Otherwise, no scholarship grows up within the halls of a university more than within those of a circulating library.

“ But the point to be aimed at here is, the injurious effect of such a habit upon the religious character. It is a serious impediment in the way of religious self-command and the indulgence of a devout turn of mind. The *general* remark holds true here, which asserts that any indulgence in known wrong is adverse to a religious spirit. He who gives way to this taste for frivolous reading is all the time *conscious* of doing wrong ; his conscience accuses him daily of frittering away time, misusing talents, wasting precious opportunities, and enfeebling his mental powers : yet he still yields to the pleasing temptation. What chance has a religious habit of mind with him ? He is unfitted, by this very enervating indulgence, for the enjoyment of any high religious exercise of mind ; — not only *unfitted*, — the false and feverish excitement in which he lives has *indisposed* him to it, and, unless the admonition of conscience excite in him the resolution to break away from the temptation, he becomes its inevitable victim, and purposely gives up his religious improvement, that he may find temporary peace. Serious books and serious thoughts are only a perpetual reproach to him ; and he flies from them, to absorb himself in the unreflecting luxury which he loves, sacrificing his moral strength to this poor and perilous gratification. There can be no doubt that, by this process, the Spirit has been quenched in many minds that once glowed with the honest desire of all right and heavenward improvement, just as in other walks of life the



unwary have been led astray by the gay company of the trifling and the alluring displays of fashionable pleasure. No duty can live in the midst of *dissipation*, whether of society or of the solitary chamber. Religion is a duty, and the self-indulgence which turns life into a scene of amusement, be it in the city or in the college hall, with dice or with books, is the deadly foe of that religion which is the chief duty of man. 'He that liveth in pleasure is dead while he liveth.' The present time is squandered without honor or reward, while nothing is done to prepare for, but every thing helps to unfit for, the inevitable and infinite future." — Vol. III., pp. 331–333.

The fourth volume contains the admirable "Discourses on the Character and Offices of Jesus Christ," well known to a large portion of our readers, several occasional sermons, and the "Formation of the Christian Character," with a Sequel relating to the continuance and progress of the Christian life, which was left unfinished, yet was thought to contain too much valuable matter to be suppressed. Many of the *lacunæ* in the manuscript have been filled by extracts from sermons bearing upon the topics treated, to which Dr. Ware had made reference in the margin.

In closing this imperfect notice, we wish that we could let all our readers know, as only those who have performed similar labors can understand, how much they are indebted to Rev. Chandler Robbins for his taste, skill, and care in the editing of these volumes. A full third part of their contents was in manuscript, not prepared for publication, and the selection that has been made was made after a diligent examination of more than five hundred sermons, besides many writings of a different class. The works of the most careful writer present but a slovenly aspect to the public eye, unless they have undergone a thorough revision with the press in view. How thorough this revision has been on Mr. Robbins's part, as to those sermons and articles now published for the first time, will appear from the entire absence of any thing that could mark them as posthumous, and a uniformity of finish with that which we observe in those portions of the volumes which were simply republished. Happy would it be, were such editors always at hand, when partial friends offer, or an admiring public claims, similar memorials of the distinguished dead.

A. P. P.

## ART. IX. — THOUGHTS ON PULPIT ELOQUENCE.\*

PULPIT eloquence is, essentially, the same as any other kind of eloquence. It aims at the same objects by the same means. Two distinctions, we know, have been made between the eloquence of the pulpit and that of the rostrum and the bar. These distinctions are entirely factitious. The first is, that in the pulpit the arts of oratory — voice, looks, and action — cannot be carried so far as in other places, where full indulgence may be given to them. Now the arts of oratory can be carried just as far in the pulpit as truth and nature will allow, that is, just as far as each speaker's skill and genius enable him to carry them. There can be no definite, set limits. And we venture to say, Whitefield and Massillon were as impassioned in the pulpit, as Cicero in the senate, or Garrick upon the stage.

The second distinction is, that the pulpit is confined to a narrow range of topics, from which it cannot depart without impropriety, while other departments of oratory are allowed almost universal liberty. This limited choice of subjects is no more true of the pulpit than of the senate, or the bar, or any other sphere of eloquence. In all these, the number of permissible topics will always be just in proportion to the speaker's amount of skill and fertility of genius. The pulpit orator who possesses these traits in the highest degree will be shut out from scarcely any subject; he will make nearly every one religious and appropriate to God's house. Much of the barren and ineffectual preaching, much of the listlessness and tedium complained of in churches, are to be ascribed to the narrow range and threadbare nature of the themes discussed. This need not and ought not to be so; and already many wise men reap a rich harvest for themselves and others, by not permitting it to be so in their pulpits. The most interesting and useful sermons, in the highest sense of those words, might be suggested by history, science, and art, — which are but other terms for God's providence, works, and laws, — linked as these all are with the external welfare and natural culture, the internal purity and elevation of man. It is impossible that any thing should be, and not sustain relations to the soul and its destiny. Every thing that is, therefore, exerts, or is capable of exerting, influences upon us, as intelligent, moral beings. How wide and how varied,

then, is the field of subjects appropriate to the Sabbath and the sanctuary !

The pulpit now offers a more favorable opportunity for exertions of true and lofty eloquence than any other place. For, first, the preacher here stands before his audience, in the name of God and truth, to plead for religion, to cry aloud for the most sacred duties, the most vital interests of men. He stands up, the representative servant of the Highest, the Wisest, the Best. This, if he be a faithful man, clothes him with a dignity and a power nothing else can give. Then, he addresses an assembly not exposed to turmoil and confusion, but silent and attentive. He speaks during the quiet of the Sabbath day, when the feverish pulse of business no longer throbs. He chooses his own topics, which may always be those, therefore, in which he feels the freshest interest. He conducts the whole discussion in what manner he pleases, and as far as he pleases, without blame, dispute, or reply. And finally, he treats of the most important and thrilling themes that can possibly occupy the attention of human minds, — the soul, its destiny and the means of its fulfilment, the universe, truth, eternity, and God. His audience, we are aware, are not in that state of previous fervor best fitted for the purposes of the sophist and the demagogue, but they are in that state of placid attention best calculated for the rational and just influence of true eloquence ; so that if he has not the external stimulant of some secular occasions for the most ardent action of his faculties, neither has he their temptations to rant and fustian, the mere ebullition of a shallow excitement. Moreover, if the preacher have not the attraction of novelty, in subject, thought, and illustration, in a degree at least equal to any other public speaker, and if, in consequence, he lose the immense assistance of curiosity, it is certainly not the fault of Christianity or the pulpit, but of his own short-coming. We maintain, therefore, upon the whole, that all the concomitants of time, place, occasion, audience, and subject are most happily adapted to his purposes, if he will but use them properly.

And yet, comparatively speaking, how little of eloquence is heard from the pulpit ! How few preachers, notwithstanding all these advantages, and their continual practice in writing and speaking, deserve to be called really eloquent men ! — we mean in comparison with what they ought to be, not with any reference to other professions. Why is this so ?

The intrinsic difficulty of the art, arising from its great complexity and nicety, and requiring, for the attainment of a high degree of excellence in its exercise, the most commanding endowments, the most delicate gifts, and the most varied acquirements, will partly, but not wholly, account for it. It cannot spring from the peculiarities of the age, the demands of the public, the common standard of taste, or any adverse influences external to the pulpit, for nothing else in the world is so universally loved and admired, so enthusiastically followed and applauded, as eloquence. The splendid orator is almost apotheosized. It cannot result from any insurmountable obstacles whatever, as is proved by the brilliant examples of success scattered here and there as exceptions to the lamentable generality. It must arise from one of four causes, all of which are to be sought in the clergy themselves.

They either have not talent enough for eloquence ; or they consider it comparatively unimportant and beneath the dignity of a divine religion ; or they are unwilling to pay the price of its attainment in patient study ; or, finally, they do not know in what it consists, and thus miss it while they seek it.

In regard to the first of these causes it may be said, that if a man has not talent enough to urge the objects of Christianity with the power of eloquence, he has no right to stand in the high place of the Christian ministry. Men are needed there who have talent, and can command respect, and exert a controlling influence upon the community. No good man, indeed, whose heart is devoted to Christ and God, and whose labors are acceptable to his people, should be excluded from the Lord's vineyard because his talents are not such as enable him to exhibit the highest forms of eloquence. Such a man will still preach with much success. He will have the eloquence of earnest sincerity, energy, faithful devotion to duty, fervent piety, and self-sacrificing labor in the cause of humanity. And these *are* eloquent. They plead with moving pathos and power. Every preacher can be eloquent, in this sense, if he will ; and he who is not has no business to be a minister. Let not this judgment be deemed severe. Any one, who could know how much injury is done to the cause of religion by the incompetency of its servants, would be amazed and grieved to the very heart. Any kind of weakness or unworthiness in an advocate is but too apt to reflect those qualities upon his cause in the estimation of



others. A large class of persons of talent and cultivation, but indifferent to religion, will not spend their Sabbaths in listening to men whose abilities and personal qualities give them no claim to attention, whose entreaties and warnings seem too much like inherited formulas mechanically repeated from memory, or the unmeaning technicalities of professional cant. One of the deadliest foes to pulpit eloquence is this professional, technical style, so very prevalent among preachers. Suppose every preacher in our country to-day to be an eloquent and truly good man ; with what glorious rapidity the power of the Gospel would extend, and its fruits appear ! Right speedily would the moral desert bloom like a rose, and the Mexican and the American lie down together in peace. Such ought to be the fact. The Christian ministry is not a profession to be reserved, as a forlorn hope, for those unable to succeed in any other. The labors of the pulpit orator are noble enough, and difficult enough, to call for the consecration of the very first order of talent.

In the second place, to say that ministers should not seek the aid of common and natural means to recommend the doctrines and precepts of religion, but should rely wholly upon the grandeur of the subject, the justice of the cause, and the assistance of God, is the part of fanatics, not of wise men. It is contrary to the analogy of all life and labor, and the teachings of all experience. As well might we rely upon the fertility of the earth, the hunger of man, and the goodness of Heaven, for a harvest, without sowing seed or cultivating the soil. If it be beneath the dignity of religion to ask the services of poetry, painting, and eloquence, it is unworthy of her high vocation to call for any human aid, and her cause should be left altogether in the hands of God. The little which is done proves that more ought to be done. The Father of lights works through instrumentalities, and sends down every good and perfect gift in answer to toil. The more noble and weighty a subject is, the more does it demand to be presented with a power and impressiveness commensurate with its importance. The more exalted and momentous the theme to be treated, the more extensive and profound should be the acquirements of scholarship, and the higher and more splendid the gifts of genius, brought to its treatment. A low and trivial subject may be put forth in a low and trivial way, perhaps, with some appearance of propriety. But immortality and virtue should be proclaimed

with an unction and an eloquence to be obtained by nothing but the deepest experience, the largest culture, and the severest discipline, based upon good talents, a pure character, and an unspotted life. The promulgation of Christianity merits the energy and the power of a god. There was a minister once who preached "Christ, and him crucified," so eloquently, that his auditors cried out, — "Behold, the gods have come down to us in the likeness of men." O that our pulpits held such orators as Paul!

If the third reason given for the dulness of preaching be a real one, and any minister is unwilling to pay the price of eloquence in labor, he is evidently unworthy of his station. For every purpose of Christianity requires that it have eloquent servants. The sins and sufferings of the world need this. The capacities of men for good and evil deserve it. All the interests of time and eternity to be pleaded claim it. The holy cause of truth itself demands it. And the opposing temptations and passions of earth and sense must have it. Men study eloquence long and well that they may get gold and acquire an earthly fame. And they get the gold and acquire the fame. And shall not the minister of the Gospel be willing to study it with equal assiduity, that he may conquer sin, diminish wrong, enlighten minds, save souls, purify society, do God's will, fulfil his own destiny, and win a crown which shall sparkle the more brilliantly in heaven, the more laboriously it was struggled for upon earth? By doing this, he will at the same time distinguish himself as a faithful and useful man. So that every motive, from the very highest to the very lowest, conspires to urge the preacher to qualify himself for wielding the weapons of eloquence. The pulpit affords the best opportunity for the gratification of that ambition which alone is pure and honorable before God and man; — a desire to do more good and be better than others; a sincere wish to have an excellent spirit, a spirit "finely touched" for "fine issues"; a noble aspiration to deserve to stand among the true heroes of the world, its best benefactors. The entire system of means for accomplishing this result centres in one focus to form eloquence. And by eloquence is meant no narrow and petty thing, but that grand aggregate of mind, heart and soul, character, talent and learning, which constitutes personal power.

The last cause we mentioned of the deficiency of pulpit eloquence is, that ministers sometimes fail of obtaining it in

consequence of misunderstanding its nature. No doubt, most preachers wish for eloquence, and strive for it with more or less earnestness. But how miserably they fail any one will be convinced, in nine cases out of ten, by listening to them a few minutes. One thinks eloquence consists in the thunder and lightning of speech ; and he splits his throat, and tears his lungs, ranting and raving like a madman. He mistakes noise for force, superficial excitement for central intensity. He labors, not to be, but to seem, eloquent. Another considers it to lie in fanciful finish, in easy calmness and repose ; and, not daring to esteem "a splendid failing more than a petty good," he writes and indolently reads off his pretty little essays, as glittering as icicles in the sun, and as cold too, and without a fault in them. Such performances may approach as near to eloquence, as a human form, beautifully executed in wax, approaches to the condition of a man, but no nearer. A third supposes it to be composed of good common sense, extensive information, and sound logic ; he looks upon enthusiasm with horror, thinks it fanatical to be "zealously affected," and every Sunday preaches a sensible sermon as dry as a husk, or reads a dull collection of sentences strung together in cold continuity. The objection to this style of preaching is, that all its eloquence is like heat in an iceberg, latent. A fourth is perfectly satisfied that it is neither more nor less than the fruit of a fervid imagination ; and having ransacked earth and heaven for imagery, his discourse is beautiful all over with rainbow hues, like its emblem, the bubble, and, like that, it is also hollow. He forgets that brilliant rhetoric without sterling thought is as useless as a house without an inhabitant, worthless as "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." Thus, one fails from one false notion, another from another. Some, also, fall below "the prize of its high calling" from indifference. They have heard of eloquence, they know there is such a thing, and that is all. It concerns not them, and therefore they care not for it. Of course they have none of it ; for it is not a free gift, it does not thrust itself upon men. Brute strength is not obtained without labor ; much less eloquence, the completest development and loftiest adornment of man.

He who wishes to possess the power of eloquence should first acquire a correct and adequate knowledge of what it is,

and then find out the means of cultivating it, and use them with faithful perseverance. To define and discuss its nature fully would require a volume. It would be comparatively useless too ; that is something which each one must do for himself in order to reap much benefit from it. The chief object of eloquence has been said to be pleasure. But the wit and humorist please us, yet no one would call them eloquent. The reason is, that eloquence pleases, not by the gratification of mirthfulness, but by its harmony with truth, its adaptedness to the constitution of our entire nature. Pleasure, however, is never an ultimate object of true eloquence. It is only a means by which eloquence effects its objects. These objects are three ; instruction, conviction, and persuasion. The attainment of all these objects is not, however, enough to constitute eloquence, for a person may instruct, convince, and persuade, by baldly presenting the truth, without being in the slightest degree eloquent. But whatever helps a man to effect these objects will also help him to be eloquent. Men may be eloquent, too, without achieving a single one of these objects. What *is* eloquence, then ? Its true and full definition is, power exerted by one upon others, — power in a speaker, or writer, to make others sympathize with him, to call up in them the same emotions that exist in himself, to make them feel, think, act, as he would have them. The essential thing in eloquence is the possession and exhibition of personal power, which is the crowning glory of the gifted worker, the truthful and truth-loving man.

From the definition now given, it will be perceived that the striking and noble characteristic of eloquence is its universality. It has no limits within which it is “cabined, cribbed, confined.” It is a perfect and universal whole. It is applicable to every subject. It can spring from the whole nature of the speaker, lay tribute upon the whole universe, and appeal to the whole nature of the hearer. This is the reason why eloquence, in its highest manifestations, is so incomparably the most thrilling and fascinating of all things. It touches more sympathetic chords, awakening more feelings of kindred power, than any thing else, and thus makes us, while under its influence, more vividly and completely conscious of our existence and personality than at any other time. The same fact also places in a strong point of view



the exceeding difficulty of eloquence, and thus explains to some extent its rarity and fitfulness. For where shall we find one with a nature perfectly developed? Where shall we find one with all truth at his command, ready to be used? Where shall we find an assembly capable of appreciating these? A man's power of eloquence is in proportion to the completeness and intensity of his nature, and the extent and readiness of his knowledge. In different persons it is as various as the members of the human race, being bounded in each by his nature and culture. He who would be eloquent, then, should, as a means, strive for perfection, by the completest development of every faculty, and the most energetic exercise of every power. Always, the men most eloquent are really the greatest men. At least, the greatest men have the greatest power of eloquence. As we call to mind those most renowned in the annals of eloquence, such names as Pericles, Plato, Demosthenes, Cicero, Bacon, Chatham, and Burke cluster together in the most splendid constellation that studs the dome of the temple of fame.

No form of weakness can be eloquent. Eloquence is power. It is, then, the presence of excellences, not an absence of faults. It is a positive, not a negative quality, and of course must be based upon reality. Pretension and sham are its most irreconcilable foes. Affectation, assume what form it may, is the artifice by which weakness attempts to conceal its deficiency. It is the swollen strut of a pigmy imitating a giant, the hollow bluster of a coward striving to pass for a brave man. It is weak, negative, false, and for that reason wholly incompatible with eloquence, which is founded upon positive truth, candor, and strength. To be eloquent, it is necessary to be natural, frank, and honest; to have that without, a fair exponent of that within. Humanity is for ever loyal to heroism, glad to pay homage to personal power, proud to bow before a real king. Eloquence imperatively demands that its aspirant be bold, resolute, intrepid, — that there be nothing little or mean in him, or about him, — that he eschew and despise all plots and tricks, as beneath him, — that he sink cunning in wisdom, for the higher comprehends the lower. The great orator, in his triumphant moods, compels even his enemies to kneel and confess his nobility. But the slightest trace of cowardice breaks the spell. It is the ass's ear peeping through the lion's skin, fatal at once. The well-known eloquence of the rude men

of primitive times was the result of freedom from affectation and artifice, and of truth to nature in expressing their real emotions. To deceive nature is most difficult, and affectation is very sure to be detected. Before the awful presence of reality it shrivels, and dwindles away, and is not.

The manliness and dignity which come from a proper self-respect and self-possession add vastly to an orator's power. But there is hardly any thing else that detracts so much from his effectiveness, that so strongly argues littleness, and that so deeply displeases and prejudices an audience, as any manifestation of self-consciousness or egotism. For great personal power, a certain undisturbed self-command seems indispensable. But selfish vanity is both contemptible and hateful. To the pulpit orator there are four things standing in direct relation: his God, his subject, his hearers, and himself. He should remember the first three, and forget the last. Let him lose himself entirely in the truths he utters, the souls he addresses, the God he serves. In this way only will he reach the grand strains of oratory, and achieve the lofty triumphs of eloquence. Above all things, let him not dare to be proud, to feel that he is sufficient unto himself. O, it is pitiful to see a proud man! "There is none of the virtues doth sit so royally on a man as humility." All his life and strength are from One mightier than he. If "there is a spirit in" him, it is "the inspiration of the Almighty" that "giveth him understanding." It must be wisdom, then, in him, humbly to confess his own weakness and give the glory to God from whom "cometh his help," lest, "when the people give a shout, the Lord smite him, and he give up the ghost." Man becomes great by becoming the medium of greatness, the channel of truth, the instrument of God. His noblest privilege is, to be permitted to behold more of the light of heaven and reflect it to others. And to do this with sincere love is the chief source of personal power and the very foundation of eloquence. The greatest man is generally the most humble, the most conscious that his power is not his own, but derived. He is more sensible of dependence, because he sees more clearly the sources of his strength. And this clearer vision is one reason of his superiority. The original personal greatness of the greatest man is a very little thing, a very trivial affair. But there is an infinite greatness. Forms of truth and might, the presence and action of God, are infinite. And the wise man is

therefore wise, the strong man is therefore strong, because, by fulfilling the required conditions, he has increased his personal resources through the various assistance of the laws of the universe, the endless help of God. He does this by bringing himself, through thought, labor, and prayer, into harmony with the everlasting principles of wisdom and love, — harmony with the profoundest elements of the nature of man, — harmony with the character and active purposes of God. "This," to quote the admirable language of Cudworth, "giveth him a kind of omnipotency, since it in a sort bindeth the universe to support him, and engageth the Almighty to be his upholder." It is the conscious presence of truth sincerely loved, truth more powerful far than king, or woman, or wine, which makes the great orator mightier than himself, and enables him to speak better than he knows. It is this that flashes in his eyes, trembles in his tones, illuminates his features, and dilates his whole frame. John Milton, than whom no man had a better right to speak, said, — "True eloquence I find to be none other than the sincere and hearty love of truth." The blood of heroes who have perished in obedience to this sentiment has hallowed the ground by a thousand shrines of martyrdom. Now the speaker whose soul is continually in this state is thereby placed in a sympathetic communication with the spirits of the great and good of all ages, and with the progress of the race in liberty, justice, virtue, truth, and love, which strengthens and inspires him with a power not his own,

"To strike the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound."

Then the possession and the enthusiasm of those great principles which alone make man great pervade his whole being, and enable him, in the noble language of Talfourd,

"to shed  
On ears abused by falsehood truths of power  
In words immortal, — not such words as flash  
From the fierce demagogue's unthinking rage,  
To madden for a moment and expire, —  
Nor such as the rapt orator imbues  
With warmth of facile sympathy, and moulds  
To mirrors radiant with fair images,  
To grace the noble fervor of an hour ; —  
But words which bear the spirits of great deeds

Winged for the future ; which the dying breath  
Of Freedom's martyr shapes as it exhales,  
And to the most enduring forms of earth  
Commits, — to linger in the craggy shade  
Of the huge valley, 'neath the eagle's home,  
Till some heroic leader bid them wake  
To thrill the world with echoes ! ”

Experience is the great creator of power in the soul. Profound personal experience is the one great teacher of man, which scans the future with prophetic eye, and prepares for its emergencies from the past and the present, with growing power. It is by experience we build up the being we are. We do not know the meaning and use of any thing, nothing is really ours, until we have verified it, reproduced it, in our own experience, wrought it into the course of our thought, the custom of our feeling, the action of our life. The most momentous events will not awaken an emotion, the most thrilling thoughts will fall coldly upon us, unless we have something within us to recognize their grandeur and beauty. This something is mostly the gift of experience, using that word in its widest sense. There is a truth of vast moment in the remark which has been made, that “we see in an object what we bring the means of seeing.” Experience ought to be so active and conscious a process, as to make us every day more capable of receiving valuable suggestions from every thing around us, more able and apt to appreciate and appropriate whatever of importance is contained in all we meet. Who, that intimately knows the history of any great man, does not know how his greatness grew up with his experience, little by little ? None, but those who with an unfaltering faith in God have sounded the depths of suffering, comprehend the full meaning of the trite remark, that affliction is rich in experience. Adversity removes many delusions, and reveals many truths, which without it we should never understand. In the hour of woe we turn from the world to God. We turn our eyes from the shifting scenery of earth to the imperishable realities of heaven. We exchange, in that hour, the things of time and sense for the things of the soul and eternity. Then we penetrate deeper mysteries and ascend loftier heights than ever in the day of mirth or superficial content. Then we find a meaning in words we had before read with distrust.



"I know — is all the mourner saith —  
Knowledge by suffering entereth,  
And life is perfected by death."

We can then realize that he who soweth in tears shall reap in joy ; that, if we are faithful, the seeds of sorrow which sink into our hearts shall spring up unto a harvest of power. Experience is the prime fountain of eloquence. Nothing else can enable a man to use the materials of eloquence intelligently and consciously, with an earnest, vivid power. The following words, spoken of poetry, are equally applicable to oratory : —

"Experience and imagination are  
Mother and sire of song, — the harp and hand.  
The bard's aim is to give us thoughts ; his art  
Lieth in giving them as bright as may be.  
And even when their looks are earthy, still,  
If opened, like geodes, they may be found  
Full of all brilliant sparkling loveliness."

No one can be an eloquent speaker who has not an eloquent experience within him. The chief condition of becoming an eloquent Christian minister is to have an eloquent Christianity in the heart.

A brief notice of the principal elements of eloquence, considered in the triple aspect of the man, the matter, and the manner, shall close the present article.

Among those considerations which the student of eloquence should ever bear in mind, his own character is pre-eminently of first importance. Character is that mysterious omnipresence in a man which constitutes his personality, and distinguishes him as an individual. Including his constitution, talent, tact, and something more, it expresses in a single word the aggregate of all he is. The character of a person at any given time is the sum of results produced by the powers and tendencies of his whole nature, and the entire experience of his life up to that time. Rejecting all mere seeming, it comprehends the whole reality of his consciousness. One's character determines his preferences and aversions, and, accordingly, to a great extent decides the nature and value of his productions. Affinities and repulsions are as influential in the phenomena of the spiritual world, as they are in those of the chemical world. Contraries hate each other, while like loves like, and seeks it. The same gener-

al law, which makes all things appear yellow to the jaundiced eye, renders a man's power of appreciation dependent upon his character; and this dependence is rendered still more important by the mutual relations between all subjects of thought, and the logical connection of all truths. His power of origination, also, is shown to be closely dependent upon his character, by that intimate inter-dependence of all the faculties of his nature, which is proved by a correct psychology. And if what a man *can* do depends very much upon his character, what he *will* do depends almost entirely upon it. That a great orator must be a good man is a remark older than Greece and Rome. There are two reasons for it. It increases his power in itself considered, and also enlarges the confidence reposed in him by his audience. Neither of these advantages can be easily overestimated; because, in the first place, the foundation of all personal power, all real greatness, is merit, real merit, of some kind, — and every form of merit is included in a self-forgetful, single-hearted, and all-pervading supreme love of truth; and secondly, because the reputed character of a speaker will essentially affect the interpretation put upon his sentiments and the weight attached to his words by others. The same speech, which is powerful as a two-edged sword when spoken by a man whose character is revered and loved, will prove wholly abortive when uttered by a man whose character is pitied and despised. It was said not long ago by one who himself exemplifies the remark, that the highest eloquence is always projected from a background of indefinite personal greatness or reserved power. Behind the speech there is a speaker greater than all words. The power put forth suggests a power kept back, which the imagination renders fearful. The eloquence of a minister's life and character, therefore, should give emphasis to that of his lips, and plead for him when he is dumb. When, at the close of the Revolution, Washington resigned his sword in the Senate, amid the tears of a represented nation, the patriotism, the fortitude, the awful integrity he had manifested, were more eloquent than the words he spoke. In order that the structure of eloquence be permanent and imposing, it must rise from the solid foundations of a massive and kingly character; it must be reared upon Christian truth by Christian love.

Nothing is more obvious than the importance of great and

various mental abilities to the orator. No man stands in so great need of universal talent as he. After moral greatness the highest quality of speech is intense intellectual power, and this, more than all else, is absolutely indispensable to distinguished oratorical success. Patrick Henry might triumph in the halls of eloquence without learning (though he was thoroughly informed in relation to the subjects upon which he spoke); but without this master-power he could never have triumphed. For marked, continuous influence over an audience, a speaker must be able either to advance new trains of thought, or to present old ones in new forms, and clustering with new associations and suggestions. To do either of these with striking effect, he must have talents securing to him at the same time correctness, versatility, brilliancy, and profoundness. He must have, as the first orators have had, superior powers of origination, combination, analysis, appropriation, expression, and illustration, that he may dissect the subtlest passions, unravel the most entangled meshes of sophistry, worthily portray the qualities of virtue and vice, and hold up the polished mirror of truth and nature before his fellow-men. Every possible gift, whether in apprehension, creation, or utterance, is of great use in the service of eloquence. Each little talent, each little growth, helps to make up that rare array of diverse yet accordant powers which once in a while meet to form one of those minds,

“ which shed great thoughts

As easily as an oak looseneth its golden leaves

In a kindly largess to the soil it grew on.”

Such a mind is necessary for real eminence in oratory, — a mind with a curiosity sharp enough to question, an intellect strong enough to understand, an imagination active enough to vivify, and a memory tenacious enough to retain, all things. Eloquence is something which “cannot be brought from far.” “It must exist in the man.” Unless, therefore, the fire burn while he muses, unless he can originate it by his own force, he cannot be a true orator. A great and harmonious mind, like Shakspeare’s, for instance, is eloquent at will, and without any laborious effort. Its own action is naturally eloquent, in consequence of its power and harmony.

In the analysis of eloquence made by most persons, far too little importance is allowed to those qualities which de-

pend most intimately upon the temperament of the speaker. We rarely attach due weight to the offices and influences of feeling. Frenchmen are said to be almost always eloquent ; Dutchmen, hardly ever. A dull, heavy, sluggish movement of body and mind is the concomitant of a cold, phlegmatic temperament. Such a constitution, while it remains such, is utterly incompatible with that lofty and glowing enthusiasm indispensable to the great orator. Other things being equal, the degree of a man's eloquence will depend entirely upon his power of sympathy with things, persons, thoughts, and feelings, that is, upon the intensity of his sensations and perceptions, and the vividness of his ideas. When some men speak, all things seem to live and move, and you start with surprise and admiration. When others speak, all is tame, gloomy, and dead. The former have the earnest passion of an infusing soul, which the latter want. There is as striking a difference between the finest artistic arrangement of thoughts and fancies, when coldly produced by the intellect, and when animated with the Promethean fire of a genuine enthusiasm, as there is between a barren clod of earth, and that same clod when "the Lord God" has "breathed into it the breath of life" and it has become "a living soul." Whatever tends to increase the power of sympathy, by refining the sensibilities, or purifying and strengthening the passions, goes directly to increase the power of eloquence. There is sound philosophy in the idea, that strong emotions are a kind of inspiration, and enable one to make himself like an electric rod, a lure for lightning feelings. The student of eloquence, then, must make the cultivation of his affections a leading object of pursuit. He must cherish those sentiments and feelings which thrill to the heart whenever uttered, and make the blood leap in its pulses. To this end, let him live an inner life of growing intimacy and love with those things

" Which always find us young,  
And always keep us so."

Let him be a lover of nature, for it is looking with love upon "the things that are seen," which renders them symbolical of "the things that are not seen," and leads man "through nature up to nature's God." A deep, heartfelt communion with the works of God spiritualizes a man, and, in the mysterious sympathies it awakens, opens some of the



most important sources of eloquence. The experience of Wordsworth has been that of others : —

“ For I have learned  
To look on nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth ; but hearing oftentimes  
The still, sad music of humanity.  
. . . . . And I have felt  
A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean, and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.”

But above all, he who would be eloquent must have faith in God and man. He must have, springing from this faith, an earnest, self-sacrificing love for every law of God and every interest of man, as such. This alone will give him that absorbing conviction of the greatness of the cause in whose behalf his voice is to be lifted up, which will sweep away all lower considerations. And this is by far the most important requisite of eloquence. Power is the gift of faith. All those feelings which make men mighty naturally flow from faith. Extraordinary emergencies, giving rise to an intense faith in the justice or injustice of certain measures, have often kindled the coldest temperament to efforts of irresistible eloquence. Now the Christian minister should be so thoroughly penetrated and possessed by an unshaken faith in the good providence of God and the high destiny of man, and by a fervent love of doing good, that he can never stand in need of outward excitements even to set on fire every energy of his soul. The truth of Christianity should not lie in his mind as a dead formula, but live in his heart as a conscious, commanding presence. Then he will possess that formidable power which great reformers have had, when they

“ Scattered the living coals of truth  
Upon a nation’s naked heart.”

Then he can grasp the power of those aspirations that lie

“ Close by the brink of immortality.”

Then he becomes sufficient for those great occasions on which the rights and interests of the race are put in peril. Haughty prelates and kings tremble then before a lone, hum-

ble man, who "can do all things through Christ strengthening him," — who cannot be turned back nor intimidated, because he is the servant of the Lord God Omnipotent. Let us have a love of God, and man, and truth, as real as our love of pleasure, and there shall no more complaint be heard about the rarity of pulpit eloquence! For the spiritual wants of our fellow-beings will be an incitement to ceaseless exertion, and the power of that infinite Being "on whose life-tide the stars are strewn like bubbles" will awe us from sin and folly, while his love wins us to wisdom and holiness, and his felt presence supports and inspires us.

Knowledge is one of the chief elements of all sterling and enduring eloquence, — that eloquence whose vitality does not depend on fascination of delivery. Facts and truths are the material of thoughts, and thoughts are the body of eloquence, without which it is a mere spirit and cannot be revealed by one to another. No principle ever mastered, no knowledge ever acquired, can be lost to the public speaker. If it be not turned to direct use, it will be of indirect assistance. For every new idea enhances the value of every old one by new relations and suggestions; and important truths, sinking into the mind, render it fertile with great thoughts. Everywhere and for ever men are like the Athenians who desired "always to hear or to tell some new thing." The more an orator knows, therefore, the greater will be his means of fastening the attention, gratifying the curiosity, and influencing the opinions of his auditors. The eloquence of such men as Cicero, Bacon, and Burke owed perhaps as much to their learning as to their genius; or rather, their learning entered into, and became an important part of, their genius. We may be assured, that without much learning, and much thought, there never was much true eloquence. He who aspires to its prizes must at every moment, and in all ways, be a learner. He will not be guilty of the folly of completing his education in seven years. He will strive to comprehend the laws of the universe, from those that regulate the tidal movements of that vast sea of stars which rolls through immensity its waves of worlds, to those that explain the microscopic beauties of the violet's cup. He will trace the lessons of history, from "the dim traditions of time's first golden moments," to the clear light of modern ages. He will try to master those philosophical systems which are the efforts of the giant minds of the race to solve

the problems of being. In a word, he will labor with indefatigable industry to familiarize himself with the more important facts in all branches of learning, from the infinite domain of theology to the minute mysteries of the animalcular world. Truth furnishes the basis and substance of eloquence, which to be complete only waits to be impregnated with ethereal fire and decked with associated beauty. The more knowledge an orator has at hand to work with, then, the greater are his materials, and the better is his chance of success.

A speaker may possess all the other qualifications for eloquence, and wholly neutralize their effect by the lack of perspicuity of thought and statement. He may have the inspiration of Homer, the learning of Plato, the action of Roscius, and the logic of Aquinas, yet, if his hearers cannot understand what he means, he will be little better to them than a natural fool. Unintelligibility is as strong a presumptive proof of muddiness as it is of depth, and casts much severer reproach upon the speaker than upon the audience; for it is his business to make himself understood. Obscurity is almost the worst fault of style; perspicuity, one of the most useful, pleasing, and beautiful merits. There are two qualities of style of such surpassing excellence as to excuse a multitude of minor defects. We mean an evident, hearty earnestness, pervading every line, and a crystal clearness, as noticeable as that of a transparent lake. These qualities imply truth to nature, and lead to all the desirable traits which characterize the best style. They confer upon a style an irresistible energy and an inexhaustible affluence. They give it an endless variety, by causing it to adapt itself to the peculiarities of subject, thought, and occasion. That habit, which some have, of expressing all things in one dull, unvarying style, as if all things were just alike, is a fatal foe to eloquence, because it is a gross violation of nature. It is most true that "great thoughts, like great deeds, need no trumpet," but it is full as true that the glory of form ought to correspond with the grandeur of soul,—that nature commands a different utterance for great thoughts, and a different reception for great deeds, from those given to petty thoughts and mean deeds. "Truths of power" deserve to be uttered "in words immortal." The very words used by a great orator in his grander moods haunt us for ever after. Language seems to be his living and conscious slave. Mil-

ton's statement is its own proof, — that “ whose mind soever is fully possessed with a fervent desire to know good things, and with the dearest charity to infuse the knowledge of them into others ; when such a man would speak, his words (by what I can express), like so many nimble and airy servitors, trip about him at command, and in well ordered files, as he would wish, fall aptly into their places.” There is but one way in which a man can make himself master of a style capable of doing justice to all his abilities, and that is, by unceasing labor consciously directed to that object.

But of all the instrumentalities of eloquence, perhaps none has met with such general, deep, unmerited, and unfortunate neglect among us as the cultivation of the voice. An eminent elocutionist states, that in our country not one public speaker in a hundred has a passably good voice, and as small a proportion pay any attention whatever to its culture. No wonder, then, that but few men speak eloquently. Why ! if a class of men should be as unwise in their business as this, they would at once be called arrant fools, so far forth. Who has not heard tones drawn from a musical instrument, that have vibrated with a wild power through his whole frame, and others that have filled his heart with sadness and his eyes with tears ? But there is no instrument which for power over the soul can be compared with the human voice. Now we should deem that musician mad, who did not, before attempting to enchant people by his performances, make himself master, not only of his science, but also of the hidden powers of his instrument, by the intelligent and persevering study and practice of years. And yet we act as if we expected that the most marvellous voice of man, an organ which “ can discourse most eloquent music,” an instrument of more wonderful and various powers than any other, the only one with a spirit of immortality in it, might be played upon to perfection without any arduous practice, might be mastered far “ more easily than a pipe.” Not so have thought the greatest orators the world has ever seen. Knowing that power must be earned before it can be had, that price and value are equal, they have labored with unwearied efforts to develop and perfect the voice. We all know the example of Demosthenes, — how he spoke with pebbles in his mouth, to improve his articulation, — how he wandered on the sea-shore and mingled his voice with the roar of waves, to strengthen his lungs. And Cicero tells us, that for more than twenty



years he allowed scarcely a day to pass without studiously engaging in elocutionary exercises. And these were the orators whose power over men was almost without a limit ; who could sway every passion of their hearers at will, now kindling their enthusiasm to a blaze, now melting them into tears and sobs, and now freezing their very blood with horror. Do we expect to wear their laurels, without performing their labors ? Do we expect to possess and wield the grandest power our natures are capable of, without winning it by the most patient study and toil we can undergo ? Let us learn better from our own failures, and from the brilliant success and usefulness of those men whose voices

“ Have shed celestial music on the breeze,  
As clearly as the pipe whose virgin gold  
Befits the lip of Phœbus.”

It is wonderful how much of the effect of oratory depends upon the quantity and quality of the voice, — how frequently a bad voice entirely destroys the eloquent effect of a splendid passage, and how often an address, which passes for a magnificent performance when delivered, proves to be a trivial and trashy affair when published. The tones of a fine voice are eloquent in themselves, apart from what is spoken, and add to a speaker's power, not only by their immediate effect upon his hearers, but also by kindling his own emotions and enabling him to feel thoroughly what he says. There is a strong natural tendency to adapt the style of composition to the quality of voice, and this is an important secret of effective speaking. The action of a cultivated, sonorous voice is also conducive to health, and exerts an exhilarating influence upon the mind. But a bad voice, being generally ill-managed, interferes with the healthy action of the organs of speech, irritates the delicate texture of the vocal apparatus, and induces painful and dangerous disease. Its weak, shrill, cracked tones, also, are enough to neutralize a host of good qualities in a speech. The profound logician, the brilliant rhetorician, ought also, and all the more for those very reasons, to be a good elocutionist. Is it not too bad, that by neglecting the culture of the voice, by not acquiring that volume, compass, majesty, sweetness, brilliancy, and flexibility which patient and judicious practice alone can give, so many men of fine genius and erudition permit themselves to be thrown into the shade by persons who have “ vox, et

præterea nihil"? It is as important that momentous thoughts and noble sentiments be expressed by the tones of voice as by the arrangement of words. "Thoughts that breathe and words that burn" deserve to be uttered in tones that will strike to the very depths of our being. There is no excuse for the neglect of elocution. Every inducement urges the public speaker to attend to it. The cause of truth and humanity demands it. It is the Christian minister's duty in the sight of God and man to fit himself for the utmost usefulness of which he is capable. But a defective voice, a poor elocution, greatly lessens his power in the pulpit, and it is, therefore, not merely his interest, but his solemn duty, to remedy it. Such an elocution cannot do any thing like justice to his real merits and abilities. It cannot let the words fall from the tongue with a natural and graceful ease, like new coins, neatly finished, from the mint. Above all, it cannot vary in harmony with the varying nature of the sentiment and the varying importance of the thought. It either rushes on in a little stream of conversational small talk, or drowns the ear in a tedious monotony of ponderous declamation, in both instances equally violating the most imperative requirements of genuine eloquence. Strict truth to nature requires as great a variety in the delivery of a speech, as there is in its thought and feeling, and this cannot be effected without a finished elocution. It is very evident that one of the chief conditions of a noble oratory must remain unfulfilled, until eloquent thoughts, eloquently clothed, are also eloquently uttered.

He who has studied the history of eloquence in the lives of its most successful examples, or has carefully analyzed the sources of any popular orator's power, will certainly not deem some attention to personal deportment and the graces of action beneath his notice. Demosthenes said, that "action" was the first, second, and third requisite for an orator. And a Roman historian declared of Hortensius, that his action was so fascinating, that many did not know whether they went to the forum to see him or to hear him. There are tricks of action resorted to for petty effect, which no one should stoop to imitate. But a pleasing, dignified bearing, a graceful, impassioned action, add in no small degree to a speaker's power, and therefore are worthy of his attention. To excel in this department of eloquence, he must detest all affectation. He must throw fear, constraint, and stiffness to

the winds. He must cultivate a thorough sincerity and naturalness, yet with an eye to grace and energy. With a reference to his own improvement, let him investigate the forms and motions of nature, study the standard specimens of art in painting and sculpture, and observe the best living models around him.

The reason why there are so few examples of eminent success among the votaries of eloquence is, the completeness of powers, the universality of endowment, necessary for it. Some men are fine rhetoricians, but never eloquent, on account of meagreness of thought, the absence of a solid substratum of truths. Others are profound logicians, but never eloquent, on account of coldness, obscurity, tedious detail, or repulsive formality. There is an ultimate union, of dependence and sympathy, between all the faculties of man's nature. This connection is singularly intimate and influential. It renders man a unit, and makes it necessary for him to be addressed as a whole, before eloquence can do its perfect work. The facts of consciousness prove that the imagination loves to be treated reasonably, and that reason delights in the company of the graces, taste, fancy, and imagination. Reason, ruling by divine right as king over the other faculties, is jealous if they attempt any action without its own presence and sympathy. Yet it is a kind and social monarch, unwilling to engage in any enterprise without the companionship and coöperation of the subjects which it rules, yet loves. This implies something of the arduousness of the task undertaken by the student of eloquence. But if the attainment be difficult, it is also glorious. Surely no self-consecration and denial, no study and toil of years, should seem too severe to him who, by perfecting his nature, would increase his eloquence, and render himself not wholly unworthy to stand among those noble men who have been the faithful servants of God in the Church. For eighteen centuries the world has been taught by men inspired with the spirit of Christ and the truth of his religion, whose thrilling tones have made the wicked tremble and the righteous rejoice. God has at no time left himself without witnesses whose pure and lofty eloquence has wrought mightily for the salvation of souls and the progress of humanity. Christianity has never wanted her champions endued with the invincible might of an eloquence from heaven, and God forbid she ever should! Armed with the faith and love of the cross, their lips touched with a

burning coal, they have gone forth "conquering and to conquer." From that awful night in which the rude barbarians, sent to seize the meek and lowly Jesus, exclaimed, "Never man spake like this man," — from the memorable time when Paul stood in the midst of Mars Hill, and before trembling Felix, — through the dark age when the honest words of Luther made the Roman hierarchy shake like a coward, and gave an undying impulse to the dissemination of the knowledge and enjoyment of the most sacred rights of man, — down to the present hour, — by the eloquence of its Apostles, the lives of its heroes, and the blood of its martyrs, — the kingdom of heaven has been extending its realms and gathering in its subjects. During its progress, how many eloquent lips have been sealed, how many tongues of fire are silent and cold now! But their words have left echoes to linger in the air and haunt the holy shrines of history for ever. And blessed be God for the living voices in his Church, whose earnest appeals even now are falling upon our ears, in behalf of that Christianity whose complete triumph is destined "in the good time coming" to sweep away the contaminations of sin and regenerate the whole earth.

A word more only, in conclusion. Eloquence is the thrill of power and delight with which nature recognizes truth. Its highest forms require a complete harmony with truth, and the perfection of the orator rests on the perfection of the man. His thoughts must be truth to the mind, his voice music to the ear, and his action grace to the eye. For the attainment of such results he must love the Lord his God with his whole heart, mind, soul, and strength, and his neighbour as himself. He must take delight in all forms of goodness, beauty, and truth. He must feel in his single breast the heroism of a thousand men. He must have nerves firm as iron, sensibilities delicate as the sensitive leaf, a will unbending as adamant, a heart so sympathizing that he cannot help weeping with those that weep and rejoicing with those that rejoice, a rigid correctness of logic, a striking fertility of illustration, a diction fluent like a stream, clear like crystal, and varied like sunset, a memory loaded with the golden fruits of a ripe scholarship and a liberal culture, and a character pure, generous, commanding, aspiring evermore to God. Imagine one who realizes all this, and in the person of the perfect man stands before you the embodiment of the Christian orator.

W. R. A.



## NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

*Discourses on the Lord's Prayer.* By REV. JASON WHITMAN, Pastor of the First Congregational Church in Lexington, Mass. Portland: S. H. Colesworthy. 1847. 18mo. pp. 239.

THIS is an excellent little volume, containing eleven discourses, — seven on the different clauses and petitions of the Lord's Prayer, one on "The Devotional Habits of the Saviour," one on "Prayer, a Duty and a Privilege," one on "Helps and Hindrances to Prayer," and one on "Family Prayer." A different arrangement would have added, we think, to the interest and impression of the volume. The general topics, "Prayer, a Duty and a Privilege," etc., should have been discussed first; then "The Devotional Habits of the Saviour" might have been presented, and thus the mind have been led along, and prepared for that which is evidently intended to be the main purpose of the volume, and to leave the strongest impression on the mind, namely, the Discourses on the Lord's Prayer, which Mr. Whitman justly observes in the first sermon "is not to be regarded as a prescribed form to be used by all men on all occasions, to the exclusion of all other prayers," but "is to be considered rather as containing the elements of an appropriate and acceptable prayer, — and is important, not merely that we may imprint its words upon our memories, but that we may impress its tone of feeling, and its general spirit, upon our hearts." We know not that we are correct in this criticism. We can only say, that in reading the volume through in course, the arrangement of the topics was not in harmony with our feelings. When we had finished the Discourses on the Lord's Prayer, we were disposed to lay the book down and commune with God in spirit, and meditate upon the beauty and majesty of that character whose example and whose words had been so clearly and so forcibly presented to us. We were not prepared, we were not disposed, to be led on to any general discussions. We wished these had been presented first. Others, however, may not experience this defect (if it be a defect) in the arrangement; and all will admit that the volume forms a valuable addition to our works on practical religion.

Mr. Whitman writes with an earnest purpose, in a direct, clear, forcible style, addressing himself to the conscience and the understanding, to convince and persuade, rather than to the heart, to awaken momentary emotion and feeling. In reading these Discourses, we were reminded, by contrast, of a criticism we once heard made upon a sermon, — that the writer in preparing

it "paid more attention to the words than to the thoughts." This surely cannot be said of Mr. Whitman. His chief attention is evidently occupied with what he has to say, rather than how he shall say it. While his style has no great rhetorical polish or finish, it is commonly accurate, always clear and forcible, and his writings always interest and instruct, because we find in them just and strong thought, flowing naturally and easily from a clear mind and an earnest heart. These are eminently the characteristics of the volume before us, which we trust will be extensively read. As a clear and satisfactory exposition of the spirit and meaning of the Lord's Prayer, it is valuable, and no one can read the whole volume without having a deep devotional feeling awakened, or without finding himself largely instructed as to the method by which this feeling is to be cultivated, and the manner in which it should express itself. \* L.

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*The Christian Liturgy, and Book of Common Prayer; containing the Administration of the Sacraments, and other Rites and Ceremonies of the Apostolic Catholic, or Universal Church of Christ. With Collects and Prayers, and Extracts from the Psalter or Psalms of David. Also a Collection of Psalms and Hymns for Public Worship.* Boston: William D. Ticknor & Co. 1845. 18mo. pp. 458.

WE have no idea who the author or compiler of this volume may be, nor do we know whether it is used by any body of Christians among us. Though its title-page bears the date of 1845, we believe it has but recently been offered to the public. It has evidently been prepared with great care, and by one who feels that in a true worship of God the main thing is a thoroughly devout spirit. The religious feeling which pervades it, and its freedom from — what is too common both in liturgical and extemporaneous prayers — an attempt to make the devotions of the church a means of indoctrinating the worshippers in a sectarian creed, would be sufficient to commend it to attention.

But we are led to notice it particularly, because of the purpose which it has in view. Its object is to provide a liturgy which shall comprehend those doctrines, and those only, which are essential to guide the mind in a right worship of God. It is obvious that men who differ as to the origin of sin, or as to the precise nature of the atonement, may nevertheless equally love God, may be alike grateful to him for his mercy, and desire his approval, and seek his will, and adore his infinite perfections. They may differ on many theological questions, and yet may have the same sentiments of devout trust and reverential grati-

tude, and may equally feel the need of the Divine help. If they may thus agree in what is essential to devotion, why may they not unite in religious worship? If they will abstain from obtruding into the act of worship those theological speculations which have no necessary connection with it, why may they not bow together before that God whom they all adore? The volume before us is founded on this idea. Its professed purpose is, not to teach a creed, but to give expression to those feelings which should be in man's heart when he looks up to God. It would leave the theological questions on which sects divide to be settled by each individual in his own way, while it would draw all Christian people together in the sentiment and offices of devotion. It may be doubted whether it is possible for a plan like this to be fully carried into effect. But it is so desirable that Christians should feel that the holiest union is that which is based on similarity of moral and religious sentiment and purpose, rather than on a metaphysical creed,—the unity of a devout spirit amidst diversities of speculative opinions,—that any effort to promote such a state of things must be held in honor.

The basis of this volume is the Book of Common Prayer used by the Episcopal Church in this country. It contains, with slight alterations, its forms of prayer and its order of service. But something is added to the devotional part, and more subtracted from the doctrinal part. In the forms, there would seem to be a leaning towards the Catholic Church. We find not only the sign of the cross made on the child's forehead in baptism, but the altar may have on it a crucifix, and at communion-time lighted candles, as emblems and memorials of the most important events in Christian history, while among "spiritual works of mercy" are reckoned prayers for the dead as well as the living. From its articles of faith every thing like Calvinism is carefully and thoroughly weeded out. The liberal tone of the author's mind is seen in the aid which he has derived from a little work of Dr. Channing, in framing a catechism for children. Yet he is no Unitarian. He is not only a Trinitarian, but he has presented the doctrine of the Trinity in a new form. He supposes that there is one only true and Almighty God, the great Spirit of the universe. "From this Godhead there are three beings in union,—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost." These three beings, mysteriously united, are apparently emanations from the Supreme and Almighty God of the universe, through and in whom he manifests himself, and by whom he created, and saves, and blesses the world. Each of them sustains such relations to man as to be a proper object of religious worship. And thus we have prayers and acts of adoration addressed, separately, to Almighty God, to our Father in heaven, to our Saviour Jesus Christ, to the Holy Ghost, and to the Trinity.

The volume contains a good selection of hymns, and some pages of rules for devout living and for self-examination, such as are found in Catholic manuals. We have pointed out its principal peculiarities. The alterations from the Episcopal Liturgy are almost invariably improvements; and although it may not be destined to become the devotional manual of the "Universal Church," we have been interested in it as one of the indications of a tendency to a greater moral and spiritual union among Christian people, amidst many differences of speculative opinion.

P.

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*A System of Intellectual Philosophy.* By REV. ASA MAHAN, President, and Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, in the Oberlin Collegiate Institute. Second Edition. New York. 1847. 12mo. pp. 330.

NOTWITHSTANDING the jeers, and reasonings, and earnest and angry protestations of many well-meaning men, it is impossible not to see that Idealism or Spiritualism, under some of its various forms, is gradually gaining ground in England and in this country. Here we have the second edition of a manual of Intellectual Philosophy, prepared beyond the mountains by one who says, "The individuals to whom I feel most indebted as a philosopher are Coleridge, Cousin, and Kant"; who pronounces Cousin's criticism on Locke "one of the finest specimens of philosophic reasoning to be met with in any language"; and who says of Paley's Natural Theology, "To me such treatises appear really worse than useless, if presented as grounds of proof of the existence of God." It is but justice to add, that President Mahan, while he adopts, for the most part, Kant's analysis of the Reason, and Cousin's Method, thinks that he has detected important errors in both, which give a skeptical or a pantheistic tendency to their speculations.

We have no right to expect in every new text-book of philosophy a new philosophy; it is enough, if the form in which received doctrines are stated and illustrated is unexceptionable. President Mahan is not, however, a blind and slavish follower either in philosophy or in theology; but evinces, as occasion offers, an original, free, and acute mind. As evidence of this, we might refer to his treatment of several topics in the work before us; particularly, Association, Imagination, the Secondary Ideas of Reason, and the Intelligence of Man as distinguished from that of the Brute. We think that a careful reading of Mills's System of Logic would have led him to modify in some respects his chapter on Reasoning. As regards style and general execution, it is plain that the author has given a good deal of attention



to the division of the subject, and the arrangement of the parts ; the form is also compact, and the diction is in most places appropriate ; but a more rigid principle of exclusion would have left out a few passages clearly objectionable on the ground of judgment and taste.

w.

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*Select Treatises of Martin Luther, in the original German, with Philological Notes, and an Essay on German and English Etymology.* By B. SEARS. Andover. 1846. 12mo. pp. 382.

THIS work of Professor Sears, while it does credit to his learning and diligence, will be serviceable to the public in various ways. A careful examination of it will show, what the compiler asserts in his Preface, that "particular attention has been paid to the peculiar structure and idioms of the [German] language, to the exact signification of difficult words, to synonymes, to the connection existing between etymology and usage, and, in short, to every thing which should tend to remove from the mind of the student vague generalities in respect to the meaning of words and phrases." The selection is made mostly from Luther's earlier writings, and embraces the "Sermon on Indulgences," published in 1517, his Exposition of the Thirty-seventh Psalm, and of John xiv., and two Addresses, one to the German nobility, in 1520, and the other on the subject of Public Schools, in 1525. The learner will find in the notes all the assistance he may desire ; and though he will meet in the pieces given some antiquated expressions and constructions, he cannot fail to notice with admiration the fresh, glowing style, and vigorous, pithy thought of the great Reformer.

L.

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*Shells from the Strand of the Sea of Genius.* By HARRIET FARLEY. First Series. Boston: J. Munroe & Co. 1847. 12mo. pp. 300.

WE do not understand this title ; but we like the book. Miss Farley is well known to the public as the editress of the *Lowell Offering*, and most of the articles contained in this volume are republished from that work. They are very miscellaneous in form, style, and subject,—tales, phantasies, allegories, essays, and poems ; but they all bear the marks of patient thought, varied culture, and a rich fancy, and are pervaded by a vein of sterling good sense and right moral feeling. We prize them for the eminently sober views of life which they offer, for the wholesome lessons of duty which they teach, and for the high incentives to industry and self-improvement which they present. We

prize them, too, for their healthy tone as regards the conventional distinctions of social life, — for their freedom from sycophancy and adulation on the one hand, and an agrarian and levelling spirit on the other. They would convey to a stranger a very just picture of the authoress, — an independent, self-respecting factory-girl, who is content to occupy her own position, to fill her place with duty and usefulness, and to leave her endowments of mind and heart to determine her social position and relations.

With the poetry in this volume we are more than pleased. We can understand it, feel it, and enjoy it. We have not indeed marvelled at it, as at Emerson's "Sphinx." Nor have we lost ourselves in the effort to trace back the sources of its inspiration to obscure fountains choked with the dust of unknown ages. But it has touched fountains of deep feeling in our own soul, and we frankly confess that we would give some half-dozen of those recent volumes of verse, which, in the charms of limping rhythm, inexplicable meaning, and hitherto inconceivable bathos, claim the uppermost regions of Parnassus, for a dozen more such pieces as "Lines to the Comet," "The Mouse's Visit," and "The Lame Child to her Mother." \* p.

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*A Statistical View of the Population of Massachusetts, from 1765 to 1840.* By JESSE CHICKERING. Boston: Little & Brown. 8vo. pp. 160.

MR. CHICKERING has with much care and diligence prepared a series of "Tables," accompanied by remarks, intended "to exhibit the increase of the population of Massachusetts, and the changes which have taken place in the number and proportions of the inhabitants in the several parts of the Commonwealth, during the period of seventy-five years," over which his researches extend. Every page bears marks of faithful industry. Considerable space is given to "the colored population"; and the whole pamphlet has a value beyond that which might suggest itself to one who should merely glance at its columns of figures. G.

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*A Treatise on Grammatical Punctuation; designed for Letter-writers, Authors, Printers, and Correctors of the Press; and for the use of Academies and Schools.* By JOHN WILSON. Manchester: Printed and published by the Author. 1844. 12mo. pp. 120.

THE title of this book expresses its object with sufficient exactness. It is a small treatise, prepared by one who, both as a writer (author of "The Concessions of Trinitarians," and "Scrip-

ture Proofs and Scriptural Illustrations of Unitarianism") and a printer, has had experience of the difficulties of an accurate punctuation, and of the carelessness of writers; who frequently send their manuscripts to the press, not only defaced by incorrect orthography, but deficient in the necessary points and marks, to the no small annoyance of compositors and correctors, to say nothing of the "sufferings" of editors from a similar cause. As a manual, it will afford help both to writers and printers. In general, we think Mr. Wilson's principles of punctuation sound, and they are well illustrated by examples. In comparison with some other labors in which the author (who, we are happy to say, has now transferred his residence to this city) has been engaged, this is an humble one; but those who are aware of the importance of punctuation in rendering the meaning of a writer clear and definite will duly appreciate its utility. L.

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*The Blessings of Sickness.* Boston: S. G. Simpkins. 1847. 24mo. pp. 60.

THIS is a reprint of the sermon of Buckminster on the "Advantages of Sickness." It forms a neat miniature volume, and is introduced by a short preface by one of our brethren, who justly calls it "a rare gem of pulpit eloquence and wisdom." L.

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*My Early Days.* By WALTER FERGUSON. Boston: B. H. Greene. 1847. 16mo. pp. 144.

WE thank Mr. Greene for reprinting, in a fair type, this fictitious autobiography, which we read years ago with great delight, and have often asked for since at our bookshops in vain. G.

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*Justification. A Sermon preached December 13, 1846.* By THOMAS T. STONE, Minister of the First Church in Salem. Salem. 1847. 8vo. pp. 19.

*Ireland's Wants. A Sermon preached in the South Congregational Church in Lowell, February 21, 1847.* By Rev. HENRY A. MILES. Lowell: O. March. 1847. 8vo. pp. 16.

*The Account Rendered. A Sermon preached at Jamaica Plain, February 21, 1847.* By JOSEPH HENRY ALLEN. On resigning his Pastoral Office there. Boston. 1847. 8vo. pp. 15.

*A Discourse commemorative of the Life and Ministry of Rev. Zephaniah Willis, delivered before the First Congregational*

*Society in Kingston, March 14, 1847. With an Appendix.*

By AUGUSTUS R. POPE, Minister of the Society. Boston : J. Munroe & Co. 1847. 8vo. pp. 47.

*God and Our Country. A Discourse delivered in the First Congregational Church in Roxbury, on Fast Day, April 8, 1847.*

By GEORGE PUTNAM, Minister of that Church. Boston : Crosby & Nichols. 1847. 8vo. pp. 29.

*Eulogy on John Pickering, LL. D., President of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Delivered before the Academy, October 28, 1846.* By DANIEL APPLETON WHITE, Fellow of the Academy. Cambridge. 1847. 8vo. pp. 106.

*The Bible, the Rod, and Religion in Common Schools, the Ark of God on a New Cart : a Sermon.* By Rev. M. HALE SMITH. *A Review of the Sermon.* By WM. B. FOWLE, Pub-

lisher of the Massachusetts Common School Journal. *Strictures on the Sectarian Character of the Common School Journal.* By a MEMBER of the Mass. Board of Education. *Correspondence between the Hon. Horace Mann, Sec. of the Board of Education, and Rev. Matthew Hale Smith.* Boston : Redding & Co. 1847. 8vo. pp. 59.

*Sequel to the so-called Correspondence between the Rev. M. H. Smith and Horace Mann, surreptitiously published by Mr. Smith; containing a Letter from Mr. Mann, suppressed by Mr. Smith, with the Reply therein promised.* Boston : William B. Fowle. 1847. 8vo. pp. 56.

*Reply to the Sequel of Hon. Horace Mann, being a Supplement to the Bible, the Rod, and Religion in Common Schools.* By MATTHEW HALE SMITH. Second Edition. Boston : J. M. Whittemore. 1847. 8vo. pp. 36.

MR. STONE traces the doctrine of Justification through some of its prominent historical developments, points out the false ideas which have been connected with it, and states the true doctrine, which is simple and clear, and which furnishes a key to the correct interpretation of the Epistle to the Romans. His Sermon is the result of much thought, and demands thought in the reader ; it is a fresh production, coming from his own mind, and not a mere compilation from theological text-books. — Mr. Miles does not attempt to stir the feelings by a picture of the distress of Ireland, but presents some just and forcible views on what he conceives to be the causes of that distress, that is, the ages of misrule under which she has suffered, and the many wrongs she has endured, which have kept her degraded, — “pressed down to the dust, — almost always at the starving point.” — Mr. Allen’s Sermon, on resigning his pastoral charge at Jamaica Plain, contains



a review of his short ministry there, and an exposition of the principles which guided him in a discharge of its duties, — manifesting a deep sense of ministerial responsibility, and written in language simple, modest, and affectionate, and in a manly, Christian spirit, worthy of all commendation. — Mr. Pope's Discourse is what such a performance should be, containing a record of the more important incidents in the life of the deceased, with a tribute warm and reverential, but not overcharged with laudatory epithets, to his many excellences of character, — an "outline of the history of the parish" of which he was minister, being given in an Appendix. — Dr. Putnam's Discourse bears upon some of the questions of the day, particularly those which relate to the responsibility of individuals for the acts of the nation, and the course to be pursued when the nation, or its government, commits some great sin, — either, for example, engaging in an unjust and unnecessary war, or in some form recognizing and sanctioning slavery. He argues strenuously against the *ultra* doctrines frequently maintained in connection with these subjects. His reasons have great force, and seem to us to be founded on common sense and to be consistent with Christian principles.

Judge White deals in no general and extravagant panegyric, but with a beautiful simplicity and chasteness delineates the character and gives some account of the labors — professional, literary, and scientific — of one of the most distinguished scholars of our country. Great as was Mr. Pickering's fame, those not intimately acquainted with him will be surprised at the extent and variety of his acquisitions of which the Eulogy gives evidence. A very considerable portion of it is devoted, and we think properly, to his earlier days, his childhood and youth, showing under what influences his character was formed, and with what fidelity he used his privileges, laying broad and deep the foundation of his future reputation and usefulness. The value of such a life as an example to the young is beyond estimate.

The titles of the three pamphlets, the first of which commences with what has been called the "New Cart" Sermon, we have transcribed and given at length, but must spare ourselves the labor of comment. We will only say, that the Secretary of the Board of Education had, in our opinion, very just cause of complaint against Mr. Smith, and in the "Sequel to the so-called Correspondence" has presented him in an attitude in which no man of elevated moral feeling and delicate sensibility would think it very desirable to stand before the public, and that the "Reply" by Mr. Smith exhibits more passion and flippancy than sound argument, and does not relieve him from the charges brought against him by the Secretary.

## INTELLIGENCE.

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

*Ecclesiastical Record.* — We are glad to notice indications of a returning sense of the importance of permanent ministerial relations. Four of our ministers, as we know, have been recently solicited to remove from congregations with which they were happily connected to other fields of usefulness, and have decided to remain with the people to whom their instructions had become alike familiar and dear. We do not call in question the right of a destitute congregation to invite a minister from another place, and circumstances may exist which shall render it proper for him to accept their invitation, even at the cost of dissolving pleasant bonds of professional life. But that the custom of brief ministries, and the expectation of such a ministry, on the part of both pastor and people, which now seems to prevail, are bad in their influence on the churches, on the clergy, on those who propose to enter the pulpit, and on the general interests of religion, we so strongly believe, that we cannot refrain from repeating our conviction, in the hope of awakening in other minds a concurrence with our judgment. — Several of our ministers dissolve their pastoral connections this spring. Rev. Mr. Forbes of West Bridgewater has closed his ministry in that place. — Rev. Mr. Williams has resigned his charge of the congregation in Wayland. — Rev. Mr. Sears, after in vain seeking restoration to health, has been compelled to close his ministry at Lancaster. — Rev. Mr. Edes has resigned his connection with the church in Bolton. — Rev. Mr. Wight has decided to leave Dennis. — Rev. Mr. Stone will leave the people in Brewster on the first of June. — Rev. Mr. Harrington of Albany, N. Y., has relinquished his charge of the congregation in that city. — Rev. Mr. Stone of Beverly has dissolved his connection with the society which he has faithfully served for many years, that he may take charge of the ministry-at-large in Providence, R. I.; from which Rev. Mr. Babcock has retired.

In contrast with the habit of the times to which we have adverted, it is pleasant to notice such a celebration as was held at Brookline, March 15, 1847, on the close of the *fiftieth* year of Rev. Dr. Pierce's ministry in that place. Religious services were attended in the Congregational meetinghouse, where Dr. Pierce delivered an historical discourse, and prayers were offered by Rev. Mr. Haven, pastor of the Harvard (Trinitarian) Church, and Rev. Mr. Shailer, pastor of the Baptist Church in Brookline, and Rev. Dr. Gray of Roxbury, and appropriate original hymns were sung; after which a collation was provided in the town-hall, where addresses were made by different gentlemen of the clergy and laity present, and valuable expressions of the regard of his friends were presented to Dr. Pierce.

The congregation worshipping in the church of the Divine Unity (First Unitarian church) in the city of New York have recently made an effort highly honorable to themselves, by which they have raised among their own number the sum of \$23,000 for the payment of the debt occasioned by the building of their present church; which, although it cost nearly \$90,000, is now free from all incumbrance excepting a

loan for the purchase of the land on which the house stands, the interest of which is paid from the annual receipts of the society. — The Church of the Disciples in Boston have purchased a site on which they will proceed immediately to erect a meetinghouse, — on Beacon, near Tremont, Street. The house will be a plain but neat structure, placed back from the street, and approached through a deep porch or vestibule. — The congregation gathered in this city by Rev. Mr. Fox, under the title of "The Church of the Warren Street Chapel," have purchased a piece of ground on Indiana Place, fronting Washington Street, on which they propose to erect a house of worship. — The Unitarian society in Norwich, Conn., are making efforts to obtain means for the erection of a meetinghouse, the hall in which they now hold their worship being on many accounts unsuitable. — The "Church of the Pilgrims" in Lowell also wish to erect a meetinghouse as soon as possible. — The society in Haverhill are making arrangements to rebuild their church lately destroyed by fire.

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*Benevolent Fraternity of Churches.* — The thirteenth anniversary of this institution was celebrated in the Federal Street meetinghouse in Boston, April 8, 1847. After prayer by Rev. Dr. Parkman, Henry B. Rogers, Esq., the President of the Fraternity, made some introductory remarks on the character and claims of the ministry-at-large. The Annual Report was then read by the Secretary, Rev. Mr. Waterston, embracing extracts from the semiannual reports of the ministers appointed by the Executive Committee, — Rev. Andrew Bigelow, D. D., Rev. Warren Burton, Rev. Samuel B. Cruft, Rev. Samuel H. Winkley, and Rev. William Ware, — and also from the semiannual report of Rev. Charles F. Barnard, minister of the Warren Street chapel. These reports showed both the great need and the great usefulness of such a ministry as is maintained by the Benevolent Fraternity. Addresses were then made by Rev. Samuel K. Lothrop of Boston, and Rev. George E. Ellis of Charlestown, and after a few remarks from Benjamin Seaver, Esq., the meeting was dissolved.

The officers of the Fraternity for the year 1847-48 were chosen at the first meeting of the new Board, April 18, viz.: — Henry B. Rogers, Esq., *President*; Rev. Robert C. Waterston, *Secretary*; Benjamin Seaver, Esq., *Treasurer*; Rev. Samuel K. Lothrop and Abiel Chandler, Esq., with the President, Secretary, and Treasurer, *ex officio*, Executive Committee.

The friends of this institution may be congratulated on the increase of its efficiency. Two ministers have been added to the number engaged in its service at the commencement of the last year. The Pitts Street and Suffolk Street chapels are under the special care of Messrs. Cruft and Winkley, while Dr. Bigelow and Messrs. Burton and Ware devote themselves more particularly to visiting among the poor. The expenses of the Fraternity are necessarily increased. They will probably the next year exceed \$6,000, which can easily be raised by promptitude and a moderate liberality on the part of the Branches.

The anniversary of the Warren Street Chapel Association was celebrated on Sunday evening, April 18, 1847. After prayer by Rev. Mr. Bartol, the Annual Report was read by Rev. Mr. Barnard, the minister of the chapel, and remarks were made by Charles G. Loring, Esq., who presided, Hon. James Savage, and Rev. Henry Giles.

*Religious Denominations in Boston.*—The valuable "Report" made by Mr. Lemuel Shattuck, on presenting the tabular results of the late census of the inhabitants of Boston,—in which we find a large amount of information carefully digested,—offers, under the head of "Moral and Religious Institutions," some facts in regard to the amount of provision for the religious instruction of the people, and the relative strength of the different religious denominations, which may interest our readers.

"*Church Accommodation.*" The subjoined table shows, for each denomination, in alphabetical order, the number of societies, the number of churches, their aggregate cost, the extent of their accommodations, and also of the other places of worship. The original cost of the churches was ascertained, when practicable; and when it was not, the value was estimated.

Denomination.	Societies.	Churches	Cost of Churches.	Seats.	Halls.	Seats.	Total Accom'm'n.
Baptist,	12	10	\$ 393,000	10,500	2	630	11,130
Catholic,	7	7	400,000	8,400			8,400
Episcopalian,	10	6	287,000	4,950	4	1,150	6,100
Methodist,	10	9	152,500	6,300	1	1,000	7,300
Orthodox,	14	11	685,500	11,549	3	1,600	13,149
Unitarian,	21	18	823,500	15,975	3	2,000	17,975
Universalist,	8	6	130,000	4,720	2	800	5,520
Others,	17	11	375,000	11,600	6	3,000	14,600
Total,	99	78	\$ 3,246,500	73,994	21	10,180	84,174

"There are several religious denominations which have only one or two societies each. Concerning some of them we were unable to procure satisfactory information. Of these, there is one New Jerusalem, which has built an elegant church in Bowdoin Street; two Christian; two Freewill Baptist; one German Evangelical; one German Lutheran; and one Mormon. There is also a Quaker meetinghouse, but there are few, if any, Quakers in Boston. These are classed in the table under the name of others.

"*Expenses of Public Worship.*" The following table shows the number of clergymen, the amount of their salaries, what is paid for music and the contingent expenses of public worship, and also the total expenditures.

Denomination.	No. of Clergymen.	Salaries.	Music.	Contingent.	Total.
Baptist,	11	\$ 13,500	\$ 2,850	\$ 4,875	\$ 21,225
Episcopalian,	9	14,400	3,335	5,020	22,755
Methodist,	10	7,731	1,667	5,477	14,875
Orthodox,	14	22,600	6,100	10,825	39,525
Unitarian,	22	35,720	10,262	12,452	58,434
Universalist,	9	8,300	1,760	3,952	14,012
Total,	75	\$ 102,251	\$ 25,974	\$ 42,601	\$ 170,826

"Several of the societies have two clergymen each. The annual salaries paid to individual clergymen vary from \$ 3,000 (the highest) to \$ 300 (the lowest). There are twelve Catholic clergymen in Boston, some of whom are not paid stated salaries, but depend upon transient collections, and fees for baptisms and marriages. The amount of the expenses of their worship cannot therefore be stated. It may be safely estimated that the



whole amount annually paid in Boston, on account of religious worship, is not less than \$ 200,000.

"*Population of each Denomination.* . . . . In the subjoined statement we have endeavoured, from the best information we possess, and by a comparison of all the facts, to classify the whole population of the city. The numbers given of some denominations may vary somewhat from this estimate, but they would on the whole, we think, be a near approach to an actual enumeration. The table shows the number of communicants in the churches, and the proportion they bear to the whole population.

Denomination.	Population.	Members of Churches.	Proportion per cent. to whole	
			Population.	Church Mem.
Baptist,	10,500	3,833	9.18	3.35
Catholic,	30,000		26.23	
Episcopalian,	6,000	1,631	5.25	1.42
Methodist,	8,000	2,331	6.99	2.03
Orthodox,	14,500	4,830	12.68	4.22
Unitarian,	18,000	2,810	15.74	2.45
Universalist,	6,000	1,428	5.25	1.24
Unclassified,	6,000		5.25	
Residue,	15,366		13.43	
Total,	114,366		100.00	

The results which these tables present are certainly creditable to our city. In a population of 114,366 persons, ninety-nine places of public worship were open on the Lord's day, (the number both of the population and of the religious societies has since increased,) affording accommodation to 84,174 persons. If we exclude young children, and aged and infirm persons, who cannot attend public worship, it appears that, so far as the capacity of the buildings is concerned, ample provision is made for the religious instruction of the people. One of the most curious items exhibited in these tables is that which shows the expense of the *music* in the Unitarian churches to exceed \$ 10,000 a year. In the different societies, this charge varies even more than the salaries of the ministers, in some cases exceeding \$ 1,000, in others probably not entering at all into the amount of annual congregational expense. The salaries of the clergymen, it will be seen, are highest in the "Orthodox" and Unitarian societies, averaging in each of these denominations about \$ 1,600.

*Roman Catholic Church.* — As many persons are seriously alarmed at the growth of the Romish Church in this country, and others err on the other extreme of unconcern about the increase of a Communion whose fundamental principles are hostile, as we conceive, to the cause of Christian truth and liberty, our readers may be glad to have before them some "statistics" derived from "official information," and evidently free from exaggeration. We take them from the "United States Catholic Magazine and Monthly Review," which borrows them from the "Metropolitan Catholic Almanac" for 1847, published in Baltimore.

"Statistics of Catholicity in the United States.

Dioceses.	Churches.	Other Stations.	Clergy-men.	Dioceses.	Churches.	Other Stations.	Clergy-men.
Baltimore,	63	20	84	Nashville,	6	20	7
New Orleans,	48		60	Natchez,	5	16	4
Louisville,	43	75	40	Pittsburg,	57		34
Boston,	38	15	46	Little Rock,	6	10	7
Philadelphia,	71		58	Chicago,	40	60	41
New York,	120	100	124	Hartford,	8	14	9
Charleston,	21	50	20	Milwaukie,	31	34	29
Richmond,	13	12	11	Vicar. of Texas,	10	17	13
Cincinnati,	70	50	77	Oregon City,	15		26
St. Louis,	43	25	80	Walla Walla,			
Mobile,	12	30	20	& 3 Suff. Sees,			
Detroit,	23	20	24				
Vincennes,	51		41		812	577	864
Dubuque,	13	9	8				

"From the preceding statements, it will be perceived that, in the territory of the United States, there are 2 archbishops, 23 bishops, 1 vicar apostolic, 834 priests, and 812 churches; whence it follows, that, during the past year, there has been an accession of 98 to the number of priests, and 72 additional churches have been erected or dedicated to the worship of God:

"By comparing the statistics of this year with those of 1837, we find that, during the last ten years, the number of *dioceses* has doubled itself, and also the number of *bishops*, not counting the coadjutors of each period. Within the same time, the number of *priests* has been more than doubled, and that of *churches* has been nearly tripled, the ratio in the former case being almost 9 to 4, and the latter 27 to 10. The annexed figures will show this remarkable increase more clearly:—

	1837.	1847.
"Dioceses,	13	26 and 1 Vic. Apost.
Bishops,	12, Coad. 4	24, Coad. 2
Priests,	373	834
Churches,	300	812

"The number of bishops and dioceses would be still greater were we to include the nominations made by the fathers of the Sixth Provincial Council, the confirmation of which by the Holy See is daily looked for."

From the "Almanac," which is now before us, we also learn, that in the United States there are 21 "Ecclesiastical Institutions," with 244 "Clerical Students," 13 "Male Religious Institutions," 24 "Literary Institutions for Young Men," 43 "Female Religious Institutions," 66 "Female Academies," and 88 "Charitable Institutions." Of the "literary institutions for young men, only thirteen are colleges properly organized; the rest are establishments of a minor order." "There are fourteen periodicals devoted to the interests of the Church"; twelve weeklies, one monthly, and one quarterly. Two of the weekly papers are German, and one French."

The number of the Catholic population in the United States cannot be accurately ascertained, for the want of sufficient returns from all the dioceses. In eighteen of the dioceses the number is estimated, on what are presumed to be proper data, at 927,700; and if to this estimate "we add the supposed number of Catholics in the remaining dioceses, we shall have 1,173,700."

In Mr. Shattuck's Report, embracing the census of Boston for 1845, from which we have quoted in the previous article, the number of Cath-

olics in this city is estimated at 30,000, or more than one quarter of the whole population. This is a larger proportion than we should have allowed, and the estimate is confessedly founded on imperfect information; but Mr. Shattuck offers some strong reasons for regarding it as nearly correct, and in a recent Catholic publication the Catholics in Boston are rated as high as 35,000. The whole number in the *diocese* of Boston, however, which includes the States of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Maine, is only computed to be 75,000.

Conversions to the Roman Catholic faith among the clergy of the Established Church in England continue, and several persons of influence among the laity of both sexes have followed their example. The latest account which we have seen, entitled to credit, states that "the number of clergy who have joined the Church of Rome during the last eighteen months is about seventy; the converts from the middle and upper ranks of the laity considerably exceed that number." Against this defection from Protestantism may be set the reports of many instances of renunciation of their hereditary faith by Catholics in Ireland, and the disposition manifested by individuals, and in some cases by communities, in the Catholic countries of Europe to receive Protestant teachers; besides the actual secession from the Papal Church by the adherents of Ronge and Czerski, which we confess we think of little importance except as an indication of the temper of the times. So far as the number of those who have attached themselves to these reformers might be taken as an element of hope, it is, in comparison with the whole Catholic population of the Continent, too insignificant to be regarded.

The new Pope has not fulfilled all the promise of his first official acts. In some respects an enlightened man, and more liberal and far-sighted than his immediate predecessor, he is quite as strenuous a champion of Papal authority, and as ready to perpetuate ecclesiastical abuses. His liberality belongs, we suspect, exclusively to his position as a civil ruler. He has issued, in due time after his accession to the Papal chair, two documents, neither of which is suited to create a high estimation of his literary or intellectual character. One is an "Encyclical Letter" to all the prelates of his Church, written without any vigor of style or force of thought, abounding with quotations from the fathers, and betraying the usual impotent jealousy of Protestant heresies and associations. The other is a more remarkable paper, "announcing to the Catholic universe an Indulgence in the form of a Jubilee," worthy of the age of Tetzl. "Imitating the example which his predecessors have given in the commencement of other pontificates," he "gives and accords a plenary indulgence and remission of all their sins to all and every one of the faithful of both sexes dwelling" in Rome, from the 6th to the 27th of December, "who shall twice visit, during these three weeks," three, or one of three, specified churches, "shall there pray with devotion during some space of time, shall fast on the Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday of one of these three weeks, and during this period shall confess their sins and shall receive with respect the most holy sacrament of the Eucharist, and shall give some alms to the poor, each one according to his devotion"; and to persons residing out of Rome, or travelling by sea or land, the same indulgence on very similar conditions. Permission is also given to the faithful to choose for themselves a confessor, who "may absolve and loose them *in foro conscientiae*, and for this time only,"

not only from ecclesiastical censures, but "also from all sins, excesses, crimes, and faults, however serious and enormous they may be." This, as we should construe it, is broad enough for all purposes, good or bad, for which it may be needed. With such documents before us, — in one of which Mr. Brownson tells us, with an impiety of reverence that is truly admirable, that "God himself speaks by his vicergerent on earth," (and we presume he would say the same of both, for he is not a man to be afraid of logical or moral consequences,) — we doubt if the Church of Rome is likely to enter on a reformation of either doctrine or practice under Pope Pius IX.

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*Brownson's Quarterly Review.* — Our mention of Mr. Brownson reminds us that we have not taken such notice of his zeal in behalf of "the Church" (the Episcopalians dispute with him the monopoly of that name, however) as he may have expected. He is evidently desirous to draw his Protestant neighbours, one and all, into controversy, and ourselves among the rest. We have no intention of entering into a passage of arms with our former friend, the present champion of ultra Catholicism. Of Mr. Brownson's sincerity we have never entertained a doubt, whether he threw himself, with all the ardor of his impassioned nature, into the extreme right, or left, or centre of the Christian body. We confess that the frequency and earnestness of his protestations begin to create in our minds a suspicion that his allegiance to the Church is not as *whole-hearted* as it was at first. He writes like a man who is trying to satisfy himself, by the vehemence of his own declarations, that he has no doubt on the subject. One thing we give him all credit for, — his fearless consistency in maintaining the legitimate deductions from Catholic principles. When he affirms, that "no man has the right to be of any religion but the Catholic, and no one can be acceptable to God or gain heaven unless he is a true, firm, sincere, conscientious Roman Catholic," though we cannot subscribe to his opinion that "the Catholic is no bigot, never uncharitable," only "exclusive," we apply to him his own words, — "We like the man of strong convictions, who has the courage to act up" — and write up — "to his convictions." We wince, perhaps, at being called "heretics" in every article and on every page, in something, too, of the tone with which we can imagine an Inquisitor to have uttered the word, and we involuntarily start when we come upon a passage speaking of a consummation which shall take place "under God and the intercession of his Holy Mother"; but we remember that Mr. Brownson never stops half way, and we thank him for showing the people the true character of the Catholic faith. This, we believe, is a service which his Review is doing, for which we ought to be grateful. We know of nothing in the English language better suited than this journal to convince an intelligent Protestant of the utter destruction which the prevalence of Catholic principles must work to all freedom, political or religious. So long as he shall write with the same frankness which has marked his past articles in defence of the Papal pretensions, we shall esteem "Brownson's Quarterly Review" a valuable coadjutor in enlightening the public mind upon the dangers with which religious liberty is threatened in this country.

One word of advice we venture to give, which it would not surprise us to learn that he had already received from nearer friends. Let him



say less about himself. His egotism grows wearisome, and not only offends good taste, but weakens the impression which a more infrequent allusion to his own experience might leave. Mr. Brownson should avoid this fault, both as a writer and a partisan. His style is, almost beyond example among our journalists, at once clear and nervous; his thought, strong and intelligible. Grant him his premises, and he reasons admirably. His illustrations are both easy and felicitous, — as when he says, in a paragraph now lying under our eye, that “Dr. Pusey’s notions approach no nearer to Catholicity than the vegetable oyster does to the animal,” — a sentence which one would remember for its point, even if he questioned its truth. But his repeated allusions to his own history, and the intensity of his expressions of reverence for the Papal authority, are at least rhetorical mistakes. They amuse rather than impress us. The prominence given to the individual is just so much deduction from the force which his reasoning or his appeals might have with his readers.

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*Ordinations and Installations.* — REV. OCTAVIUS BROOKS FROTHINGHAM, of Boston, a recent graduate from the Cambridge Divinity School, was ordained as Pastor of the North Church in SALEM, Mass., March 10, 1847. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Frothingham of Boston, from 2 Timothy ii. 15; the Prayer of Ordination was offered by Rev. Dr. Parkman of Boston; the Charge was given by Rev. Dr. Putnam of Roxbury; the Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Stone of Salem; and the other services were conducted by Rev. Dr. Flint, and Rev. Mr. Thompson, of Salem.

REV. LEONARD JARVIS LIVERMORE, who graduated from the Cambridge Divinity School the last summer, was ordained as Pastor of the Unitarian Church and Society in EAST BOSTON, Mass., March 24, 1847. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Putnam of Roxbury, from Hebrews x. 23–25; the Ordaining Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Thompson of Salem; the Charge was given by Rev. Mr. Lincoln of Fitchburg; the Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Adams of Templeton; the Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Robbins of Boston; and the other services, by Rev. Messrs. Ware of Cambridge, and Coolidge of Boston.

REV. GEORGE T. HILL, of Albany, N. Y., lately a member of the Meadville Theological School, was ordained as Pastor of the First Congregational Church and Society in HUBBARDSTON, Mass., April 14, 1847. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Harrington of Albany, N. Y., from John xvii. 17; the Ordaining Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Wellington of Templeton; the Charge was given by Rev. Mr. Hill of Worcester; the Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Nute of Petersham; the Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Hale of Worcester; and the other services, by Rev. Messrs. Bond of Barre, Bradford of Bridgewater, and Adams of Templeton.

REV. FARRINGTON MCINTIRE of Fitchburg, a graduate of the last class from the Cambridge Divinity School, was ordained as minister of the Unitarian Congregational Church and Society in BRATTLEBORO’, Vt., April 15, 1847. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Lincoln of Fitchburg, from Acts vi. 10; the Prayer of Ordination was offered by Rev. Mr. Brown of Brattleboro’, former pastor of the church; the Charge was given by Rev. Mr. Gannett of Boston; the Right Hand of

Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Moors of Deerfield; the Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Livermore of Keene, N. H.; and the other services, by Rev. Messrs. Everett of Northfield, Bridge of Bernardston, and Willis of Walpole, N. H.

*Error.*—The date of Rev. Mr. Adams's ordination at Templeton, given in the last number of the Examiner, should have been January 13.

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*Dedication.*—The Lee Street Church in CAMBRIDGE, Mass., was dedicated to its appropriate uses, March 25, 1847. The Sermon was preached by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Muzzey, from Isaiah lvi. 7; the Dedictory Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Walker of Cambridge; an Address was delivered by Rev. Mr. Clarke of Boston; and the other services were conducted by Rev. Messrs. Hall of Dorchester, and Robbins of Boston.

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#### OBITUARY.

REV. ZEPHANIAH WILLIS died at Kingston, Mass., March 6, 1847, aged 90 years.

Mr. Willis was born in Bridgewater, February 24, 1757. He first entered Yale College in 1774; but, after passing two years in that institution, he went to Cambridge, and graduated there in the class of 1778. He devoted a few months to teaching, in Quincy and in Sherburne, and then, after the custom of that day, read theology for a brief time, under the nominal direction of Rev. Mr. Reed of Bridgewater. As early as March, 1780, one year and a half only after leaving college, he began to preach to the parish in Kingston, and in May received a unanimous call to become their minister. He did not preach to any other society, but he was not ordained until October 18, 1780. He retained the sole charge of the congregation until 1828, a period of forty-eight years. An arrangement was then made, by which he entirely withdrew from the active duties of the ministry, although there was no formal dissolution of his connection with the society. From that period he remained in retirement, devoting himself in the summer to gardening, in which he was particularly distinguished, and which had become one of his greatest pleasures, and passing his leisure hours in reading and the offices of hospitality until his death.

Many years have passed since Mr. Willis relinquished the labors of the ministry, and it is not easy, at this day, to estimate his service justly. He had a reputation for classical attainments in early life. He was a man of sound sense, and discriminating in his judgments. His style was direct and clear. But he was probably never distinguished as a preacher, even in his own day. His influence must have been the result of his general character, rather than the effect of any strong impressions from his pulpit services; and in his character there were elements of power. He was, naturally, extremely diffident and self-distrustful; and this diffidence was increased by his consciousness, as he would have expressed it, of the inadequacy of his preparation for his work. No experience ever removed it; and it crippled many of his efforts. Still, his

manly good sense, his conscientiousness, and his wonderful prudence secured a universal confidence and respect, and gave him an enduring influence. His forbearance and prudence were constantly manifested. No word from him ever increased the excitements of the trying seasons of his ministry. And when he relinquished its active service, although he had a strong desire to complete his half-century, he did not express his wish, — only saying, "It is better for one to suffer for the parish, than for the parish to suffer for one," — and joined in all the arrangements for the settlement of another with entire good-will. He was a model, too, in his relations to his several successors; kind and gentle in all his judgments; never censuring, and ever most ready to commend.

It would not be possible, perhaps, to state his precise religious views. He did not agree, probably, with modern Unitarians in all respects. His faith in relation to Jesus was once thus expressed, in his own nervous language, — "That he was infinitely higher than the highest archangel, and infinitely less than God." But he never preached a doctrinal sermon. He was remarkable for his entire liberality. He utterly rejected all spiritual domination. In 1782, a Confession of Faith was drawn up for the church, to satisfy some of its members; but, although it was expressed in the most liberal form, Mr. Willis felt bound to record his distinct protest against the principle involved in every such instrument. And to that freedom he was always true.

He lived to an extreme age, yet his faculties remained unimpaired to an unusual degree. For three years he had been the last survivor of his class. He was deeply affected when he found himself left thus as the last of his early companions. He has gone to join them now. His life was passed in peace. And when he was borne to the grave, the serenity upon his countenance seemed to say, that he had gone indeed to his rest.

B.

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REV. GEORGE MOORE died at Quincy, Ill., March 11, 1847, aged 35 years.

For more than six years Mr. Moore had been the pastor of the Unitarian or Second Congregational church and society in Quincy. He may be said to have been the founder of that society, having been its first pastor, and been associated with all its interests, trials, and growth from its infancy. From a handful of disconnected worshippers it has grown into a united, devoted, and increasing congregation. In the words of a notice of him in a Quincy paper, — "To his little flock his loss may almost be termed irreparable. The spiritual teacher and the loving friend — whose presence was sure to bring cheerfulness into the fireside circle, and consolation to the couch of pain — is gone from them for ever! But they are not the only mourners. The sufferers in prison, in poverty, in affliction, will long cherish the blessed memory of him who so often visited them, and ministered to their wants, both of body and of mind." This was the reputation he had earned among those not of his society. An eminent physician of Quincy, of another denomination, once said, that there was no man whom he so often met at the sick-bed of the friendless poor as Mr. Moore. He had also triumphed over a strong prejudice against the peculiar form of faith which he held, by the force of his Christian character. The severe tone of remark, and the repulsive spirit which pained him in the early part of his ministry,

had given place to a general respect, and in many instances to a cordial sympathy. This was manifested in his last illness and at his funeral by members of other denominations in visiting him, in offering their churches, and in uniting in the funeral services, — presenting a beautiful example of Christian liberality.

Under the auspices of the American Unitarian Association, and of the "Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Indians and others in North America," Mr. Moore had done much missionary labor in the West. He has proclaimed the unsearchable riches of Christ, in many a log cabin, to the rude pioneers of the West, who had walked miles over the prairie, to hear what to them was so rare and so precious. He has then lain cheerfully down on their beds of straw, and seen the stars of heaven through the openings in the roof. He has distributed a large amount of books and tracts, and planted seeds of holiness, and awakened trains of thought and spiritual aspiration, that, like the seed of the husbandman, shall bring forth a blessed harvest, while he is sleeping in his grave.

He was born in Concord, Mass., near the spot where the Revolutionary struggle commenced, on the 4th of May, 1811. His childhood was remarkable for nothing except obedience to his parents, a love of home, and great gentleness and purity. Although not forward in the development of his powers, he had a deep-seated love of improvement, and when told by his father that he had decided not to send him to college, he replied, — "I shall comply with your wishes until I am of age, but then I shall certainly go." His father then sent him. He graduated at Harvard in 1834, with a spotless character, and a good standing as a scholar. He taught one or two years in Plymouth, and graduated at the Divinity School in Cambridge in 1839. He preached with success in several parishes, and there were indications that he might receive a call from one or two large congregations. But a year or two previous he had made a journey through the West with his brother, and seeing the great spiritual wants of that region, like Paul at Athens, "his spirit was stirred within him," and he made an inward consecration of himself to this work, at the sacrifice of long-cherished plans of happiness amidst the scenes and institutions and friends of New England. Having selected Quincy as the scene of his labors, he was ordained as an evangelist, November 4, 1840, in the old church in Concord, in which service his venerable and beloved pastor, Dr. Ripley, then in his eighty-eighth year, took part. In the same month he went to Quincy, where, in spite of the continued allurements of home, and renewed temptations held out to him by two or three societies in New England, he labored on from the smallest beginnings, with the faith, the patience, and the cheerfulness of a martyr. He is one of the best examples our denomination has afforded of the true Christian missionary. With the most practical talents, with a deep moral and spiritual nature, with a thorough culture, intellectual and spiritual, he sacrificed every worldly wish, and devoted his life to Christ and the church, to God, and his fellow-men. And the results were such as to encourage all to go and do likewise. As Unitarians, as Christians, as philanthropists, we all owe him a debt of gratitude. May the same spirit actuate others, until all the most arduous places in the church are as nobly and faithfully filled!

F.



# INDEX.

- A.**  
 Acton's and Aspland's Sermons, 378 — 392 — Unitarians in Great Britain, 379 — Rev. H. Acton, 381 — early life of, 382 — ministry, 383 — sermons, 385 — Rev. R. Aspland, 387 — prominence of, as a divine, *ib.* — how educated, *ib.* — his ministerial labors, 389 — Sermons, 390.  
 Allen, J. A., Sermon by, 456.  
 Allen, T., Inquiry, etc., by, 304.  
 Almanac, American, 143.  
 Angel Voices, 147.  
 Armstrong, G., Sermon by, 303.  
 Aspland, Rev. R. See *Acton*.  
 Atlantic, Steamer, loss of, 119 — 129 — circumstances of the wreck, 119 — providence of God, 120 — compensation, 123 — Orlando Pitts, 125 — A. F. Collamore, 127 — reflections, 128.  
 Austen, J. See *Novels*.  
 Austin, Rev. R. T. See *Obituary*.  
**B.**  
 Ballou, A., Christian Non-Resistance by, 147.  
 Beard, J. R., Exhibition of Unitarianism by, 30 — 42 — need of the work, 30 — contents, 31 — Unitarianism in America, *ib.* — in England, *ib.* — in Ireland, 33 — Wales, 34 — Germany, *ib.* — Holland, 38 — Unitarians in Transylvania, *ib.* — rank and position of, 41 — order of church service, *ib.* — Unitarian statistics, 42.  
 Benevolent Fraternity of Churches, 459.  
 Bible, People's Dictionary of, 141.  
 Blessings of Sickness, 455.  
 Brooks, C. T. See *Poetry*.  
 Brownson's Quarterly Review, 464.  
 Bush, G. See *Swedenborgianism*.  
**C.**  
 Channing, W. E. See *Poetry*.  
 Chickering, J., Statistics, etc., by, 454.  
 Child, L. M., Fact and Fiction by, 143 — Flowers for Children by, 300.  
 Clough, S., Works of, 227 — 240 —  
 VOL. XLII. — 4TH S. VOL. VII. NO. III. 40.  
 life, 228 — character, 231 — belief, 232 — views of moral inability, 235 — dedication discourse, 237 — an educated ministry, 238.  
 Collamore, A. F. See *Atlantic*.  
 Colman, J. F. See *Poetry*.  
 Consolation in Trials, etc., 298.  
 Consuelo. See *Sand*.  
 Cooper, J. F. See *Novels*.  
**D.**  
 Davis, J. See *Obituary*.  
 Day, J. Q., Geography by, 144.  
 Dedications, 308, 466.  
 Dewey, O., Discourses by, 292.  
 Diadem for 1847, 148.  
 D'Israeli, B. See *Novels*.  
 Dudevant, Madame. See *Sand*.  
**E.**  
 Ecclesiastical Record, 151, 305, 458.  
 Eliot, S. See *Relation*.  
 Emerson, G. B., Report on Trees, etc., by, 294.  
 Emerson, R. W. See *Poetry*.  
 Estray, The. See *Poetry*.  
 Everett, A., Essays by, 296.  
 Everett, E., Address by, 150.  
**F.**  
 Fanny Forester's writings, 393 — 402 — light reading, 393 — Miss Chubbuck's collection, 394 — love-tales, 395.  
 Farley, H., Shells, etc., by, 453.  
 Fenner, C. G. See *Poetry*, and *Obituary*.  
 Follen, E. L., Hymns, etc., by, 299.  
 Fosdick, D., Sermon by, 150.  
 Foster, J., Life and Correspondence of, 82 — 100 — early life, 83 — personal habits, 85 — essays, 86 — remarks on London, 87 — extracts from journal, 89 — views of future punishment, 91 — political opinions, 93 — traits of character, 95 — loss of his wife, 97 — his death, 99.  
 Fuller, S. M., Papers on Literature, etc., by, 140.  
 Furness, W. H., Oration by, 304.  
**G.**  
 Gannett, E. S., Discourses by, 150, 303.  
 German Catholic Movement, the,

- 55-81 — Ronge, 55 — state of Germany, 56 — Catholic Remonstrants, 57 — the holy coat, 59 — progress of discontent, 60 — Czer-ski, 62 — Rongean party, 64 — opposition to, 66 — Dr. Regenbrecht, 67 — Breslau Congregation, 68 — Schneidemühl Confession, 70 — meeting at Leipsic, 71 — the new congregations, 72 — Friends of Light, 73 — parties, 74 — Uhlich's propositions, 75 — Rongean movement, 76 — Christian Catholic Church, 79 — Theiner, 80 — sympathy with the new reformation, 81.
- Gervinus, G. G., Mission of the German Catholics by, 55.
- Gesenius, Hebrew Grammar of, translated by Conant, and by Stuart, 136.
- Goldsbury, J., Theories of Grammar by, 145.
- Gray, F. T., New Year's Present by, 299 — Sermons, 303.
- Greg, W. R., German schism by, 55.
- Grotius, Hugo, and his Times, 1-30 — lovers of truth, 1 — Grotius, 2 — materials for life of, ib. — death of Barneveldt, 3 — early life of Grotius, 4 — youthful promise, 5 — residence in France, ib. — at the Hague, 6 — in England, 7 — involved in theological controversies, 9 — Arminius, 10 — Arrest of Grotius, 13 — Synod of Dort, ib. — Grotius a captive and exile, 15 — his reception in France, 17 — goes to Holland, ib. — closing period of his life, 18 — death, 19 — works of, 20 — poems, 21 — theology, 22 — odium brought on him by his liberality, 24 — tendency to Catholicism, ib. — his ethical writings, 26 — character, 27 — his true place, 29.
- H.
- Harris, J., Pre-Adamite Earth by, 300.
- Harvard University, 308.
- Hawthorne, N., 113.
- Headley, J. T., on Napoleon and his Marshals, 174.
- Holland, F. W., Discourse by, 150.
- Holmes, O. W., Poem by, 150.
- I.
- Ingraham, J. H., 104.
- Installations. See *Ordinations*.
- Intelligence, 151, 305, 458.
- J.
- James, G. R. P. See *Novels*.
- Jesuit Missions in North America, 360-378 — Kip's work on, 360 — spirit of the missionaries, 361 — Father Rasles, 362 — Marest and Poisson, 363 — martyrdom of the missionaries, 364 — Protestant injustice, 366 — Puritan and Jesuit, 368 — results, 369 — cannibalism, 371 — capture of Fort William Henry, 372 — French and savages, 374 — massacre, ib. — efforts of the Jesuits, 376 — results, 377.
- K.
- Kenrick, J., Essay on Primeval History by, 139.
- Kip, W. I. See *Jesuit*.
- L.
- Laing, S., Notes, etc., by, 55.
- Lamson, A., Sermon by, 303.
- Liturgy, the Christian, 450.
- Livermore, A. A., Discourse by, 303.
- Lyra Innocentium, 147.
- M.
- Mahan, A., Intellectual Philosophy by, 452.
- Mann, H., Reply to Smith by, 457.
- Man's Enmity to God, 181-195 — Thom's work on, 181 — his scheme unites Calvinism and Universalism, 182 — foundation of his theory, 183 — three Divine "experiments," 184 — punishments, 188 — human depravity, 190 — man's moral ability, 191 — religious literature, 193.
- Manzoni, A. See *Novels*.
- May, S. J., Discourse by, 149.
- Mechanic Arts. See *Nations*.
- Miles, H. A., Sermon by, 456.
- Moore, Rev. G. See *Obituary*.
- Morell, J. D., History of Philosophy of Nineteenth Century by, 284-291 — epitomes of philosophy, 284 — modern philosophy, 285 — Morell's method, 286 — philosophy in England, 287 — idealism — spontaneity, 289 — mysticism, 290.
- Mountford, W., Christianity, etc., by, 141.
- My Early Days, 455.
- N.
- Nations, Progress of, 46-54 — Seaman's Essays on, 46 — importance of the mechanic arts, 49 — England, ib. — America, 50 — dangers of mechanism, 51 — duties of men of wealth and leisure, 53.

- Novels and Novel-writing, 100-118  
 — cheap literature, 102 — moral character of, 103 — French and English novels, 104 — Cooper, 105 — Miss Pickering, 106 — Miss Austen, 107 — James, *ib.* — Manzoni, 109 — D'Israeli, *ib.* — aim of fictitious literature, 110 — historical romance, 113 — exhibition of real life, 115 — signs of improvement, 116. See *Sand*.
- O.
- Obituary, Rev. C. G. Fenner, 309 — Hon. J. Davis, 310 — Rev. R. T. Austin, 311 — Rev. T. F. Rogers, 312 — Rev. Z. Willis, 466 — Rev. G. Moore, 467.
- Ordinations and Installations, 156, 307, 465.
- P.
- Palfrey, J. G., Papers on the Slave Power by, 304.
- Parker, T., Sermons by, 149, 303.
- Peabody, A. P., Sermons on Consolation by, 240-250 — character of the volume, 241 — proofs of immortality, 242 — consciousness, 244 — faith resting on intuitions, 245 — religious culture, 247 — faith in Christ, 249 — Address by, 304.
- Peabody, Rev. S. See *Reminiscences*. Mrs., *ib.*
- Peace Addresses, 155.
- Pickering, J., Greek Lexicon of, 137 — Eulogy on, 457.
- Pitts, O. See *Atlantic*.
- Plato's Gorgias, conclusion of, 195-201 — tradition in Homer, 196 — judgment after death, *ib.* — condition of the soul, 197 — future retribution, 198 — regulation of the life, 199. See *Pond*.
- Poetical contributions, 43, 282, 283, 341-345.
- Poetry and Imagination, 250-270 — American poetry, 250 — character of the age, 251 — Longfellow's "Estray," 252 — Brooks's translations, *ib.* — Colman's volume, *ib.* — Read's Poems, 253 — Fenner's, *ib.* — Story's, 254 — Channing's, *ib.* — Sargent's, 255 — Emerson's, *ib.* — his genius, *ib.* — defects, 257 — his views of religion, *ib.* — principles asserted, 259 — characteristics, 261 — office of imagination, 263 — abuse, 264 — imagination in the Scriptures, 267 — the Bible, 269.
- Pond, E., Life, etc., of Plato by, 300. See *Swedenborgianism*.
- Pope, A. R., Discourses by, 303, 457.
- Prophet, the Jewish, 402-408 — Scriptural sense of the term, 403 — Jewish prophets, what, 405 — prophetic illumination, 406 — prophecies particular or general, 407 — how to be regarded, 408.
- Pulpit Eloquence, Thoughts on, 426-448 — unfounded distinctions, 426 — deficiencies of the pulpit, 427 — causes, 428 — want of talent, *ib.* — reliance on dignity of subject, 429 — unwillingness to labor, 430 — eloquence misunderstood, *ib.* — its characteristics, 432 — honesty, 433 — egotism, 434 — great principles, 435 — experience, 436 — personal character, 437 — mental abilities, 439 — temperament, 440 — faith, 441 — knowledge, 442 — style, 443 — voice, 444 — action, 446 — examples of Christian eloquence, 447.
- Putnam, G., Discourse by, 457.
- R.
- Randall, S. S., Science of Geology by, 146.
- Read, T. B. See *Poetry*.
- Reformation, the New. See *German*.
- Relation of Progress to Liberty, 345-359 — Eliot's volume, 325 — Italian reformers, 346 — Wycliffe, 347 — Savonarola, 348 — liberty and reform, 350 — Church and State, 353 — progress, 354 — Antislavery, 357 — past efforts, 358 — hope, 359.
- Religious Denominations in Boston, 460.
- Religious Journals, 155.
- Reminiscences pertaining to a New England Clergyman at the Close of the last Century, 313-341 — journey to Atkinson, 313 — description of, 315 — Rev. S. Peabody, 317 — early life of, *ib.* — personal appearance, 319 — musical powers and habits, 320 — good nature and liberality, 321 — titles — "Sir Peabody," 322 — character as a divine, *ib.* — his library, *ib.* — reading, 324 — public performances, 325 — anecdote, 327 — leaning on the civil authority, 328 — dignity, 330 — every-day life, *ib.* — treatment of visitors, 331 — deficiencies, 332 —

- merits, 333 — Mrs. Peabody, 334 — her accomplishments and character, 335 — anecdote of Rev. I. Smith, *ib.* — customs of Atkinson, 339 — fault-finding, 340.
- Rogers, Rev. T. F. See *Obituary*.
- Roman Catholic Church, 461.
- Russell, W. S., Guide to Plymouth by, 297.
- Ryland, J. E., Life of Foster by, 82.
- S.
- Sadler, T., Sermon by, 304.
- Sand, G., Writings of, 201 — 227 — relation of the sexes, 201 — professed design of George Sand's works, 202 — marriage, 205 — freedom of divorce, 206 — Milton quoted, 208 — Sand's views, 209 — matrimonial evils, 210 — home, 211 — Jacques, *ib.* — immoral influence of Sand's writings, 212 — penitence, 213 — descriptions of vice, 215 — Consuelo, 217 — general impression, 219 — petty falsehoods, 220 — rejection of Christianity, 221 — aesthetics, 222 — Sand's literary merits, 223 — character and influence as an author, 224 — social reorganization, 226.
- Sargent, E. See *Poetry*.
- Schiller, Homage of the Arts by, 250.
- Seaman, E. C. See *Nations*.
- Sears, B., German Selections by, 453.
- Sedgwick, Miss, Morals of Manners by, 146.
- Semiannual Convention, 152.
- Smith, Rev. I., 337.
- Smith, M. H., Sermon and Pamphlets by, 457.
- Sparks, J., American Biography by, 144, 296.
- Stone, T. T., Sermon by, 456.
- Story, W. W. See *Poetry*.
- Swain, R., Memoir of, 298.
- Swedenborgianism, Works on, 129 — 135 — Bush's pamphlet, 129 — Woods's Lectures, 130 — Pond's volume, 132 — Bush's Mesmer and Swedenborg, *ib.* — Spinoza and Swedenborg identified, 133.
- T.
- Temple, E., Daily Treasury by, 299.
- Thom, D. See *Man's*.
- Tilden, W. P., Discourses by, 149, 303.
- Timon, The New, 262.
- Transfiguration, Critical Remarks on Accounts of, 270 — 281 — Evangelical narratives, 271 — Moses and Elias, 273 — examination of evidence, 275 — Neander's view, 276 — mythical interpretation, 277 — Strauss, 278 — cure of the lunatic, 279 — hermeneutics, 281.
- U.
- Uhlich, Pastor, 37, 55, 75.
- Unitarian Annual Register, 143.
- Unitarianism. See *Beard*.
- Universalist's Assistant, 297.
- Upham, C. W., Oration by, 304.
- W.
- War, Moral Influence of, 157 — 180 — emotions awakened by human suffering, 157 — war reverses human relations, 159 — depraves the feelings, 160 — supposed rights of war, 161 — recent examples, 162 — duties of war, 164 — language of politicians, 167 — rejoicings for victory, 168 — conscience, 170 — false standard of character, 171 — Napoleon, 173 — Headley's work on, 174 — glory and shame of nations, 176 — policy of, 177 — retributions of violence, 179.
- Ware, H., Jr., Works of, 409 — 425 — his versatility of talent, 409 — character of his preaching, 410 — in the University chapel, 411 — his oratory and style, 412 — miscellaneous writings, 414 — poetry, 415 — memoirs and addresses, 417 — sermons, 420 — extracts from, 421 — fourth volume, 425 — care of the editor, 425.
- Weiss, J., Sermon by, 303.
- Wellbeloved, C., Devotional Exercises, etc., by, 298.
- Wells, T., Letters on Palestine by, 142.
- Wells, W. H., Grammar by, 145.
- White, D. A., Eulogy by, 457.
- Whitman, J., Lecture by, 304 — Sermons, 449.
- Willis, Rev. Z. See *Obituary*.
- Wilson, J., on Punctuation, 454.
- Withington, L., Sermon by, 149.
- Woods, L. See *Swedenborgianism*.
- Woolsey, President, Discourses at Inauguration of, 302.







*C. Stetson Esq.*

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
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N<sup>o</sup>. CXL.

FOURTH SERIES.—No. XX.

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